The Saturday Evening
POST
December 6, 1958 — 15¢

DEC 1 '58

ROBERT PRESTON of "THE MUSIC MAN"

Are You Among the HIDDEN DIABETICS?

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BEREA, OHIO

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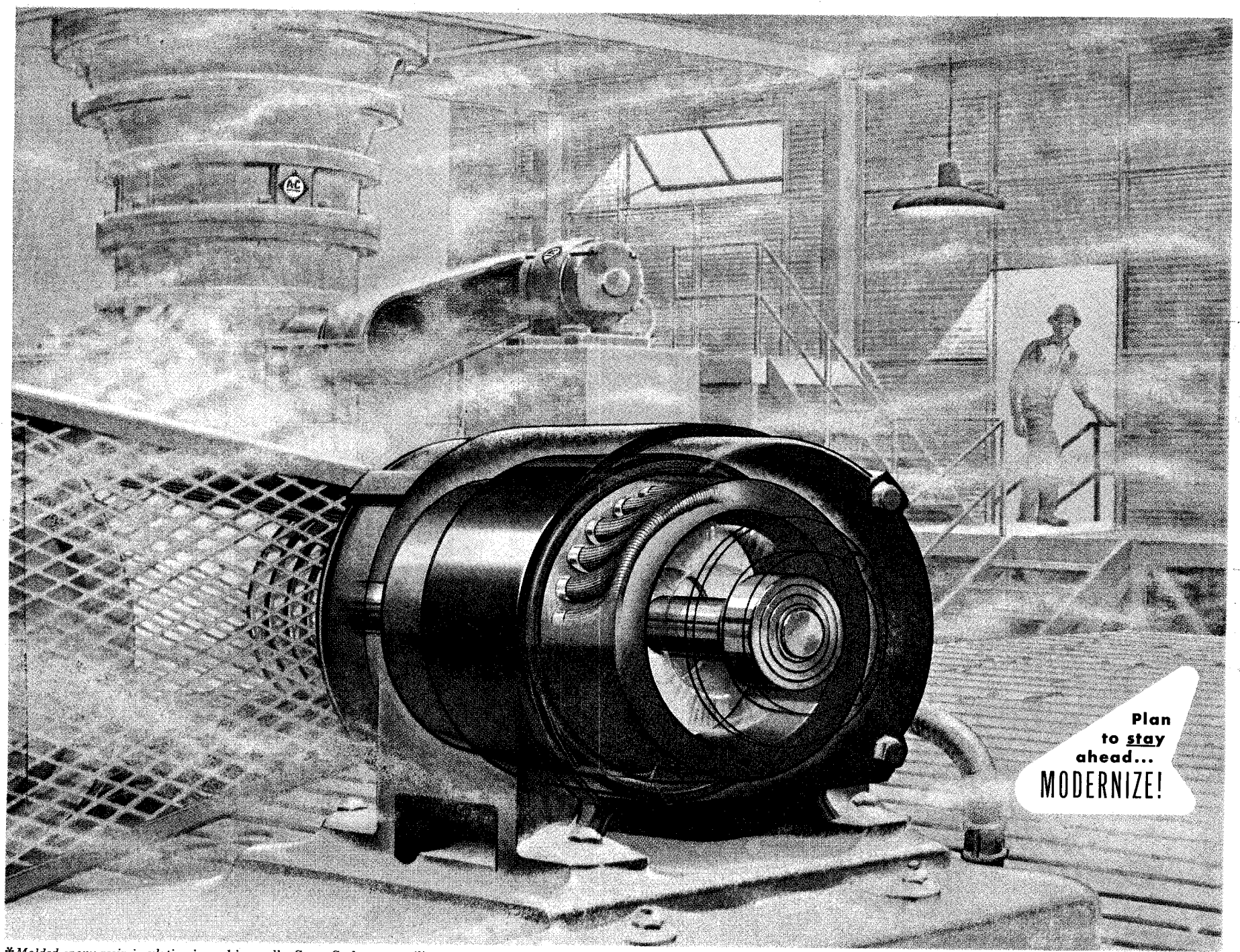
New milestone in electric motor design . . .

Allis-Chalmers new motor development saves buyers up to 60%



*Molded epoxy-resin insulation is used in smaller Super-Seal motors; silicone rubber Silco-Flex insulation in larger sizes—up to 5,000 horsepower. Super-Seal and Silco-Flex are Allis-Chalmers trademarks.

If you could look through steel, you'd see the orange shield of plastic* insulation revealed in this truly revolutionary Super-Seal motor. Encasing the vital copper coils, it completely seals off current-carrying parts from the dust, drips, splashes, moisture and chemicals so often found in industrial "atmospheres." Result — simple "open-type" Allis-Chalmers motors can now be used in most cases where special protective enclosures have always been necessary. These new Super-Seal motors are saving industrial plants from 15 to 60 percent on their motor investment . . . helping them to gear up for new growth through modernization. Allis-Chalmers, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.

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Construction Machinery Division • Engine-Material Handling Division • Farm Equipment Division • General Products Division • Industrial Equipment Division • Nuclear Power Division • Power Equipment Division • Allis-Chalmers International

***POWER* FOR A GROWING WORLD**

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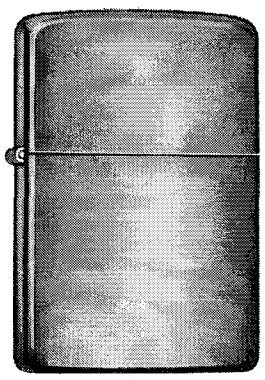
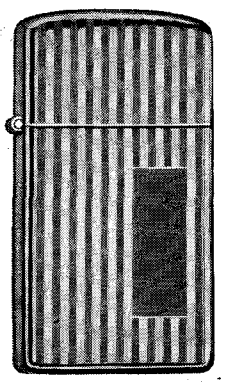
Are you Santa Claus?

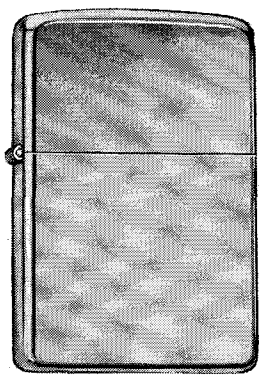
(If so, you should look at these Zippo lighters before Christmas. As you know, Santa, Zippo is the lighter that works.)



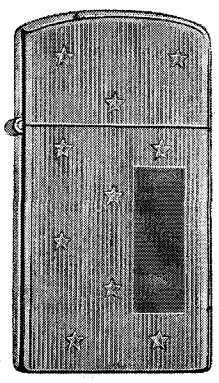
Regular Zippo. Made Zippo famous. Brush-finish chrome. $3.50



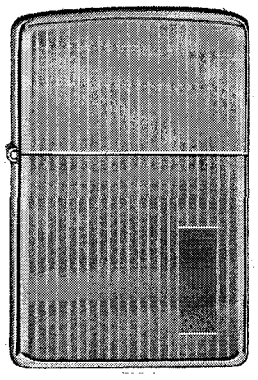
New Zippo Slim-Lighter. Ribbon or crisscross, polished chrome. $6.00



De Luxe Zippo. Highly polished durable chrome finish. $4.75



Gold-filled Zippo. 10-kt. gold fused to case, not plated. $20.00*



Engine-turned Zippo. Smart new design in polished chrome. $5.75

ZIPPO® THE LIGHTER THAT WORKS

ZIPPO MANUFACTURING CO., BRADFORD, PA., AND CANADA LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

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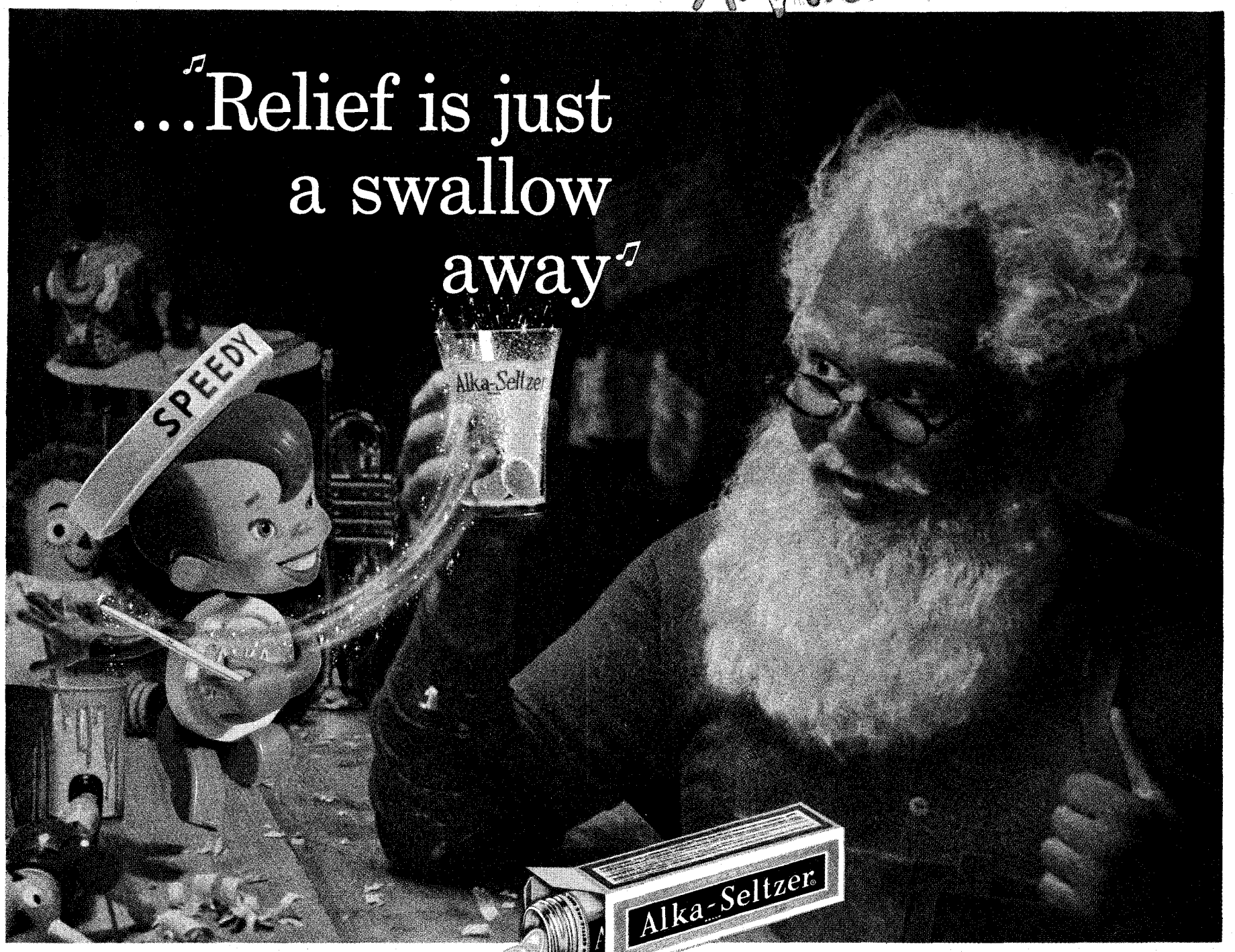
"YES (SIGH) CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR!"

You know what they always say...



with **Alka-Seltzer®**

BRAND

This fellow makes toys. He loves his work, but he sometimes gets tired. Don't you? When you feel worn out with holiday shopping—holiday parties—when your head aches and your stomach feels upset, take ALKA-SELTZER. See how it soothes your headache, settles your stomach, lets you feel like yourself again!

MILES PRODUCTS M Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Whatever did Santa (a notoriously jolly old elf) do to make Charles so unjolly? If he has scared the daylights out of the lad, of course it was an unintentional boo-boo; even the tiniest child knows that Saint Nick is the sweetest soul who ever trod the roofs of earth or went sleighing among the stars. Maybe Santa's voice is hoarse from uttering jolly exclamations, and when he croaked, "HO! HO! HO!" it gave the boy the willies. Or maybe the merry old fellow reached back and rang a hair-curling blast on those jingle bells. After all, even a grownup can be given the heebie-jeebies—just tiptoe up behind one and yell, "Boo!" Well, Charley will feel all right in a minute because artist George Hughes has arranged for the world's greatest tranquilizer to be on duty—mother.

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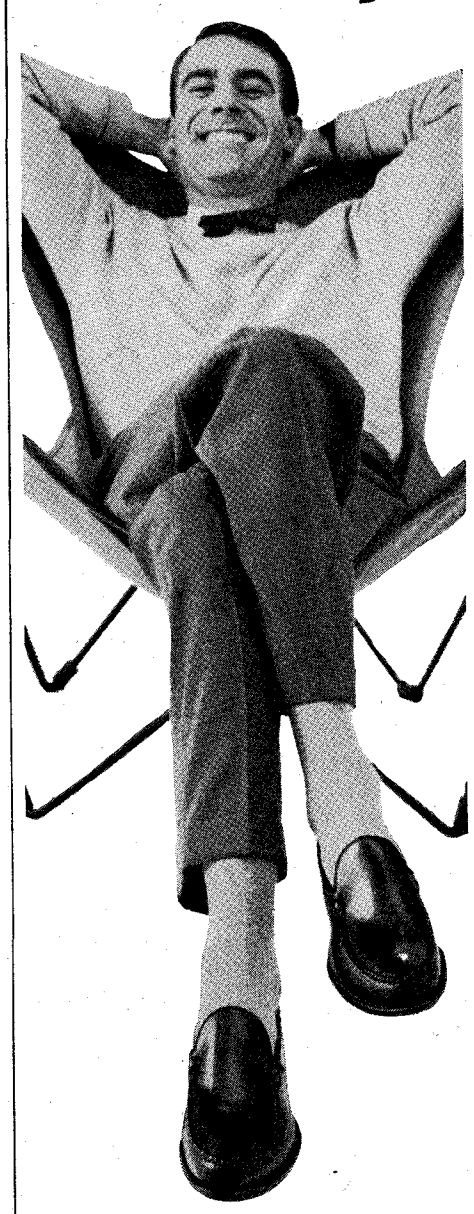
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

"New Once-A-Week Shoe Shine Lasts 7 Days!



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. . . . that's because only new Shinola's patented blend of 4 special waxes contains *Dura-Shine*—to give shoes a *harder* film of polish. It shines on brighter, stays on longer, re-buffs in seconds! Get new Shinola today!

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Also Shinola Liquid in Colors—and Whites

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Your Kaywoodie is always in good taste—with business wear, sports wear, leisure wear. And always tastes so good. Because only rare, dense-grained briar, cut from the very heart of the burl, earns the esteemed Kaywoodie cloverleaf. Add the exclusive Drinkless Fitment that screens irritants, condenses tars, prevents clogging—and you're enjoying the finest smoke in the world.

Connoisseur—Billiard $15

White Briar — Pear
$5

Gift Suggestions: Send 25¢ to Kaywoodie Pipes, New York 22, for Catalog P9 showing Kaywoodie styles, $3.95 to $2,500.

Prime Grain — Dublin
$7.50

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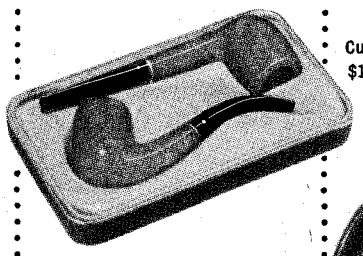
$12.50



Matched Sets $10 to $2,500
(Photo shows two
$6 Super Grains in $12 set)

Custom Grain — Bulldog
$10

Letters

A Matter of Spelling

Dear Sirs:

For many years, as a printer and proofreader, I have corrected "Hepplewhite" to "Heppelwhite" (See MECCA FOR ANTIQUE HUNTERS, by Ernest O. Hauser, Aug. 9).

Have I been wrong all these years?

HARRY BOLLAND
Newark, N.J.

● *Yes.* —*ED.*

What is "Greatness"?

Dear Sirs:

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s measure of greatness is: Who can knock the most heads together? [Adventures of the Mind, 13: THE DECLINE OF GREATNESS, Nov. 1] Leave out Ike, he says, who led the free world to victory through the worst war in history, yet kept his modesty. Put in your list of the great, he says, . . . Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler. I am laughing.

Comforting thought: The voters in the last presidential election answered a thundering NO to Adlai Stevenson and his fuzzy-brained writer, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

CHRISTINE WIMBERLY
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

Men do not become great until the world has had time to evaluate their lives and works. . . . Professor Schlesinger knows quite well that the contemporaries of Washington, Jefferson, Webster and Lincoln did not rate them as "great" men.

ALBERT H. DOW
Ossipee, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

Greatness is in the lone individual who fights courageously for peace, for true freedom and democracy, for righteousness, for general welfare, for faith, even though the mob howls. . . . He may fail or achieve mightily.

H. BOND BLISS
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . is complete proof there is no "decline of greatness" in the literary field.

C. A. QUILLAN
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

By Schlesinger's standards, Jesus of Nazareth must be just what the people of His time considered Him: a humble laboring man from Galilee who operated for some three years as a leader of the lunatic fringe and then ran afoul of the law and was crucified between two common thieves. Yet He was the greatest man the world has ever known.

HUBERT E. COTTON
Appleton, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

He omits Albert Schweitzer . . . Herbert Hoover.

LOIS HAINES SARGENT
Springfield, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Dr. Jonas Salk.

H. BOSHOUWERS
Saraguay, Quebec

Dear Sirs:

The late Pope Pius XII.

MRS. JOHN DANENHOWER
Old Lyme, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

General Douglas MacArthur.

MRS. G. F. NEWBERRY
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The greatest man in *all history* is J. Robert Oppenheimer.

LOUIS S. KAHN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I heartily agree with Arthur Schlesinger's article on the decline of greatness. I disagree equally heartily with his reasons for the decline.

A century ago, great men used to have their horses shot out from under them. Today they are having their nervous systems poisoned out from under them by the huge increase in toxicity in our environment. The higher centers of the nervous system are hit hardest by the poisoning from air pollution in the city streets, homes, offices and industrial buildings—not to mention food additives and insecticides. . . .

Watching what is happening in this country has started me to wondering

what part the charcoal brazier may have had in the decline and fall of the Roman Empire.

FRANCIS SILVER
Chemical Engineer
Martinsburg, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

Schlesinger's essay . . . is an encouraging sign that some, perhaps too few, have not been absorbed by the worship of the Common Man.

W. G. WELTER
Euclid, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

The decline of individual greatness is a product of the natural progression coincident with the emergence of greatness in the common man.

WILLIAM E. GLEASON
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

One need not wander far afield to watch the new American tribal dance.

The performers, clad in Gray Flannel Suits, Sincere Ties and Public Faces, move in a precision line on an endless stage.

Should a member of the *corps de ballet* have the gumption to introduce a variation, he is immediately trampled by the next in line.

MURIEL J. SHAFFER
York, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Your story by Williams Forrest, EXECUTIVE'S WIFE [Nov. 1], is more than a story. It reveals the current demand for conformity and illustrates the pitiable level to which American men have declined, when women not only coerce the men but shape the management of the big corporations as well. . . .

And very appropriately, the story is followed by THE DECLINE OF GREATNESS and preceded only by DIVORCE [by John Bartlow Martin, Nov. 1–22].

BURWELL THORNTON
Bedford, Va.

(Continued on Page 6)

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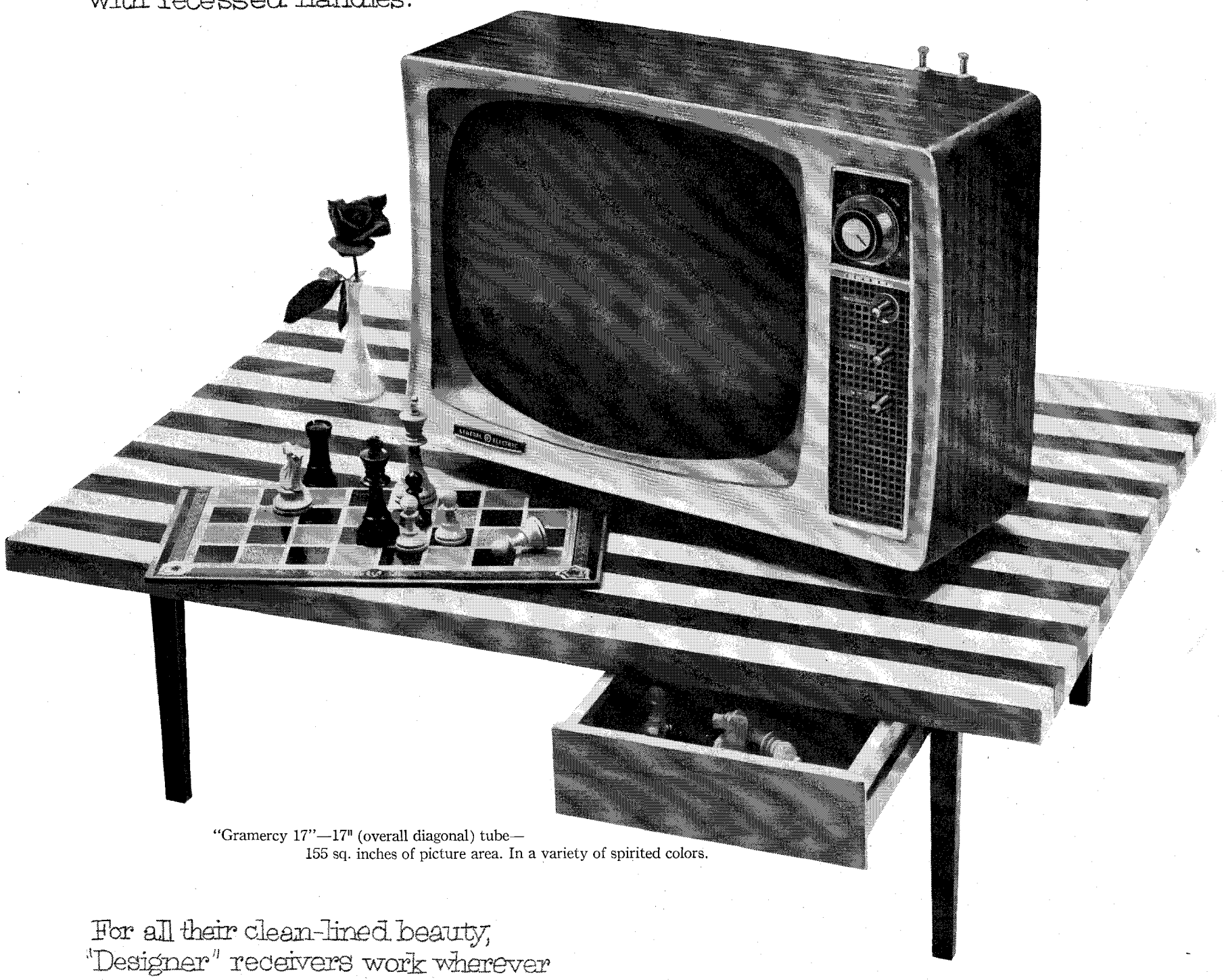
TOMORROW IS HERE! General Electric originates a new kind of television styling: the new "Designer" sets. The trim, graceful cabinets look less than a handspan deep. The cheerful colors and smart lines belong in any room. And "Designers" move to any room...easily... with recessed handles.

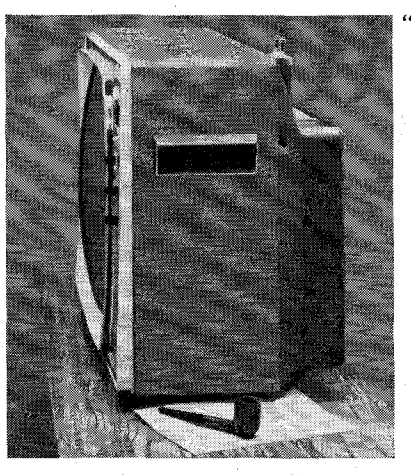


"Gramercy 17"—17" (overall diagonal) tube—
155 sq. inches of picture area. In a variety of spirited colors.

For all their clean-lined beauty, "Designer" receivers work wherever a console will: each packs a console chassis, full power transformer. More: front-projection speaker, built-in telescoping antenna. The new "Designers" await you...at your General Electric dealer's now.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



"Barclay 21"—21" (overall diagonal) tube—262 sq. inches of picture area. Russet leather finish vinyl, and Stargold linen finish vinyl. General Electric Co., Television Receiver Dept., Syracuse, N. Y.

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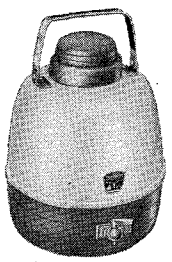
It's so easy to say Merry Christmas with

THERMOS® BRANDED Gifts in every price range for family, friend or business acquaintance

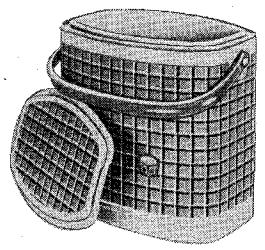
THERMOS® BRAND VACUUM BOTTLES
A variety of sizes, designs and styles. Exclusive new combination Tip Protector and Shock Absorber feature guards against breakage. Quart size from $3.45.

THERMOS® BRAND OUTING KITS
Contain two quart vacuum bottles plus two handy food containers in handsome bag. Available with extra "kangaroo" pouch on outside. From $12.95.

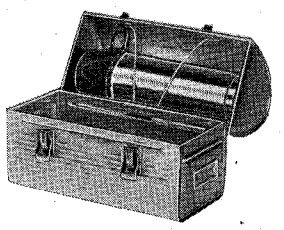
THERMOS® BRAND ICE CHESTS
Aluminum, galvanized or enameled steel models. Hot dipped galvanized interiors with extra thick Fiberglas® insulation. Four sizes meet every need. From $13.95.



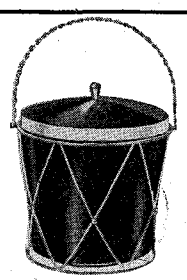
THERMOS® BRAND PICNIC JUGS
Stainless Steel or handsome baked enamel finish. White, double coated porcelain enamel steel liner with Fiberglas® insulation. Spout or faucet models. From $5.95.



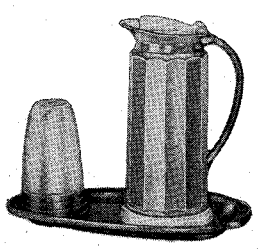
THERMOS® BRAND OVAL COOLERS
Designed for ease of carrying. Big four gallon capacity. Fiberglas® insulated with specially coated liner. Slip-in food tray is optional. From $7.95.



THERMOS® BRAND LUNCH KITS
Lightweight, rustproof aluminum with choice of standard neck or wide mouth pint vacuum bottle. Also available in black or grey steel models. From $3.49.



THERMOS® BRAND ICE PRESERVERS
Offered in a wide variety of designs and shapes in sizes up to one gallon capacity. Illustrated: Fiberglas® insulated model, three quart capacity. From $8.95.



THERMOS® BRAND PITCHER SET
Set includes pitcher, tray and sanitary paper cup dispenser. Vacuum insulated glass filler holds temperature for hours. Ideal for home or office use. From $9.95.

You also get famous THERMOS® quality when you buy...

ICY-HOT® by THERMOS®
KEAPSIT® by THERMOS®
HOLIDAY® by THERMOS®
HOLTEMP® by THERMOS®
LITTLE BROWN JUG®
LITTLE BROWN CHEST®
VAGABOND® JUGS & CHESTS

GIVE WITH PRIDE . . . A GIFT BY THERMOS®

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CANADIAN THERMOS PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO • THERMOS, LTD., LONDON

IT ISN'T A THERMOS PRODUCT WITHOUT THE THERMOS TRADEMARK

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Cartoonist Dahl: Pro and Con

Dear Sirs:
You are to be congratulated on securing a weekly cartoon by Frank Dahl.
THE GREENWOODS [see p. 50] really show us suburbanites how to laugh at ourselves.

KATHERINE M. ARMSTRONG
Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

Dear Sirs:
Some of us long-time readers of The Boston Herald are happy that you have at last discovered Francis Dahl. His cartoons are one of the things you come back to New England for.

FRED B. BARTON
Foxboro, Mass.

Dear Sirs:
Why insult your readers and/or stockholders with such tripe, even if The Boston Herald could stomach it for years? Why fester the columns of the Post with such plague spots?

ARTHUR H. HOWLAND
Larchmont, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:
I can't help but wonder if your cartoon editor hasn't taken leave of his senses.

DICK STUART
Boiling Springs, Pa.

Dear Sirs:
I have always been convinced that Dahl could create a vast audience for his work in any publication that would give him a decent showing. The Post is certainly doing this, and I should like to predict that THE GREENWOODS will be a thoroughgoing success.

CHARLES W. MORTON, *Associate Editor*
The Atlantic Monthly
Boston, Mass.

Is Annie Annie Any More?

Dear Sirs:
Didn't artist James Bingham read TUGBOAT ANNIE'S SECRET STRATAGEM [by Norman Reilly Raine, Oct. 25] before he illustrated it [below, far right]? That cap! That's "an old sou'wester"? And that face! That's "a mastiff face"?

M. S. TYLER
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:
Bingham's young hussy is a poor stand-in for the salty, saucy, substantial Tugboat Annie we have learned to love.

WILLIAM R. COOLEY
Indianapolis, Ind.

Tugboat Annie as painted by Ralph Pallen Coleman, 1932; Anton Otto Fischer, 1938; Harold Von Schmidt, 1946; James R. Bingham, 1958.

Dear Sirs:
She juss ain't Annie any more.

DALE A. RESING
Wichita, Kans.

Dear Sirs:
Please don't destroy our mental image of the old dear.

ARTHUR R. TIMME, M. D.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:
That hatchet-faced maiden aunt wearing a clean yachting cap on a frowsy hairdo . . . must be an impostor from the movies. Send her back or heave her overboard.

H. M. BASSETT
Yonkers, N.Y.

TV's Annie.

● *Annie has been dolling herself up that way ever since she became a TV star early this year.* —*ED.*

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Reading across pages, then down:

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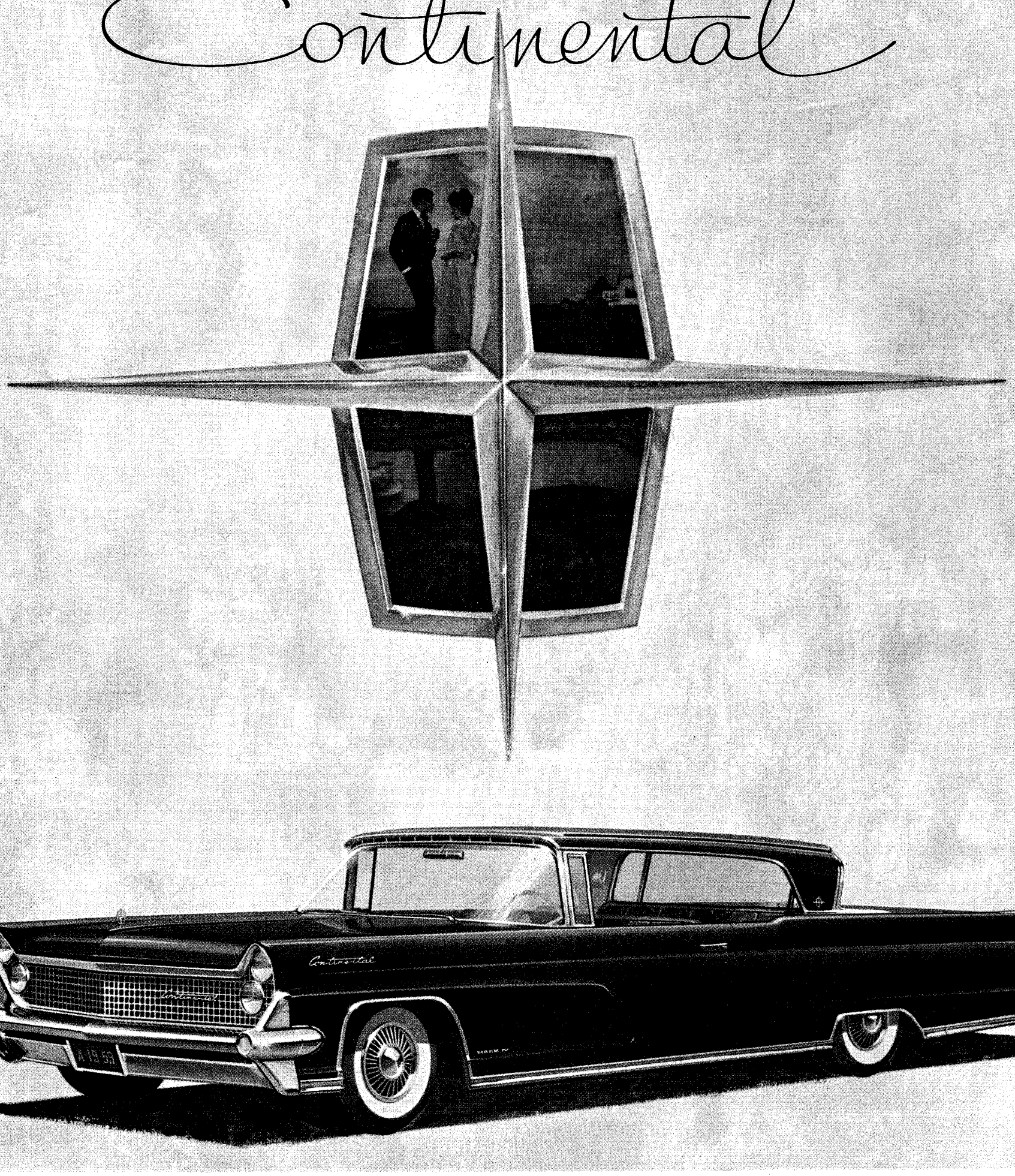

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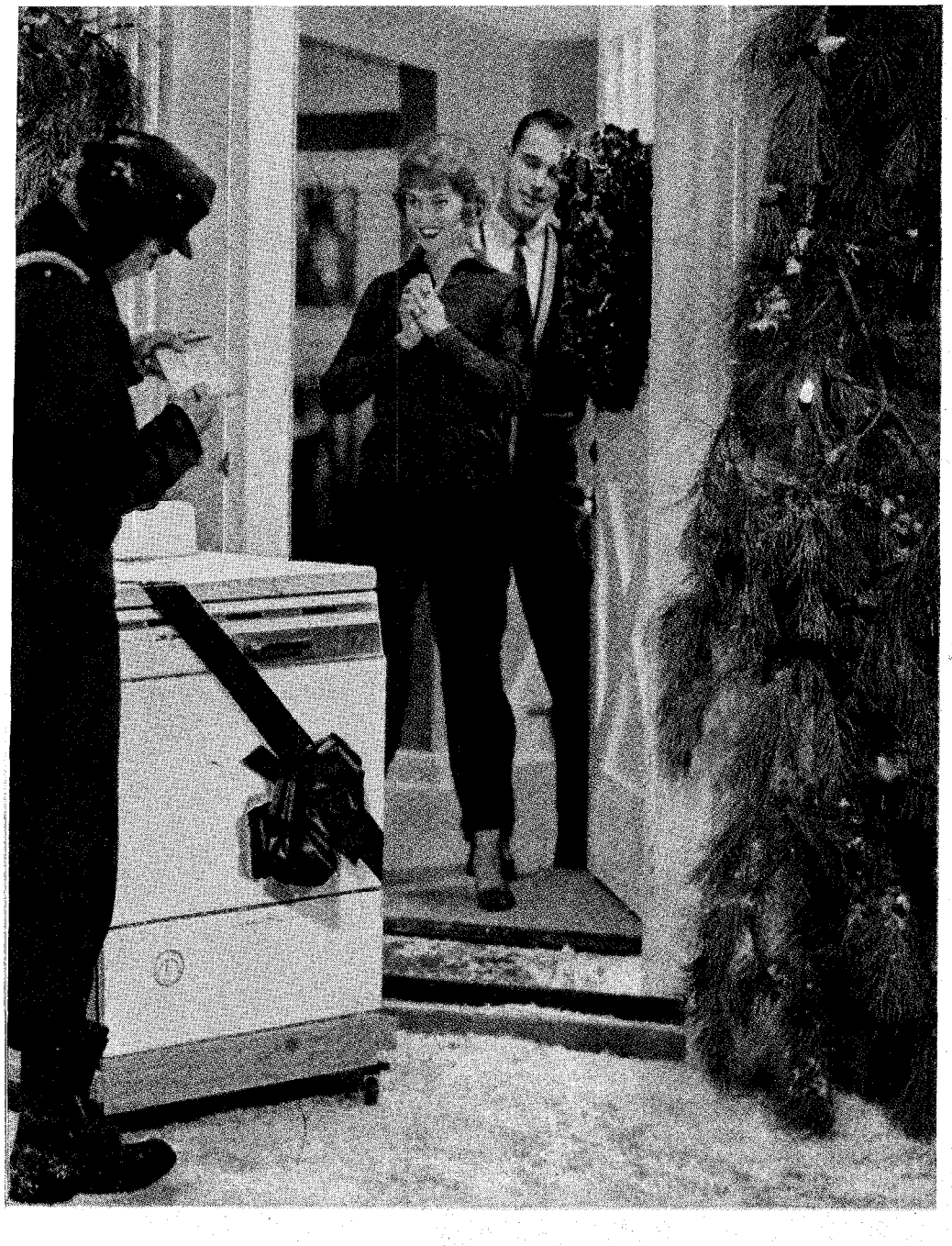

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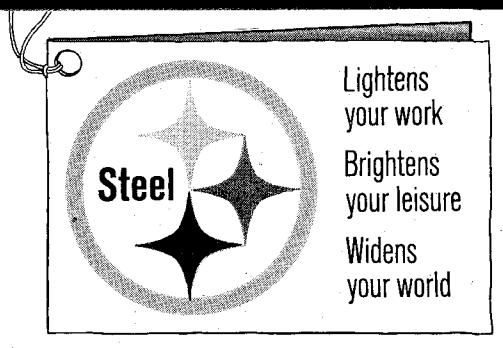

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Editorials

Soviet Abuse of Pasternak Was a Propaganda Goof

By BRUCE BLIVEN

A lot of so-called experts in the field of international propaganda keep telling us that we are hopelessly outclassed in this area by the Russians. Not only do the Soviets spend ten times as much as we do but, say these experts, they spend it far more skillfully, paying great attention to the psychology of the people they are trying to reach, and doing the things best calculated to succeed with that psychology.

This may be true, and many Americans accept Soviet superiority in this field as axiomatic; but now and then something comes along to make us wonder. The latest example is the case of Boris Pasternak, Russian author of the novel, Doctor Zhivago, which recently won the Nobel Prize for Literature. This novel shows some of the seamy side of Communism and has never been published inside Russia itself.

When the news of the Nobel Prize was made public, the whole world began watching to see what the Russian propagandists would do. Obviously they had a wonderful chance to confound their enemies and set things up for their admirers abroad, by saying, "We disagree with Mr. Pasternak's political views, but he is a great artist, the Nobel Prize is the world's highest accolade, and we are willing to let him accept it and enjoy its fruits in peace."

But the Russians weren't smart enough for any such course. They promptly and stupidly proceeded to raise a storm of abuse of the author. He was called all the names they could think of, and was expelled from the Soviet Writers' Union—which means that nothing from his pen can ever again be published in his homeland. Many American intellectuals who have accepted Communist tyrannies and aggression with relative calm flew into a rage when a Soviet writer was denied the right to accept a $41,000 prize.

Although Pasternak had first greeted the news with a telegram to the Swedish Royal Academy saying, "Immensely thankful, touched, proud, astonished, abashed," a week later he was forced to send another message, "Because of the meaning attributed to this award in the society I live in, I ought to say no thanks to the undeserved prize awarded me. Do not take my voluntary refusal with any ill will." The world will know how to read the word "voluntary" in that sentence.

This incident shows us, if anybody doubted, that it is the same old Stalin's Russia, acting in the same old way. To expose themselves even more completely, a few days later the Russians permitted three physicists to accept the Nobel Prize in Physics, awarded to them jointly. By their actions, Khrushchev and Company have once again counteracted the effect of a good many of those millions of rubles they are spending—supposedly with such skill—to try to make the world believe their country is a haven of liberty and justice.

Segregation by Sex Might Ease Fears of Racial Intermarriage

An obstacle to school integration in the South is local resistance to mingling white and Negro youngsters of both sexes in institutions that are social as well as educational—as co-educational public schools are.

Many Southerners consider this the basic stumbling block. However one judges that, the issue bulks large in the Southern mind. To remove it might help clear the air and enable all parties, North as well as South, to make more sense on the subject.

Here and there Southerners trying to observe the Supreme Court's "all deliberate speed," are experimenting with various methods of integration—for instance, starting it in the first grade instead of high school, the most sensitive area. So far, this range of integration experiments is missing one trick that could eliminate much of the sex angle from a situation already difficult enough.

Integrate the races, but segregate the sexes! Put all the boys, both white and Negro, in one set of schools; put all the girls, both white and Negro, in another set.

The scheme is not original. The late Senator Hiram Bingham, of Connecticut, suggested it a good while ago. Every year or so somebody else dreams it up and mentions it publicly. Tennessee has passed a law permitting schoolboards to integrate in this fashion. Macon, Georgia, revised a school building program with this in mind. But at the opening of schools last September no place had actually tried it. Perhaps they fear that the Supreme Court might discover sociological support for the idea that boys separated from girls, and *vice versa*, develop inferiority complexes of serious dimensions.

However, separate educational institutions for boys and girls are a long-standing American tradition still persisting in most private and parochial schools and in a few public high schools. Australia, committed to this system, considers that it does much to keep down juvenile delinquency and premature romancing.

The success of the armed forces in mingling Southern whites and Negroes indicates that somewhat younger Southern white boys and Negro boys could somehow make out in the same schools. The arrangement satisfies the Supreme Court's requirements by giving youngsters equal access to the same tax-supported facilities, teachers, courses, and so on, regardless of race. It answers the formula of Mr. Thurgood Marshall, chief counsel of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, that the Negro can go along with any criteria for grouping youngsters for education—I.Q., aptitude, achievement, health, cleanliness—except one, race.

True, a two-ply school system costs more than a single-ply one. But this consideration never moved the South to revise the two-ply white-Negro system permitted, up to 1954, by the Supreme Court's (1896) doctrine of "separate but equal." If segregation-by-sex proved to be the answer, the South's education dollar would at least be buying her conformity with what now stands as the law.

Inflation Demands Fines for Drunks at the Union Scale

A man breaks the law and is hauled into court. The judge hears the evidence, contemplates the culprit through his bifocals and declares him guilty.

"Ten dollars," roars the judge, splintering his gavel, "or ten days!"

Where has the judge been? Hasn't he heard about inflation? Doesn't he know that a dollar long since ceased to be the equivalent of any man's working day?

This dollar-or-a-day law made sense back when it was drawn up, back when a dollar was the approximate daily pay of hundreds of thousands of the nation's workers; for the intent in fining a lawbreaker is, of course, to make him pay for his crime. That's why his punishment is first expressed in terms of the coin of the realm. "Ten dollars or ten days." But if he can't or won't fork over the cash, the law then requires that he sit idle in a cell long enough to forfeit, in lost wages, the amount of the imposed fine.

But how long is long enough? The man who once dug ditches all day for a dollar has a great-grandson who gets ten times as much for the same chore. The carpenter who shingled your mother's mother's porch roof for twenty-five cents an hour would, in this year of grace, collect three dollars an hour for nailing those shingles. Lawyers charge more, doctors' fees have soared—nowadays everybody, skilled or unskilled, swaps his time for far more money than the old folks ever dreamed of asking.

Everybody, that is, except the wretch trembling at the bar. His time is still evaluated as if the man in the White House were Rutherford B. Hayes.

Two simple changes would instantly rectify this imbalance of the scales of justice: (a) The judge should have at his elbow an official listing of all hourly-wage rates—the revised edition, of course. (b) Before swinging his gavel, he should always ask the condemned man what his occupation is. Then, for example: "A bricklayer, your honor."

"Bricklayer, eh?" his honor murmurs, consults the list and does some quick figuring on a pad.

"Ten dollars," he intones, "or—let's see—or two hours and thirty minutes. . . . Next case, officer!"

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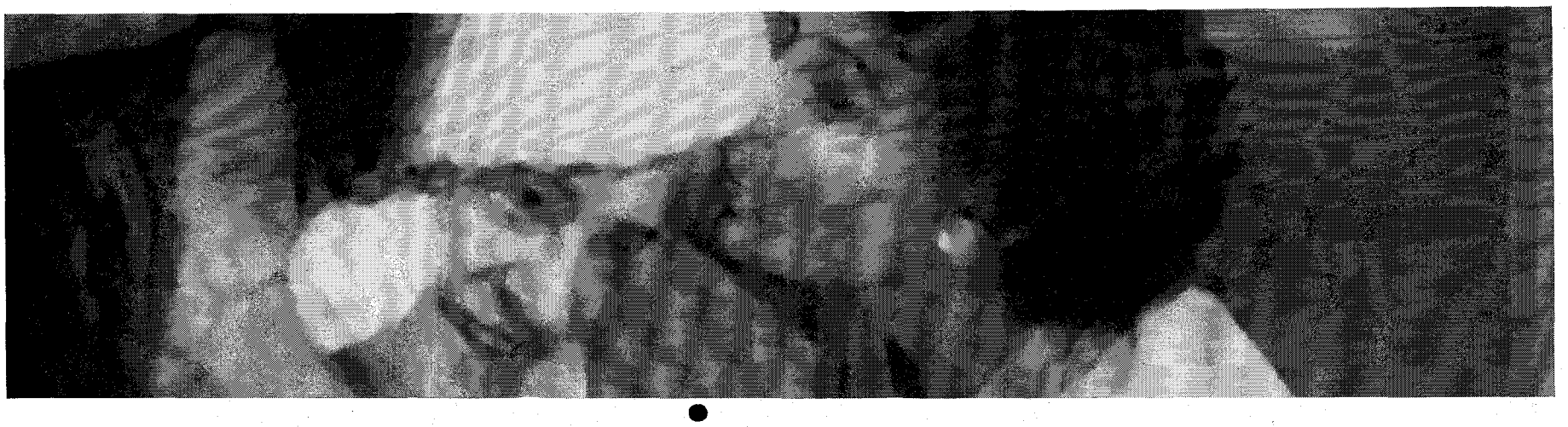

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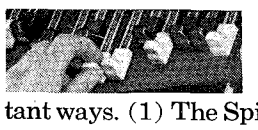

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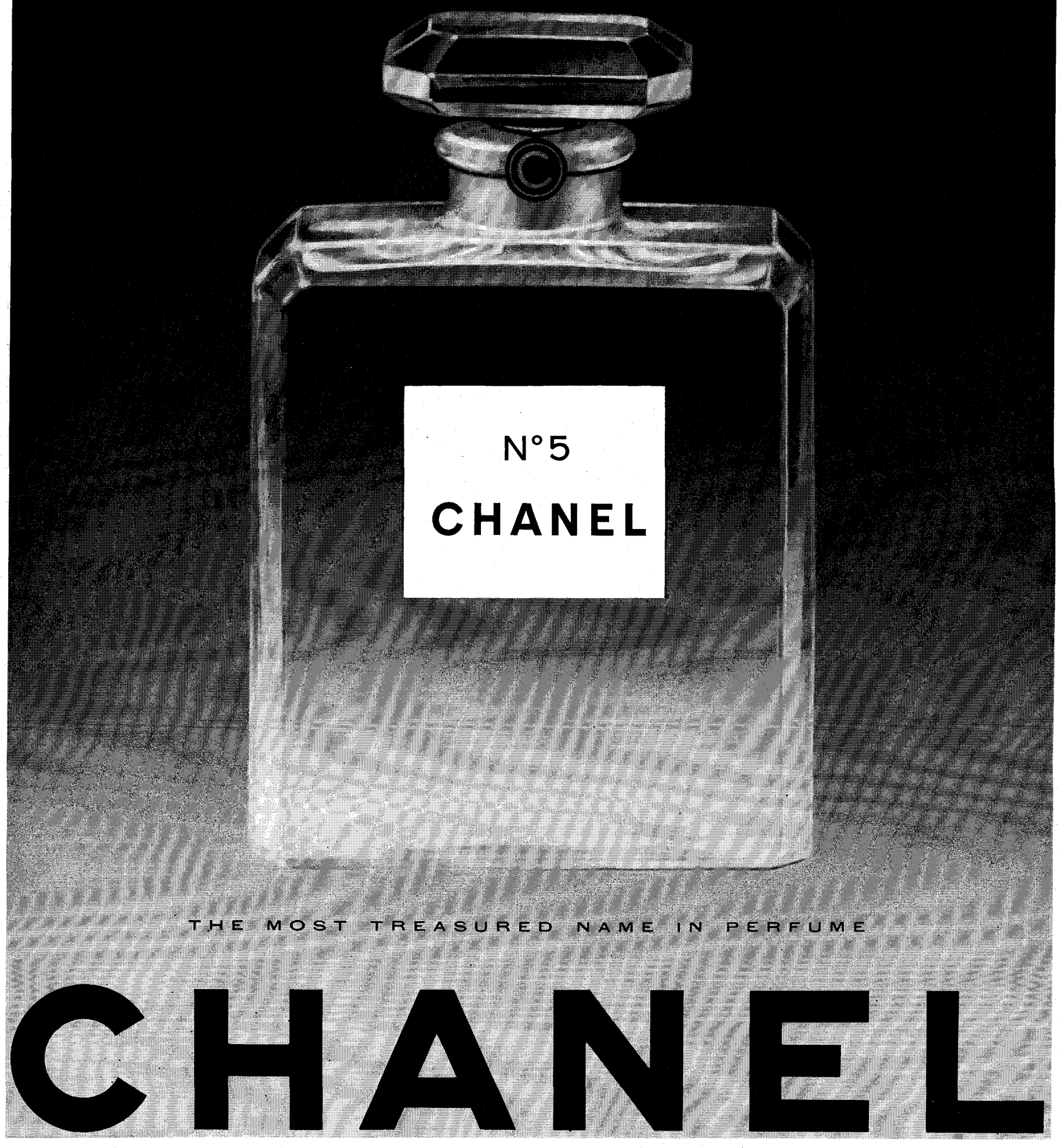

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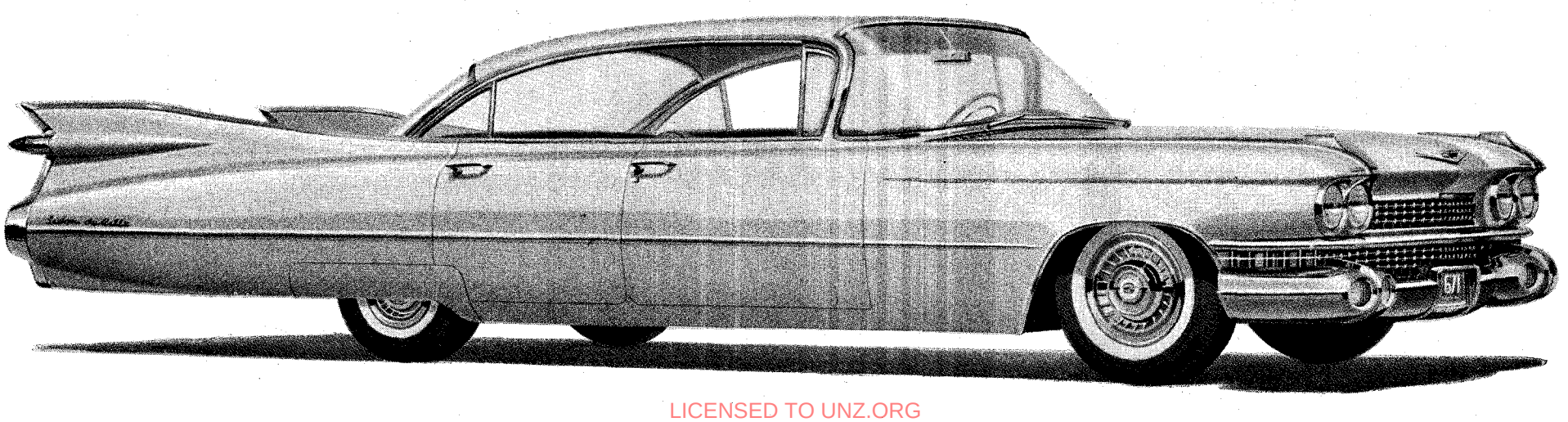

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"And women who know their men are giving them Stanley Tools this Christmas. Here's a gift any man appreciates — tools he can use, tools he needs. More than this — the gift of good tools is a different kind of gift, a thoughtful way for a woman to flatter and surprise her man at Christmas.

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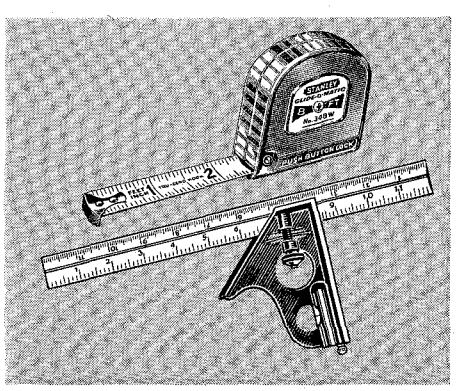
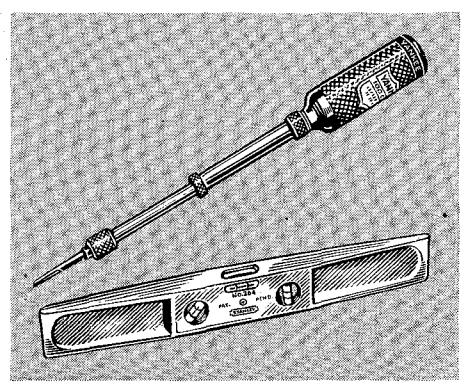
$1.00 each — Popular tools, specially carded for Christmas Stocking Fillers or Grab Bag Gifts. They're new, they're practical, they're inexpensive.

Trimming knife with 5 blades
6 ft. pull-push tape rule
Two nail sets with one center punch
Set of two screwdrivers
Block plane for light work

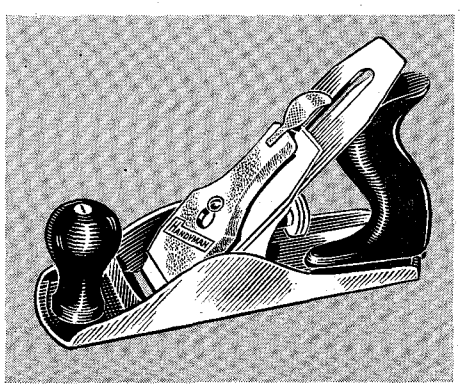
STANLEY IS A NAME TO LOOK FOR ON QUALITY GIFTS LIKE THESE



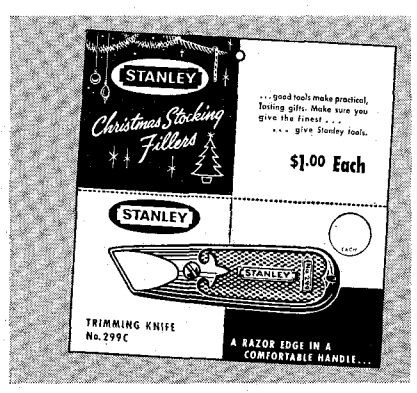
Stanley Glide-O-Matic — "the rule that remembers," 8 ft. rule with push-button that locks blade in place, only **$1.55. Combination Square** has 12 in. blade with level and scriber in handle, only **$3.25.**



"Yankee" Push Drill has 8 drill points in convenient magazine handle for boring pilot holes in wood and plastic, only **$6.75. Stanley Aluminum Torpedo Level** has 3 vials — level, plumb and mitre, only **$2.95.**



Stanley Handyman Bench Plane with fully adjustable cutter. A basic tool in every shop and the perfect gift for the man who wants and appreciates good tools. 9 inch plane with 2 inch cutter, only **$5.79.**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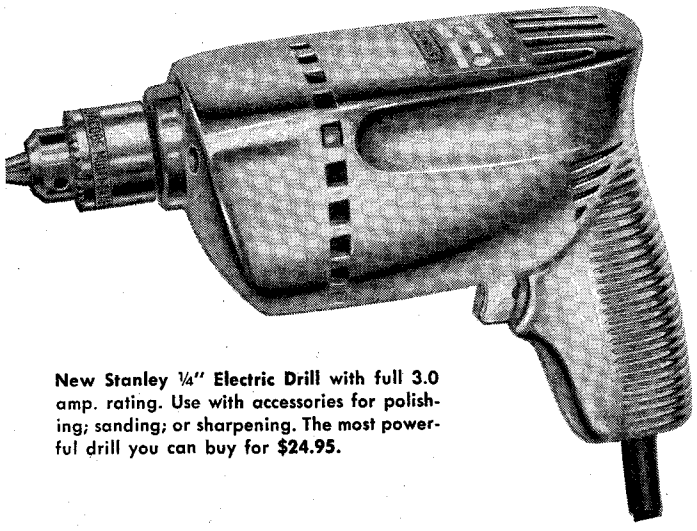

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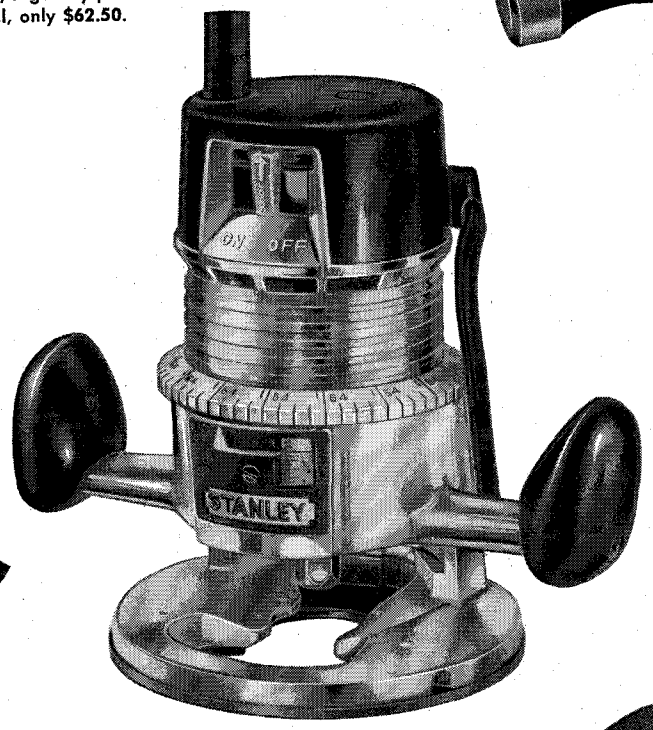
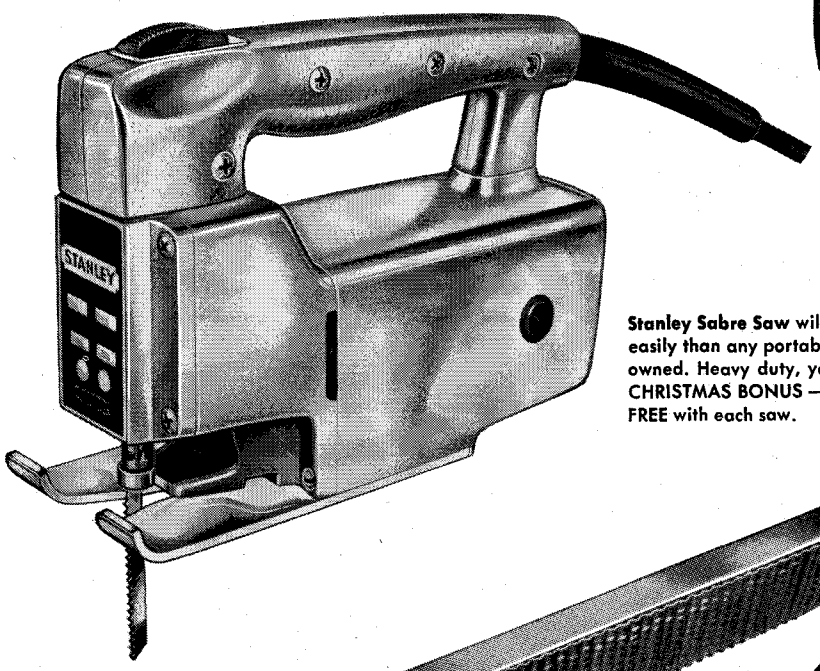
World's newest, finest router — unique spotlight and safety switch. One of the most *versatile tools he'll ever own.* Makes hundreds of decorative cuts. Powerful new ⅞ hp model, regularly priced at $67.50. Christmas special, only **$62.50.**





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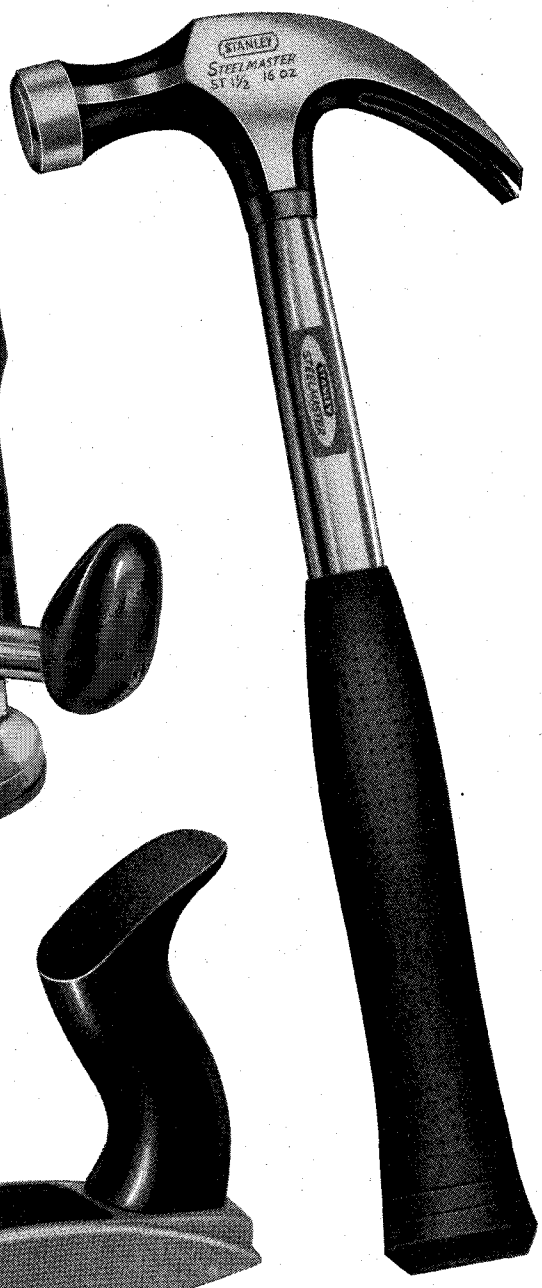
New **SURFORM** — exclusive with Stanley — for fast, easy forming of wood, plywood, soft metals. No blade adjustment, no sharpening. Plane type, only **$3.69.** File type, only **$2.69.**



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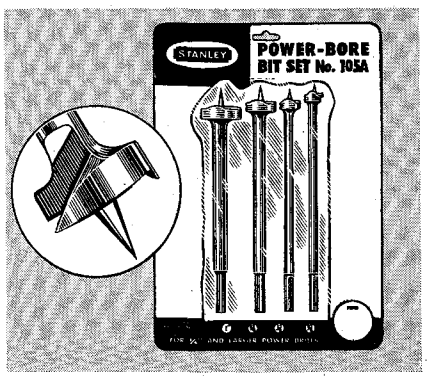

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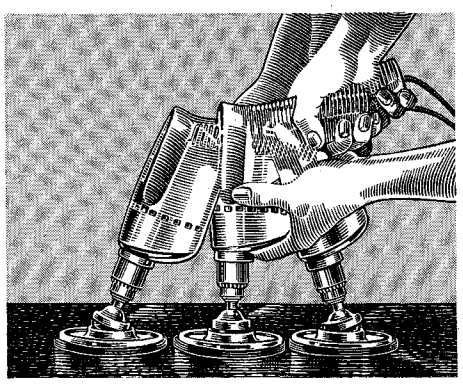

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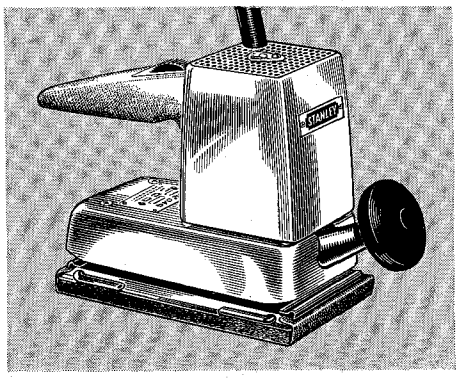

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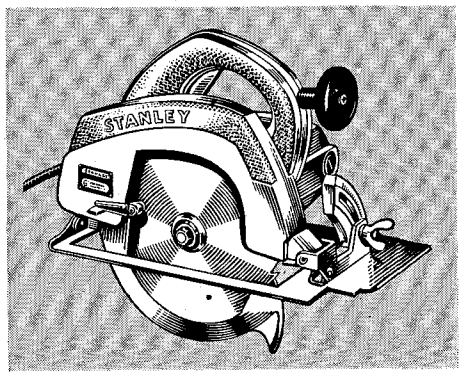

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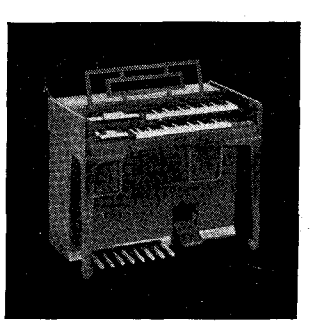

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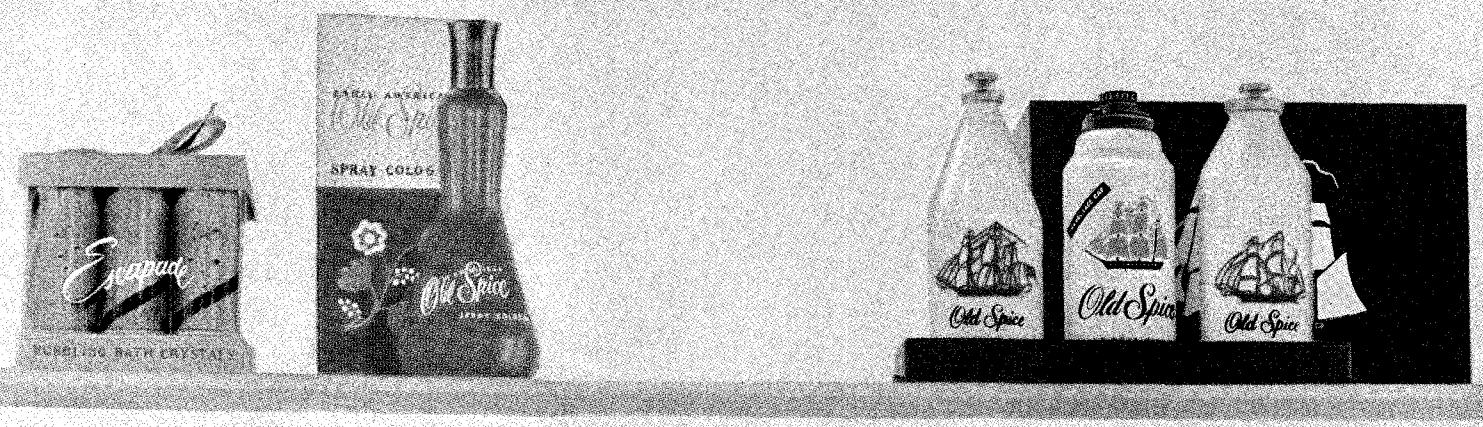

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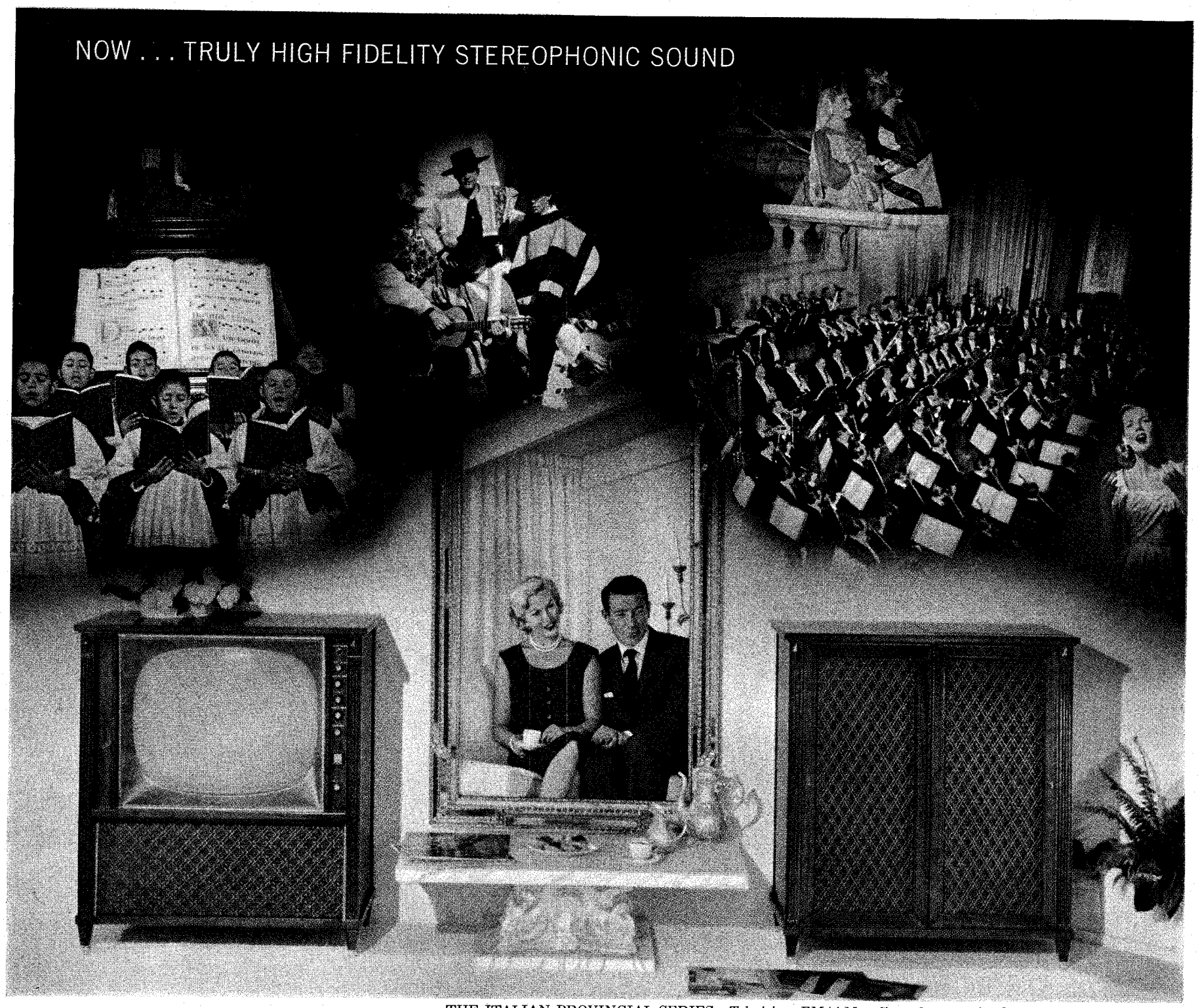

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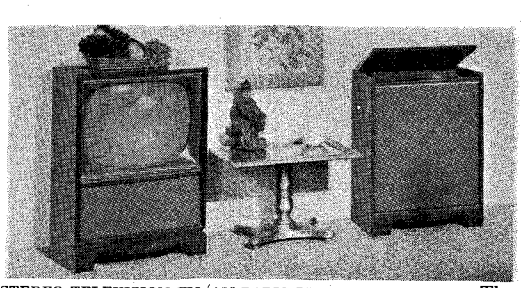

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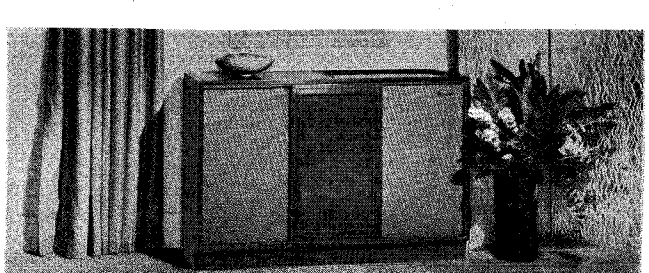

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David Goldreyer (hatless) at his arraignment in New York last April 22. He is now in Federal prison.

Con Man of the Country Clubs

Few people dreamed of questioning the important-looking guest. He turned out to be a notorious passer of bad checks. This is his amazing story.

By Beverly Smith, Jr.

David Louis Goldreyer, now fifty, who has spent much of his life since age twenty-three in various state and Federal prisons, is one of the most curious characters ever to puzzle the wits of judges, probation officers, chaplains and psychiatrists.

There are other seasoned recidivists—or "repeaters"—who have done time in more clinks than Goldreyer. But it is safe to say that these others have never, during their spells of freedom, varied the drab prison routine by frequenting so many stylish country clubs as Goldreyer, or lolled in the lobbies of so many luxury hotels.

Though he is familiar with hundreds of clubs from coast to coast, Goldreyer can hardly be called a member of the country-club set. He does not aspire to membership, nor is he interested—except obliquely—in their golf, tennis or swimming. He concentrates on the locker rooms.

Similarly, he does not usually seek the big hotels for their food, drink, lodging or name bands. What he wants is a quiet corner in the lobby, whence, glancing over his newspaper, he can keep an eye on the cashiers' windows.

When young Goldreyer first came up for sentence in Federal court back in 1931, two Post Office inspectors who had studied his case made their report. They commented on his respectable family background, on his good education and on his pleasant personal appearance. But, they (Continued on Page 58)

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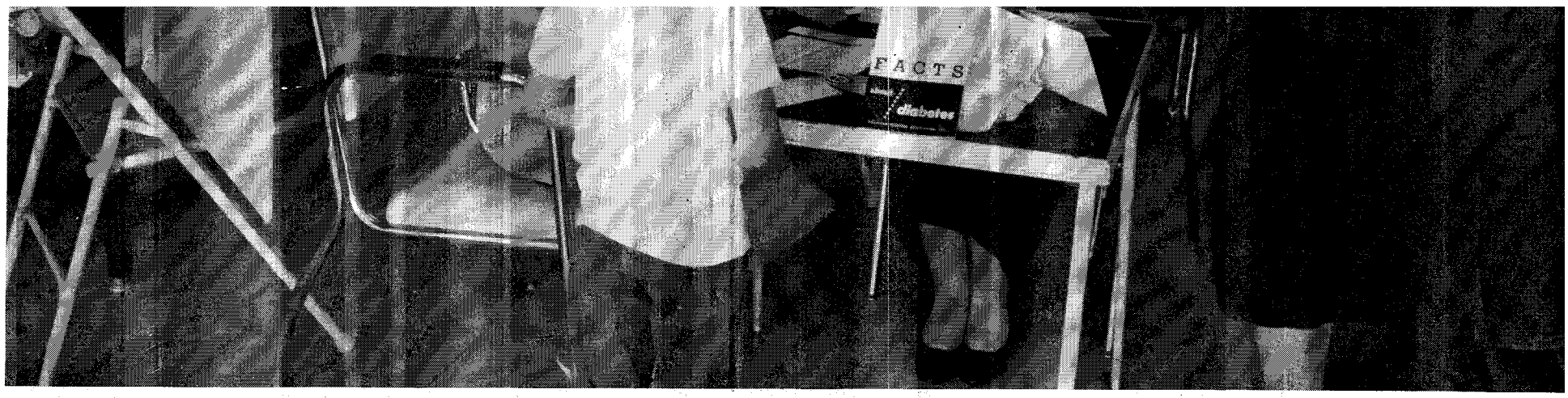

In a "detection booth" at a local department store, Mrs. Nelle Hasler (center, in white hat), of the Fresno Diabetes Association, explains the take-home test kits for diabetes.

The Hunt for Hidden Diabetics

Two million Americans suffer from diabetes—but only half of them know they have it. This is how Fresno, California, is tracking down the unsuspecting victims.

By PATRICIA and RON DEUTSCH

Dr. Leo Goodman (at blackboard), who organized Fresno's "diabetes detectives" in 1954, and fellow physicians. "But this isn't just a job for the doctor," he says. "It's a job for the entire town."

On a sunny November morning, with the dry winds sweeping down California's San Joaquin Valley, Nelle Hasler watched her daughter take the morning injection of insulin and sent her off to school. Then she drove down Highway 99, past the fruit-packing houses, the wineries and freezing plants, to the Fresno County Fairgrounds. There she pulled up before the booth she and her friends had built for fifty dollars—between the Social Security display and the stand for Slim Adkins and His Dog, Buster. She was ready to take part in one of the greatest manhunts in medical history.

For Nelle Hasler and her friends were on the trail of more than 1800 of Fresno County's men, women and children—people unaware they were ill with a disease that could be fatal. The disease was *diabetes mellitus*.

"Diabetes afflicts over two million Americans," says Dr. Alexander Marble, of Boston, president of the American Diabetes Associa-

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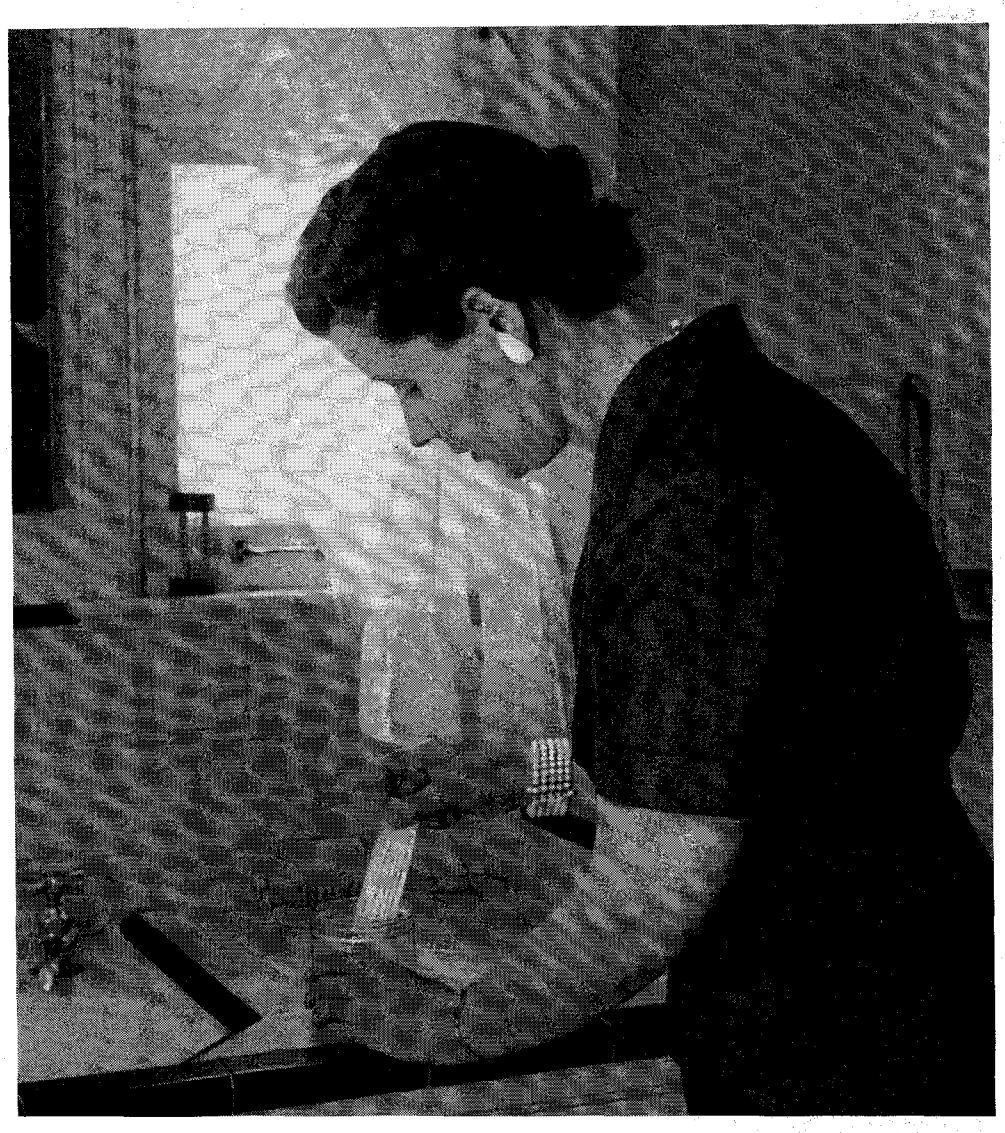


Mrs. Barbara Hadley shows how to use the Dreypak, a simple mass-scale test for sugar in the urine—key sign of the affliction. After the treated paper is dipped in a specimen, it is submitted for analysis.

"I could have died before anyone knew I was even sick," says Mrs. Isabell Smith (above). A Dreypak test showed she was a diabetic.

tion, Inc., 1 East 45th Street, New York 17, N.Y. "But a million diabetics do not know they have the disease. These people must be found before they develop serious complications. Since 1948 we've tried hard to find the hidden diabetics. But only recently have we had a simple test for the disease which anyone can take at home and send to one of our local units for screening. Only recently have a few communities, such as Fresno, shown how an intensive search could succeed."

Fresno was not the first community to search for hidden diabetics; and other, larger cities have found more unsuspecting sufferers from the disease. But Fresno has conducted a more determined hunt than any other community in the country, and it has served more than others as an example of just how the national association's blueprint for action can work. "More than any other affiliate," says the association, "Fresno followed the book."

In 1954, Fresno's doctors estimated that among the 300,000 people in Fresno County—scattered from the sun-baked vineyards to the perpetual snow of the high Sierra—there were some 3700 diabetics. If that statistic was right, then about 1800 of these were undiagnosed.

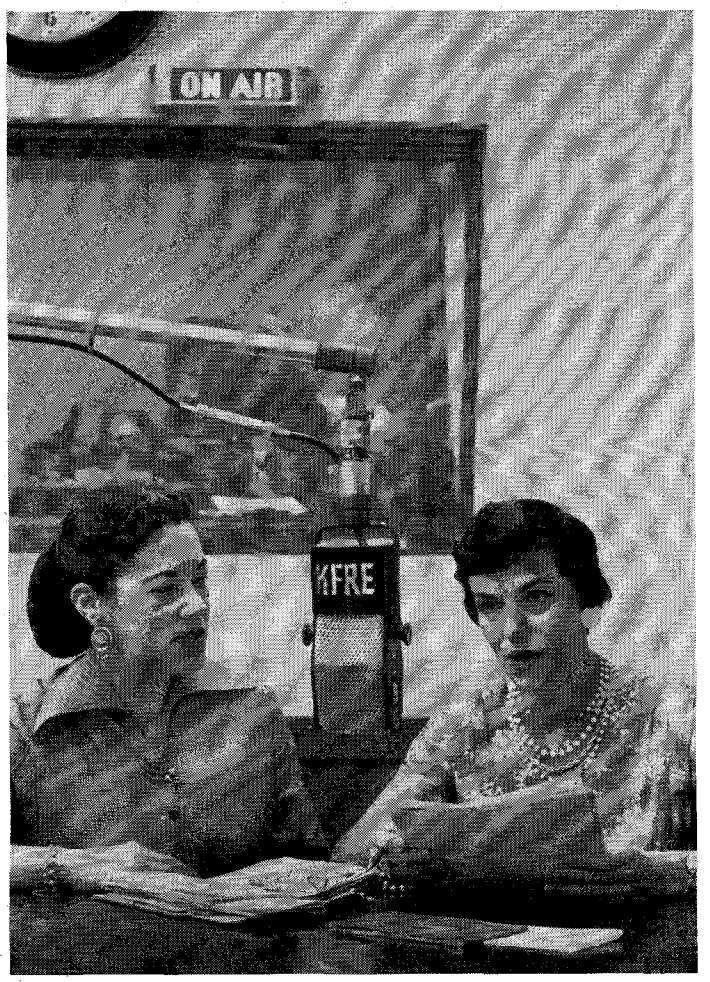
Fresno County was neither poor nor neglected. It is, in fact, the nation's richest agricultural county, first in products from raisins to long-staple cotton. The city of Fresno is clean and prosperous, filled with flowers and surrounded by a bounty of growing things. It is proud of its good community health and its six general hospitals.

"But diabetes comes quietly," says Dr. Leo Goodman, a Fresno physician who is taking a leading part in the hunt for hidden diabetes. "It doesn't hurt. It begins with little things, vague things. By the time you begin to lose weight fast, or you have trouble with your eyes or you feel pains in your legs—by then you're very sick. By then you've probably lost your chance to handle the disease easily. Ten years ago we suspected there were tremendous numbers of hidden diabetics, but we weren't sure. There was no easy way to screen people for the disease. You had to collect samples of blood and urine, and that simply wasn't practical for large populations. But now the picture is changed."

In 1947 two doctors from the United States Public Health Service, Hugh Wilkerson and Leo Krall, laboriously took blood and urine samples from 70 per cent of the 5000 people in Oxford, Massachusetts. (See The Saturday Evening Post, May 15, 1948, What You Should Know About Diabetes.) From their results, they estimated about 1,000,000 Americans had diabetes and didn't know it. In urging a hunt for the million, Wilkerson and Krall wrote, "For large-scale screening purposes, simpler methods are needed. Intensive efforts are being made in this direction."

The efforts paid off. In a few years several simple mass-scale tests for sugar in the urine—key sign of the disease—were ready. By 1954, the American Diabetes Association began to produce one of these, the Dreypak, on a nonprofit basis. The (Continued on Page 75)

Photographs by Don Ornitz



In a Fresno radio studio, Marge Studer (left), a diabetic, helps prepare a broadcast on her malady.

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He was just another man carrying a package through Gale's during the Christmas buying season. He was sure that he would not be remembered.

Who knows what a dangerous maniac looks like? Perhaps that inconspicuous little man you scarcely notice could turn out to be

The Midtown Bomber

First of five exciting parts by JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

A good many people saw Roy Clark enter Gale's Department Store with the package. Others shared the elevator that took him to the eighth floor, and still others brushed against him as he walked down the corridor toward the offices of Barney Strand, the store security officer.

He wore ordinary clothing—a dark suit, a gray topcoat, a gray hat. He was middle-aged. There was nothing remarkable about his face or his physical appearance. He did not hurry, he did not loiter and he did not appear furtive. He was just another man carrying a package through Gale's during the Christmas-shopping season. He was sure he would not be remembered.

His only moment of real danger would come when he left the package. But it was not a danger he had to risk blindly. He knew that Lacey Evans, Barney Strand's secretary, took a coffee break at two-thirty each afternoon, and that if Barney was present he would probably be at his desk, in an inner room, behind a closed door.

Should these conditions not prevail, he would know it at a glance and would continue down the corridor, unnoticed, to return another day.

Lacey Evans was not at her desk. The office was open and empty. Roy Clark placed the package on the corner of the desk, turned and left without haste. Again he was seen by many people; again he was not concerned. Except for the hard brightness that had come to his eyes and the sweat that filmed his face, he was a man like a thousand others. He rode the moving stairs to the third floor. He bought a tie and some handkerchiefs—and he waited.

Lacey Evans discovered the package a few minutes before three. She was puzzled at first, but after peeking through the open end of the paper bag she was only amused. It was a two-

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pound candy box—not new, for the cellophane wrapping was gone—and Barney's name was written on it in pencil.

"Jokes again," she said, because there'd been quite a few of them lately.

Lacey was twenty-three, small and dark. She dressed rather plainly—as secretary to the man in charge of the store police, she felt a certain restraint was necessary—but she could not hide the lines of a very good figure or cool the warmth of a pleasant personality. She was a happy person; it glowed in her face and shone in her eyes. She was also more than normally impatient about unopened packages.

She tried her best to ignore it. She put paper and carbon into her typewriter and began a letter, typing rapidly. But her eyes kept straying back to the package; the smile, half wonder, half anticipation, kept returning to her lips. The inner door was closed, which meant Barney was occupied, but it didn't mean he was seriously occupied. Lacey went to the door and knocked quietly. Barney's voice told her to come in, and she opened the door.

"Real busy?" she asked.

"Not too busy," Barney said. "Come in."

He was at his desk, a raw-boned, sandy-haired man of thirty. The lines at the corners of his mouth said he smiled easily and often, and there was that about him that told of quiet, unassuming, confident strength. He had dark gray eyes and big-knuckled, seemingly clumsy hands.

"It isn't really important," Lacey said.

Barney smiled. "But it is something?"

Lacey was concerned about the young girl who was sitting in the chair beside Barney's desk. The chair was most often occupied, in such instances, by a shoplifter, but Lacey couldn't bring herself to believe this youngster was a thief. She was about fourteen, hardly more than a child. She had blond hair, cut becomingly short, blue eyes and a wonderfully clear complexion. Still, Lacey could not doubt that something was very wrong. There was fear in the child's eyes; her mouth was tragic.

"This is Sue Ellen Baker, Lacey." Barney's voice was without strain. "She's a friend of mine. Sue, this is Miss Evans, my secretary." And then he smiled. "In about two weeks, Miss Evans will be my wife."

"Oh, wonderful!" A brief smile touched the girl's lips. "Are you going to be married on Christmas?"

"Sometime after the Christmas rush and before the January clearance sale," Lacey said. "We hope!"

"Do you doubt me, woman?" Barney asked with mock severity. "I'm a man who keeps his promises."

"Unhappily," Lacey said, "you're not the man in charge of Gale's Department Store."

"I salute Gale's Department Store," Barney said, and did exactly that with a flick of his fingers. "I think Mr. Cramer will allow two faithful employees time off for a short honeymoon." He looked at the girl. "What do you think?"

"I certainly hope so."

Lacey understood that Barney was including the girl in the discussion for some reason of his own, probably to dispel the look of tragedy she had worn a moment ago. She decided that talk of the package might help the cause along.

"Barney," she said, "someone left you a present."

"Oh? What kind of present?"

"A package." Lacey smiled at him. "Fun and games, I think. A gag of some kind. It's got that look about it."

"One of those?" Barney pretended to give the matter serious consideration. He turned to the girl to explain. "The boss marries his secretary, y'know? It's a natural for comedians. Everybody gives us gag presents." He looked at Lacey. "So why don't you open it?"

"It's got your name on it."

"You're my secretary. You open my mail."

"Not this kind. Something might jump out."

"Let it jump," Barney said. "If you're going to be my wife, you'll have to share the spooks as well as the blessings."

"Nothing doing."

"Coward," Barney said and grinned. "It can wait a few minutes. We're about through. If you haven't worked up nerve enough, I'll come out and open it for you."

Lacey winked at the girl. "Get him!—a hero type!" And she left the office, closing the door behind her.

"How about it?" Barney asked the girl. "Am I lucky?"

"Yes," she said. "Real lucky."

"Beautiful and smart." Barney's smile did pleasant things for his eyes. "Even if she isn't brave."

"She was just kidding."

"Sure," Barney said. "She'll open the package. I said she could. She won't be able to resist it."

"I couldn't either," the girl said.

Barney's hand had been cupped all this time, covering an object that lay on his desk blotter. Now he opened the drawer of his desk, swept the object into it and closed the drawer. Then he smiled at the girl.

"That's the end of it," he said. "I won't tell anyone, and you don't have to. We'll pretend it never happened."

The girl was uncertain. "But I took the brooch. I ——"

Barney nodded. "You took it, a ten-dollar item. You put it in your purse and you walked out without paying for it. I stopped you on the sidewalk and brought you up here. But that doesn't make you a thief. It makes you a foolish girl who had to try stealing just once."

"I feel like a thief."

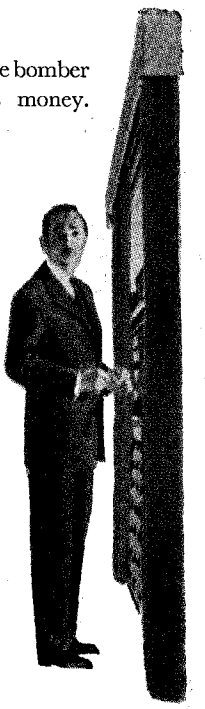
"It's good that you do—today," Barney said. "But

(Continued on Page 44)

Lacey Evans was the first victim.

Barney Strand. The bomb was meant for him.

Cramer. The bomber wanted his money.



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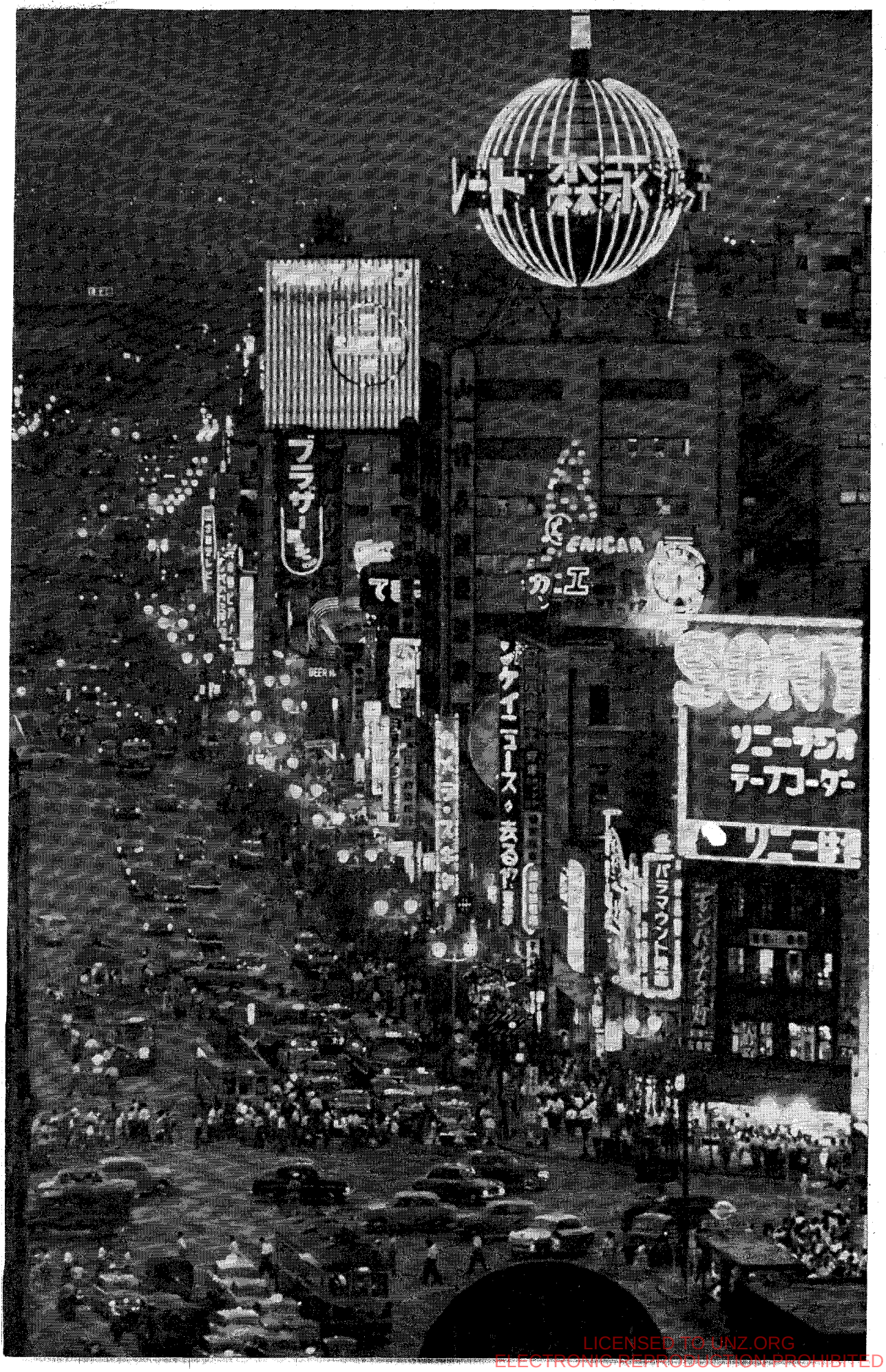
Biggest City in the World

A Post editor reports from the world's most turbulent metropolis, where American ways are popular, but Americans themselves are cold-shouldered.

By Harold H. Martin

The Ginza (below) is the heart of downtown Tokyo, which supports 50,000 bars, night clubs and restaurants.



Thirteen years ago Tokyo shared with Berlin the melancholy distinction of being the world's most devastated capital. When the B-29's had finished their fire-bombing, 89,000 of her citizens were dead, 125,000 more were injured and 1,100,000 houses lay in ashes. Of the 7,000,000 people who had lived there in 1941, fewer than 3,000,000 remained in the dying city four years later. The only commercial structures left standing were those we had chosen not to destroy—the big steel-and-concrete office buildings which were to become the headquarters of the occupation army. The factories were gone. Of the great industrial area that once sprawled southward to Yokohama, nothing remained but tall chimneys, twisted girders and a few fire-blackened iron safes, slowly rusting in the autumn rains.

Today hardly a scar remains to mark the city's wartime wounds. Tokyo in the fall of 1958 is the world's biggest metropolis, furiously busy by day, bright as Broadway by night, inhabited by 8,700,000 fiercely energetic citizens whose numbers are increasing by a quarter million every year.

Above and below the ground, the work of rebuilding goes on. Trucks and buses rumble hollowly over planked streets, above the heads of sweating men digging new subway lines. Tall buildings spring like steel-and-concrete mushrooms from the compost of little wood-and-paper houses that cluster at their feet. Elevated freeways soar above the tangled traffic on the narrow streets below, and the world's tallest TV tower pokes upward above the city toward a height greater than the Eiffel Tower.

Noisy, dusty, smoky, seething with life and movement, Tokyo to the visitor presents a picture of complete chaos, the confused disorder of a house where carpenters, brickmasons, painters, plasterers, electricians and roofers are all trying to do their work at once. The city is short of everything but people. The trains that pour 3,000,000 commuters into the central district every day are so brutally crowded that special cars must be set aside for women and children to prevent their being crushed. At two downtown stations strong-muscled college students are hired to work as pushers, shoving and shouldering the citizens into the jam-packed cars during the evening rush.

Despite the genius of the Japanese traffic cop, street traffic is a fishworm tangle of buses, streetcars, motor scooters, bicycles, three-wheeled trucks and beetle-shaped taxicabs which kills 800 people annually and maims thousands more. Tokyo's city fathers, who like to reduce every human activity and emotion

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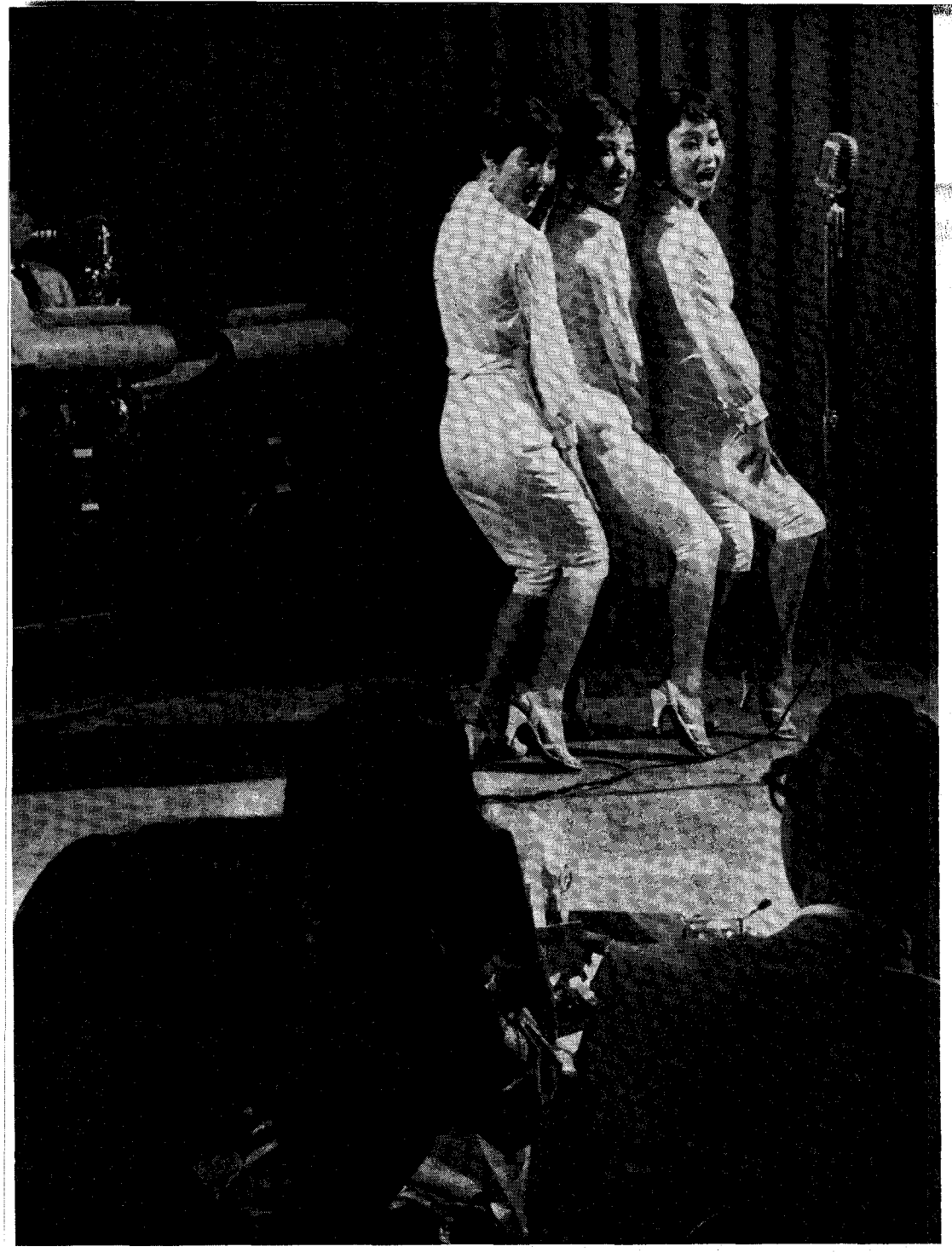
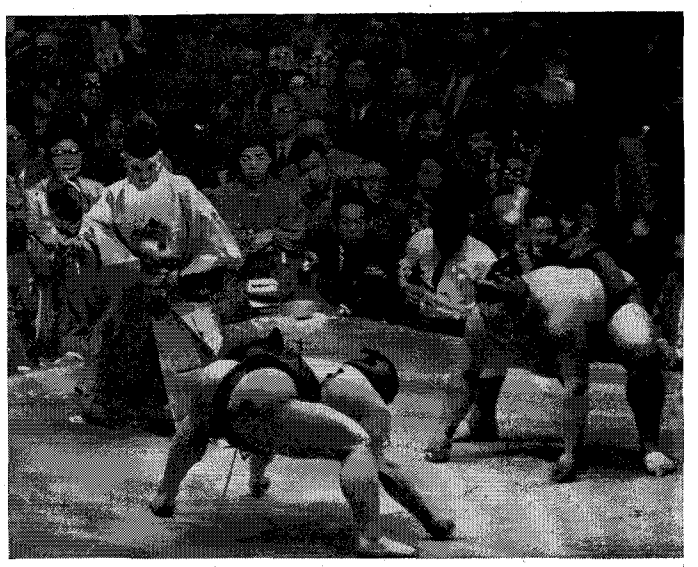


At the Tokyo Copacabana Club, a "rock-and-roru" trio sings U.S. hits in Japanese-flavored English.

The daughters prefer American-style dresses—even the "trapeze" (left). But unreconstructed mama-san sticks to the traditional kimono.



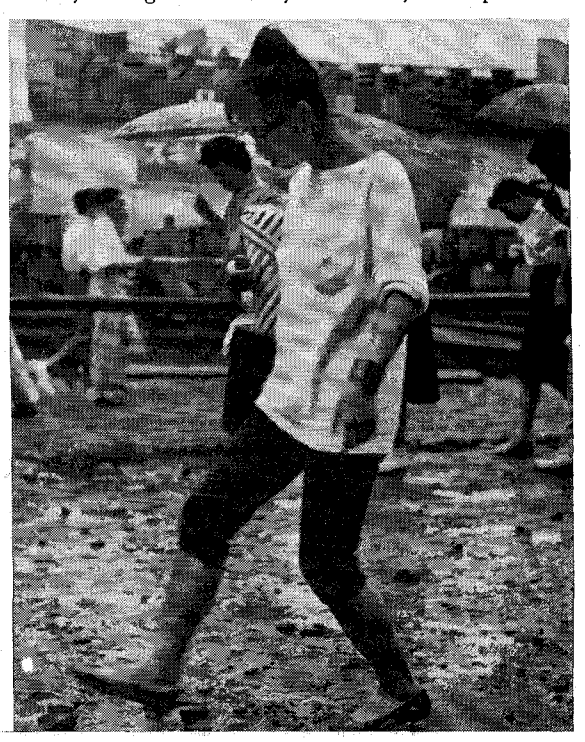
Sumo: This ritualistic contest is again drawing crowds; it is one public entertainment distinctively Japanese.

to a statistic, decided last year that traffic noise was driving 4000 citizens crazy every year. They passed a law banning the tooting of automobile horns on the more congested thoroughfares. The pedestrians protested, in letters to the newspapers. The greatest menace to life and limb in Tokyo, they pointed out, was the *kamikaze* taxicab, so called because of the suicidal recklessness with which Tokyo hackies drive. With the taxi horns muted, the pedestrian would be helpless. He would be run down from behind before he had a chance to leap convulsively for the curb.

As seen from the roof of a tall downtown building, Tokyo appears to be one great shapeless disorderly sprawl, an amorphous mass spreading without seeming plan or purpose across the Kwanto plain. Magnificent department stores, crammed to the doors with luxury merchandise, rise above shabby lean-tos where ragpickers live. Ragged tents where "storip" dancers peel off their clothes before goggling farm boys stand beside beautiful temples dedicated to Kwannon, Goddess of Mercy. Smoke from thousands of tiny household factories kills the famous willow trees on the elegant Ginza, and such odoriferous enterprises as tanneries and small dye-works stand next to houses in the residential sections. (Continued on Page 93)

Tokyo is short of everything but people. Above, a "pusher" jams commuters into a train at rush hour.

In sloppy-Joe shirt and calypso pants, a teen-ager picks her way through one of Tokyo's eternally torn-up streets.



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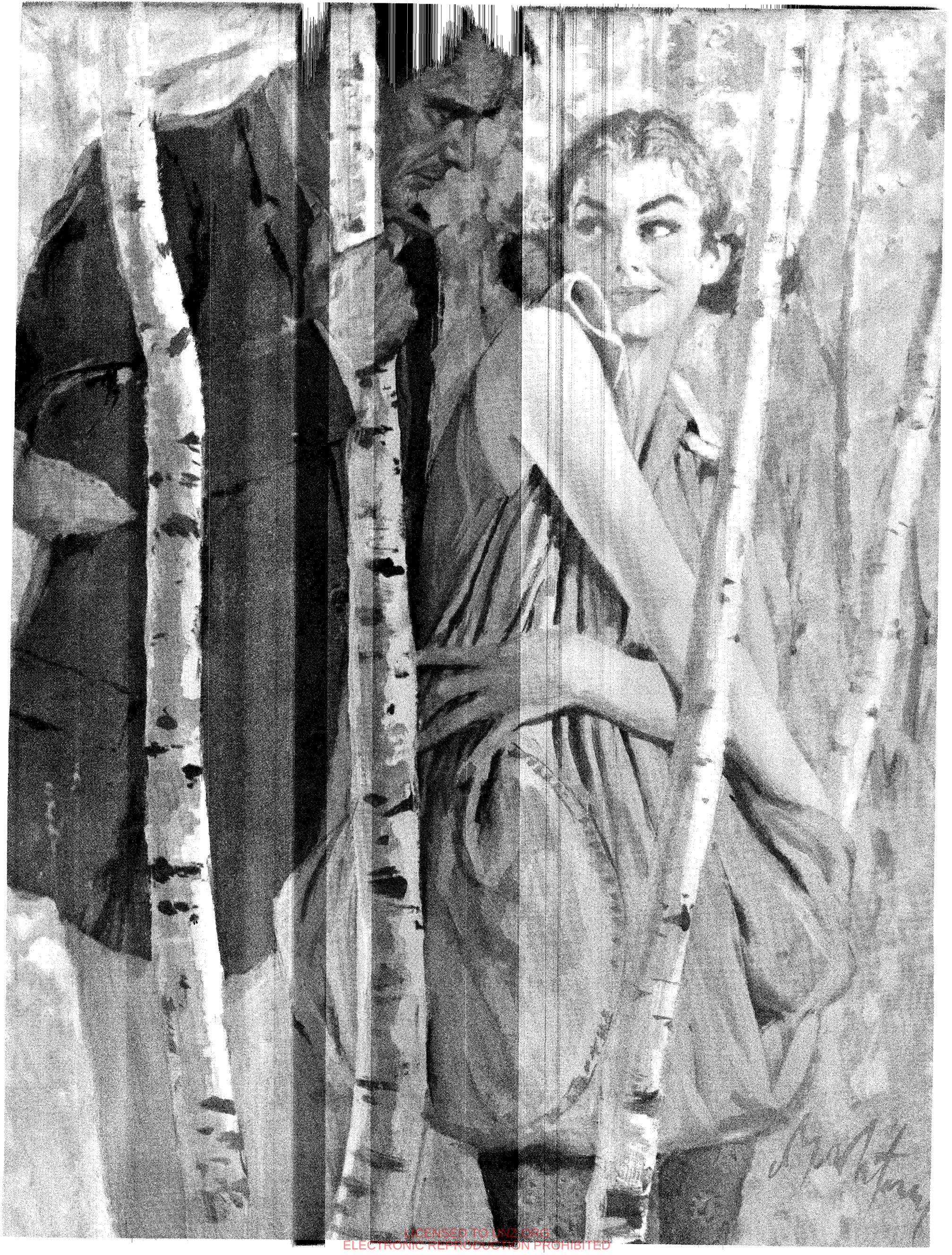

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"I hope you didn't squash my Camberwell larva," Kathy said.

The Susceptible Scientists

By NANCY POPE MAYORGA

They held hands and discussed evolution. Then Kathy realized that love was not a science.

Ever since she had been a child, Kathy had worn her hair parted in the middle and braided in two braids. It was abundant and full of life, full of red-brown lights, wavy, and it had laughter hidden away in it. It had to be controlled. Braiding it was the most practical way. When she grew up, she cut off some of her hair and pinned up the braids; and once in a while, on and off, she came back into style. It didn't matter. It isn't necessary for a zoologist whose work is important to her to be stylish. But, stylish or not, her hairdo suited her independent nature; the straight, firm features of her face; and the severe white laboratory coat she wore. For those who really knew Kathy, the very style of her hair was the style of her character, full of light and hidden laughter, nicely, firmly controlled.

Kathy had the privilege to work at a small college under an inspired teacher, a teacher who believed, as she affirmed every fall to the young instructors of Zoology I, "We are not here to teach zoological facts primarily. We are here to open eyes and arouse enthusiasm. Many of the students of Zoology I, as you know, are reluctantly working off their natural-science requirement. If we can give them a smidgen of the excitement Leeuwenhoek felt at his first glimpse into a microscope, if we can make them feel astonished about the Mayfly and its incredible voyage to a new world, if down deep we can stir them by an amoeba—then our year's work will not be lost."

This was the kind of approach to science that Kathy had been learning for six years under Dr. Alice Robyne, four as a student, two as an instructor. Doctor Robyne was little and fine, with white hair and very blue eyes from which the first wonder of childhood seemed never to have been erased. She was not only learned; she was keen and thoughtful. She advised her young instructors, "Don't be provincial scientists. The lines between the provinces become fainter and fainter. And there is always that point where you have to say finally—this which is biology is also chemistry is also physics—this is life, whatever that may be."

Well, but all this isn't getting on with the story. It isn't even starting the story. The story starts on a morning in the middle of the college year when the Zoology I class was studying pigs' eyes. As a matter of fact, they were studying the structure of the eye and they used on their dissecting boards pigs' eyes, which were available in large numbers at small cost and similar in make-up to the human eye. For convenience's sake, the eyes were kept on ice in a small box at the end of the long laboratory. Kathy was in charge of the morning laboratory work. Just before she had come to class, her roommate had met her in the corridor and handed her a letter.

"It came special delivery. I thought you might want to have it right away. It's from Scott."

Scott was Dr. John Scott Waldren, physicist, who was at the college on a Guggenheim Fellowship to do research into DNA along with Dr. Alvin Myers, head of their own biology department—all very complicated and well-known to Kathy, but not important right now because the bell rang for class, and though her heart gave a tremendous bound of joy at the sight of the familiar handwriting, it fell back again despairingly because she knew it would be at least three hours before she could sit down and read it, really read it, not with her eyes but with her soul.

However, she ripped it open swiftly, swiftly scanned the first words, "Wild heart, sweet heart, beloved heart! I'll be back Tuesday on the five-fifteen."

Then, with slim fingers that trembled a little, she folded it, replaced it in the envelope, slid it into the pocket of her white coat, where it did not make even the slightest bulge in the starched rigidity of the linen. She walked firmly down the long room to the little icebox with the pigs' eyes, and opened the cover. Hundreds of eyes looked up from the block of ice, all of them with lids and lashes, all of them staring at her. "Wild heart, sweet heart, beloved heart!" Something inside of her gave way with sudden relief and gratitude. She closed the lid of the box, bent over, leaning upon it, and let herself go in laughter. Silent, joyous, uncontrollable, triumphant laughter.

"What's with you?" asked Doctor Robyne, just coming in.

Kathy made a gesture toward the box and struggled to control herself.

Doctor Robyne lifted the lid, looked in, clapped it down again quickly. "I find it rather horrifying," she said, and went off into the next laboratory.

And after all, what's the matter with this story? It doesn't take shape. This is not the beginning of it really. This is the end. Or the beginning of something else. It must have begun at least a year and a half ago when Dr. John Scott Waldren came to Marathon College. Or perhaps before that when Kathy decided to major in zoology. Or maybe before that when Kathy was born. Or maybe there never was a beginning. Maybe it was an infinite excitement that had been going on forever—at least once Kathy had had that very feeling, the first time she met him—like music pounding on out there in the ether, unheard until we tune in on it.

He had arrived early in the fall in the midst of a flu epidemic. Doctor Myers, of Biology, was down; Doctor Stroman, of Physics; Doctor Robyne too. Kathy was one of the few still on their feet. She was sent to meet him at the ugly little railroad station, twenty minutes' ride from the campus. She went in her own car—a yellow coupé, (Continued on Page 104)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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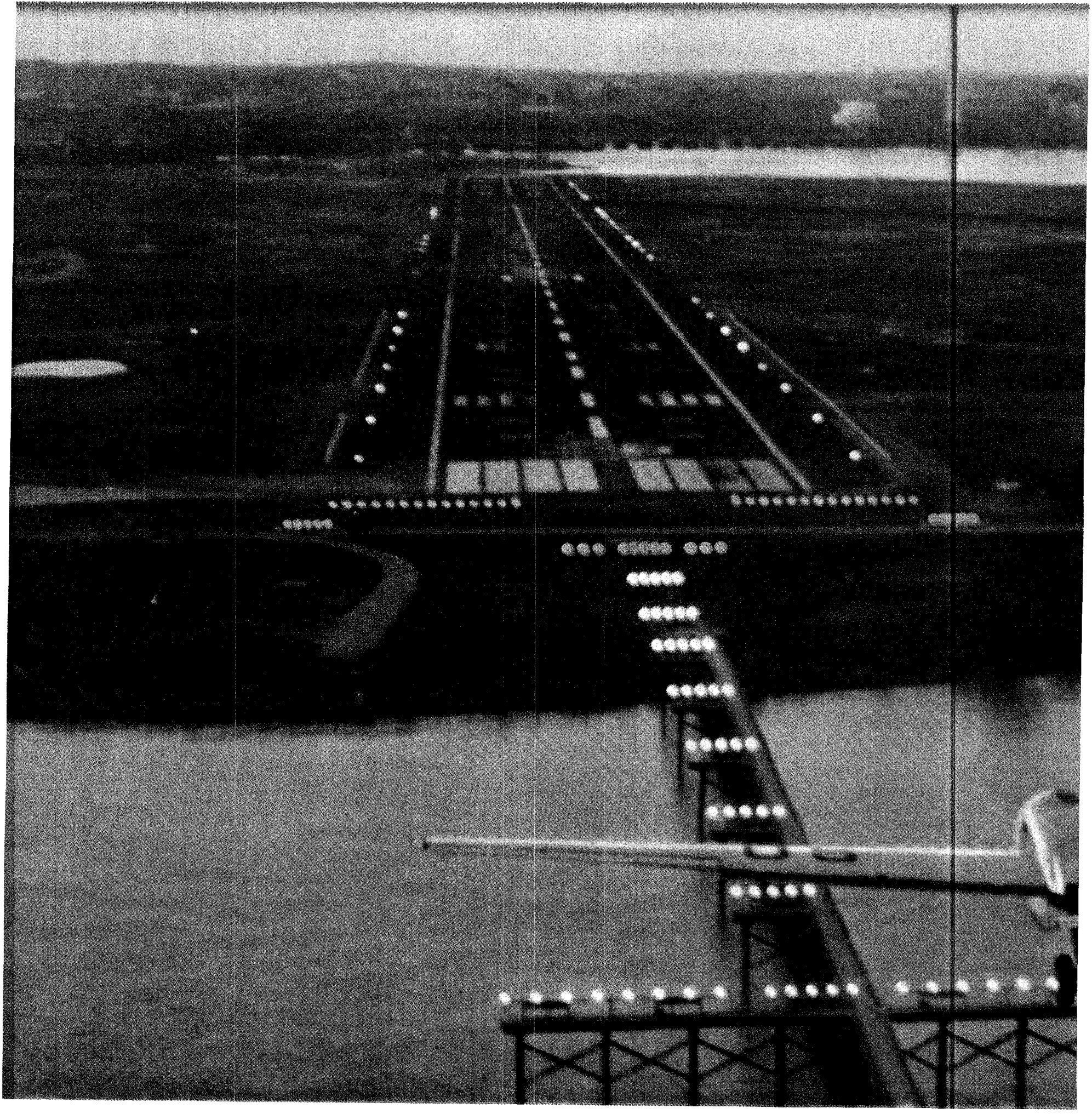

They All Landed Here

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Out of the evening sky a Convair 440 airliner follows brilliant light patterns on its final approach to the National Airport at Washington, D.C. Here an aircraft lands or takes off, on the average, almost once every two minutes, day and night, all year round. (Four American airports are busier: Midway at Chicago, Los Angeles, LaGuardia at New York and Dallas.)

Yet as recently as September 28, 1940, when the National Airport was dedicated by President Roosevelt, a congressman from Massachusetts denounced the project as "a conspicuous monument of waste and inefficiency." Today, a new, larger Washington International Airport is under construction at Chantilly, Virginia, twenty-seven miles west of the city. It will be a dozen times the size of the National and will accommodate 600-mile-an-hour jets.

Still the National is firm in history, as the airport capital of the free world during the '40's and '50's. Here De Gaulle, Nehru, Churchill, Molotov, Elizabeth of England and Adenauer of Germany—indeed, most of the world's leaders—have landed on missions of state. This idealistic panorama, dominated by the monument to our first President, was what they saw. ❁ Photograph by George Burns

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Rich Man's Daughter

He wanted to marry her—but he couldn't afford her.

By EDWARD LINDALL

The sun was just coming to work over the horizon as Dan Somers rode up to the belt of trees. The faint, damp perfume of dew drifted up with the dust smell from his horse's hoofs. Dan sniffed at it appreciatively. Then he twisted in his saddle for a last look back along the trail before swinging into the shelter of the trees. He allowed himself a small, derisive grin. There was no sign of movement anywhere on the plain between him and Pebble Creek station homestead.

"So far, so good," he muttered.

Dan Somers was thirty, big and square, and gentle-strong. The strength was obvious in his wide shoulders; the gentleness lay almost hidden in the deep blue eyes that he wore mostly stern for business reasons. The business was summed up by the police badge on front of his ten-gallon hat; what he thought of it was shown in the well-washed neatness of his summer uniform of khaki shirt and slacks.

But his eyes were more troubled now than stern. At any other time or place in his eight years' service with the Australian far-north police he would have enjoyed the mild improbability of the job before him. It was the sort of thing he would normally have taken in his long-legged stride. But here, on Pebble Creek property, he was as edgy as a dingo skirting a trap line.

He began to hum a tune, determined to enjoy the glory of the sunrise. But all he could manage was a mongrel cross between Waltzing Matilda and The Sick Stockrider. Then he saw a movement in the trees, fifteen yards ahead. The stockrider died. Matilda slipped and fell.

"Damn," he said. Then, louder, evenly. "Good morning, Jane."

"You slept in," Jane Brenton said. She rode out of the trees, small and slender on a big black horse. "I thought maybe you'd lost your way."

(Continued on Page 71)

"Do you understand?" she demanded. "Or do I have to hit you on the head?"

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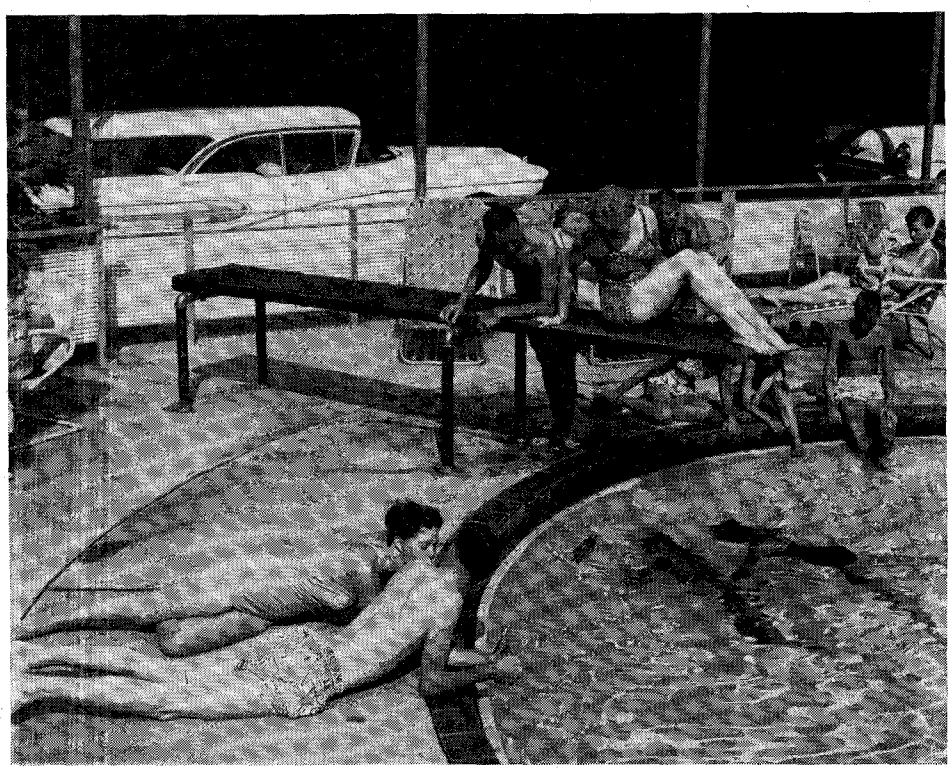
In Muzak's New York record archives, program director Donald O'Neill (right) auditions a collection of new tunes for subscribers' tapes. He rates each selection according to its "emotional effectiveness."

A music-filled atmosphere helps to put supermarket customers in a buying mood—not only for records but for groceries too.

"Background Music": Persuasion in the Air

Music can keep you from getting tired, or put you in a spending mood. As a result, there's a multimillion-dollar plot afoot to make you happy even when you'd prefer not to be.

By ROBERT M. YODER



Underwater swimmers at this motel in Hamilton, Ohio, hear music from a speaker installed beneath the surface of the pool. A second speaker serenades the sun bathers.

Every working day, some 54,000,000 Americans come under the power, for brief periods or throughout the entire day, of a subtle influence designed to alter their spirits, affect their energy, their attitudes, their behavior. Men and women so conditioned—softly, so as almost to go unnoticed—are supposed to become sweeter of disposition, are supposed to forget nagging personal problems; their anxieties and hostilities are supposed to subside.

This invisible emanation, this effluvium, is something like pep pills, yet something like tranquilizers, and maybe like getting a light general anesthetic. In fact, the array of results claimed for it equals anything the old-time medicines ever claimed for their wonderful all-purpose mixtures, and this, too, is good for man and beast, also for poultry.

Here is mood engineering on a nationwide scale, an attempt to spur working people to greater efforts, to induce free spending, to impart carefully calculated stimulation, and all this so quietly that the puppets never feel a thing.

(Continued on Page 84)

At New York's Bronx Zoo, there are melodies in the air. They soothe the spirits of animals and spectators alike.

Many banks, including this one in Mobile, Alabama, use music to dissipate the "institutional chill."

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Preston with his wife, Catherine, in their New York apartment. He is wearing earphones connected to an electric piano which enables him to play without being overheard.

HAPPIEST ACTOR ON BROADWAY

By GEORGE S. HAGE

Robert Preston, star of that smash hit, The Music Man, "can't sing and can't dance." Yet, in a singing and dancing role, he proved that a movie star can triumph on the stage.

The curtain had hardly dropped on the last act of The Music Man one Saturday night last June when the show's company rushed off to a rented hall a few blocks from the theater. With husbands, wives and dates, everyone was there—except the show's star, Robert Preston. And it was for Preston that they waited. Since midweek, they had kept the dressing rooms backstage at the theater simmering with secret preparations for this moment—consulting caterers, recruiting a band from the orchestra pit, and blowing up the hundreds of red and yellow balloons that now decorated the hall. For tomorrow was Preston's birthday, and his fellow workers in this Broadway smash hit wanted to make it one he would never forget.

Now everything was ready. From his lookout post near the door, redheaded Eddie Hodges, the eleven-year-old show stopper of the cast, suddenly shrilled, "Here they come!" The band blared out Happy Birthday, and Preston, accompanied by his wife, Catherine, paused at the threshold, looking like a six-foot-one edition of the kid whose bike was there on Christmas morning.

The band swung into Seventy-Six Trombones, the show's hit tune, and Preston, as if on cue, threw back his head, whirled aloft an imaginary drum major's baton, and strutted to the front of the hall. There he turned and raised his arms in the familiar bandleader's appeal for attention. The yelling and the music and the cheering dropped away to silence. Prof. Harold Hill, the role Preston plays in the show, cannot lead a band, but Preston himself is rarely inarticulate. Now he turned simply to little Eddie Hodges and said, "Eddie, when I was your age, this is what I dreamed the theater would be like."

The dream had taken a long time to come true. This outburst of affection from his coworkers in the theater marked forty years for Preston, and throughout twenty-five of them, the theater has been his consuming interest. The dream was nourished by a dedicated drama coach in high school and after that by the Pasadena Playhouse. But then followed a frustrating succession of second leads in Western movies—roles in which, as other observers have noted, the only thing that changed was the horse.

And after he finally broke loose from both West and Westerns (Continued on Page 112)

In The Music Man, Preston portrays Harold Hill, a phony music professor who charms an Iowa town into buying band instruments. Surprisingly, the children learn to play.

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a dancer. "He has two top things—infallible technique and a unique pe

1941: Preston's supporting role in Northwest Mounted Police, with Paulette Goddard, established him as a first-rate actor. But Hollywood kept relegating him to second-best parts.

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The happy boy above is riding a Scooter Coaster, a child-size version of the traditional amusement-park thriller. The car and its 20-foot track cost $39.95.

What's New in Toyland?

This year's Christmas shoppers will be tempted by an unprecedented array of unusual playthings. Here are some of the ingenious new toys your children will probably demand.

By ROUL TUNLEY

Among space-conscious small fry, rockets, missiles and satellites promise to be 1958's most popular toys. Many of these devices come in kit form to be put together at home, as demonstrated by the young modelmaker below.

The other day in one of New York City's biggest toy stores, a dignified and smartly dressed lady was watching a salesman demonstrate the ancient game of diabolo, which involves a top on a string. At a certain point in the game, the top is tossed to another player who catches it on another string.

The lady watched in silence for a while, and then approached the demonstrator. "Let me have one," she said, flinging her mink wrap on the counter. While she arranged her set, the salesman started his top spinning again. "Now, throw it to me!" she ordered. He tossed it high in the air, and she jumped quickly, catching it as deftly as Yogi Berra. She then picked up her mink, and, as she walked away, whispered to the salesman: "Reminds me of Central Park—1910!"

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Stuffed animals, some nearly as big as the real thing, come in all species and prices. The tiger above costs $225, the zebra, $250.

Conventional dress-up dolls, such as the ones being admired above, are still the undisputed favorite, despite toymakers' never-ending efforts to find new gimmicks to "humanize" their products.

Photographs by Ivan Dmitri

The little girls above are making real ice cream with a miniature kitchen gadget that does the job in less than a minute. Called the Frosty Ice Cream Machine, it sells for $3.

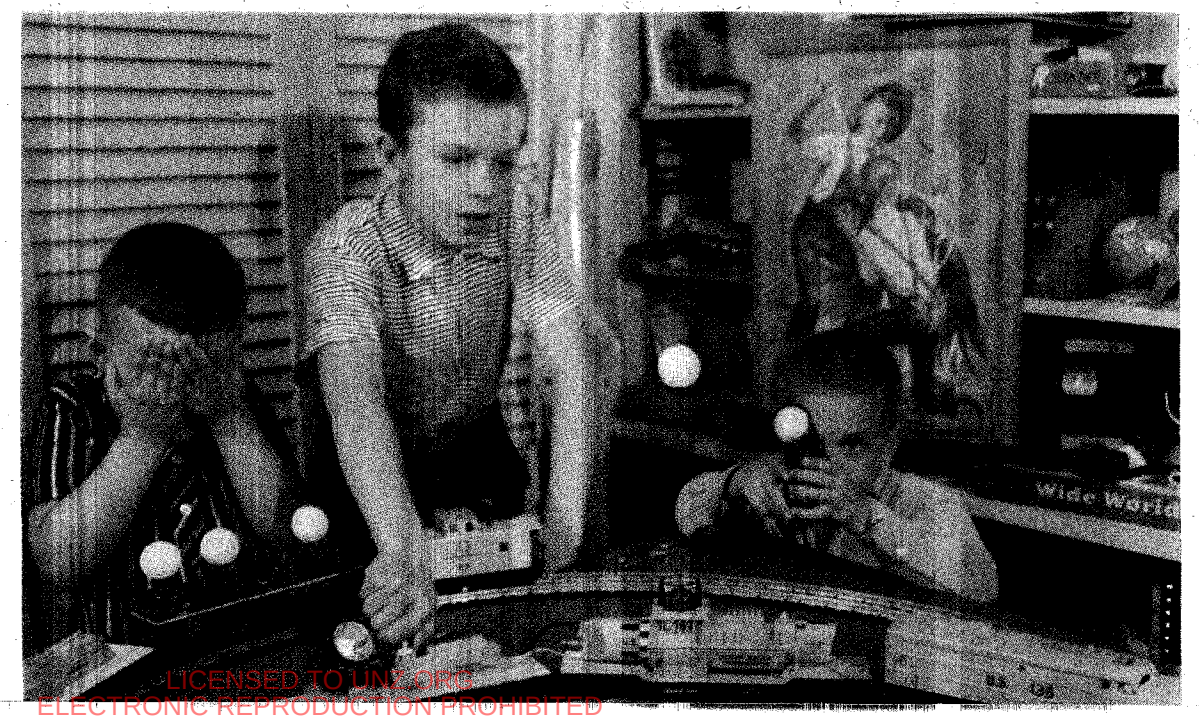
This father is helping his son assemble a Stegosaurus dinosaur from a kit containing 46 plastic bones. The finished skeleton is a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

The lady, of course, was doing what millions of other grownups do at this time of year on the pretext of shopping for one or more of the nation's 53,000,000 children. She was escaping to toyland, and enjoying every minute of it.

The lure of toys is a cinch. It's the adult world in miniature, with the headache removed—satellites go into orbit without a hitch; guns roar, but don't kill; trains run on time over a landscape that's always spring; split-level houses have swimming pools, but no mortgages; and all the dolls are—well, dolls.

If, for example, some people think the Government is dragging its feet on missile production, you can be sure the kids are not. They're already in outer space. When Russia last year launched its first Sputnik, a toy company was out a week later (Continued on Page 107)

Below is the "satellite train." A jet of air from the center car holds a plastic moon in orbit a foot above the train as it travels round the track. This set, which comes with five cars and a three-speed diesel locomotive, costs $39.95.



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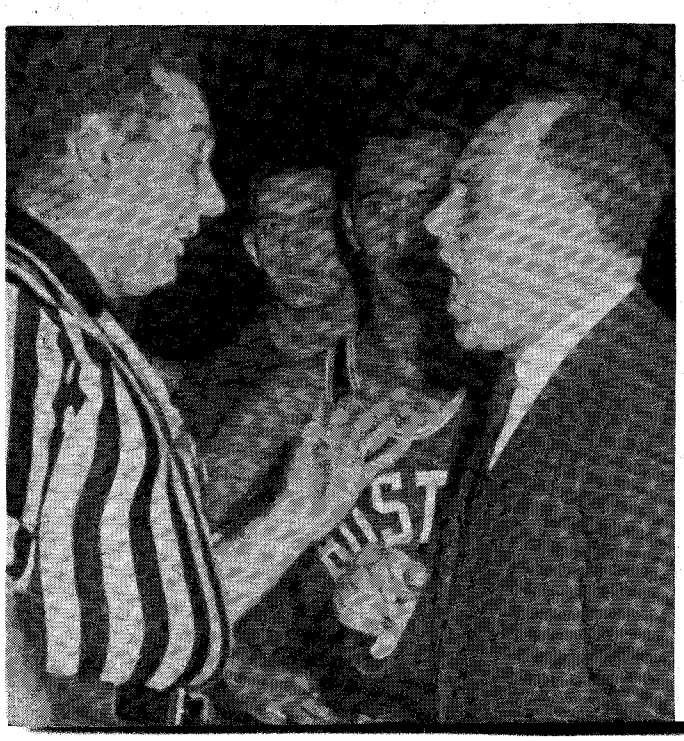
Public scraps such as the one above are hurting the game, says the author. Embroiled here are Richie Guerin of the New York Knicks and referee Mendy Rudolph.

For twelve years the National Basketball Association has been aiming at big-league status, while owners, coaches and referees concentrate on bush-league tactics.

By LEONARD KOPPETT

Does Pro Basketball Have a Future?



As regular targets of abuse, game officials are virtually defenseless. At left, referee Sam Landis takes a jawing from Boston Celtics coach Red Auerbach.

An experienced baseball writer sat next to a young basketball writer at the 69th Regiment Armory in New York, watching two professional teams called the New York Knickerbockers and the Providence Steamrollers play basketball. It was 1947.

"Think this sport will ever be big-league?" the baseball writer asked.

"Sure," the basketball writer said.

Last winter, the same two writers were sitting in Madison Square Garden, watching the Knicks again. The league now had a different name, different playing rules, different member cities—and an eventful history.

"Think this'll ever be big-league?" asked the baseball writer.

"I don't know," said the basketball writer.

"You were sure ten years ago, and it's grown a lot since," said the baseball writer. "I guess I just don't understand basketball."

"That's all right," said the basketball writer. "When you start to think you do understand it, that's when you have to start worrying."

With that warning in mind, you are welcome to consider the current state and future prospects of the National Basketball Association, the only professional basketball league that ever got far enough to have its future seriously discussed.

One of America's great indoor winter sports topics is, "What's wrong with basketball?"—a discussion by no means limited to participants who care.

(Continued on Page 81)

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IN ENEMY HANDS

By PAT FRANK

Across the truce table an American and a Chinese Communist officer matched wits for a prisoner's life.

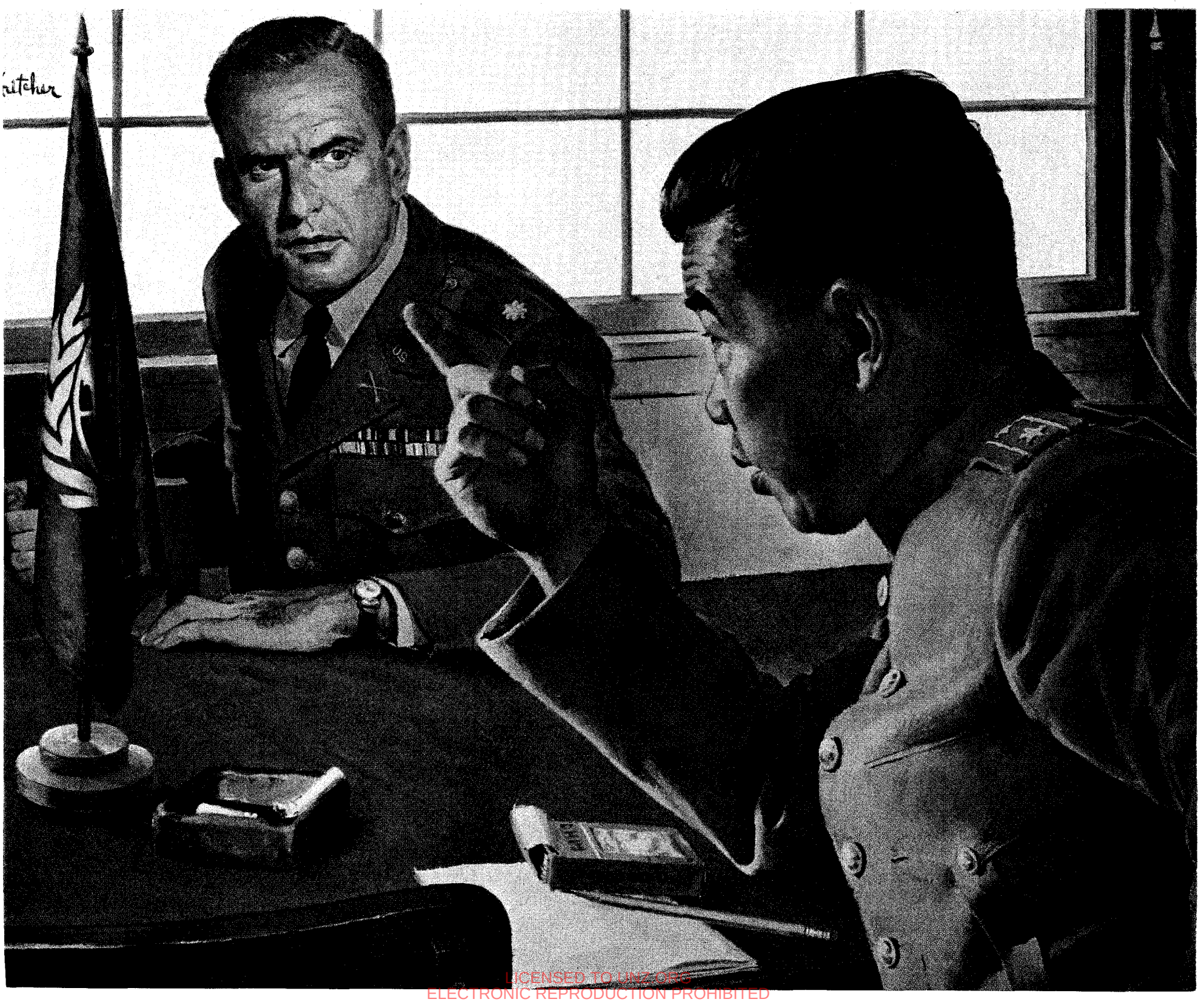
Major Cabel, a spare, weathered soldier with less rank than his years warranted, waited for his jeep outside his billet in the American Embassy compound in Seoul. Under his trench coat he wore his best green uniform and all his ribbons. He was dressed for his last trip to Panmunjom, and probably the last duty of his career. From his shoulder hung a musette bag of ancient issue with sandwiches and coffee for his lunch. Concealed under the sandwiches was a package for Colonel Han, a graduate of Stanford, but an officer of the Chinese Army and his opposite number on the other, the Communist, side.

For eight months Cabel had represented the United Nations in what were still called "truce negotiations," a reminder that the hardy spores of war, sown so lavishly in the years 1950–53, were only dormant. An armistice was not a peace. The spores of war, watered with the blood of many nations and fertilized with hatred, were not even officially dead. There were "incidents," and that is why negotiators still met at Panmunjom, a name and place most people had long forgotten.

Round Eyes Soo—her first name translated into Dawn Wind, but everyone called her Round Eyes—appeared, as Cabel knew she would. Each morning she came to see him off, and he nourished her hope. Each evening he found her waiting when he returned with his inevitable bad news. Miss Soo was a translator in the United States Information Service office. She was also Paul Culligan's girl. One day she might become Paul's wife, if the Communists ever released him. It could be two years, or twenty years, or never. Paul was the young USIS assistant who had been aboard an Air Force liaison plane that had crash-landed north of the thirty-eighth parallel. Cabel had persuaded the Communists to release the pilot, who had lost his bearings on a night flight from Suwon to Seoul, but the Commies were holding Paul Culligan as a spy.

Miss Soo crossed the cobbled lane to Cabel's side. Like many Korean girls, she was beautiful by any standards, east or west. Her butterscotch-colored skin was flawless, her smile swift, her teeth fine. She wore a high-collared sheath of silvery (Continued on Page 64)

"Espionage," Han replied to Major Cabel's question.



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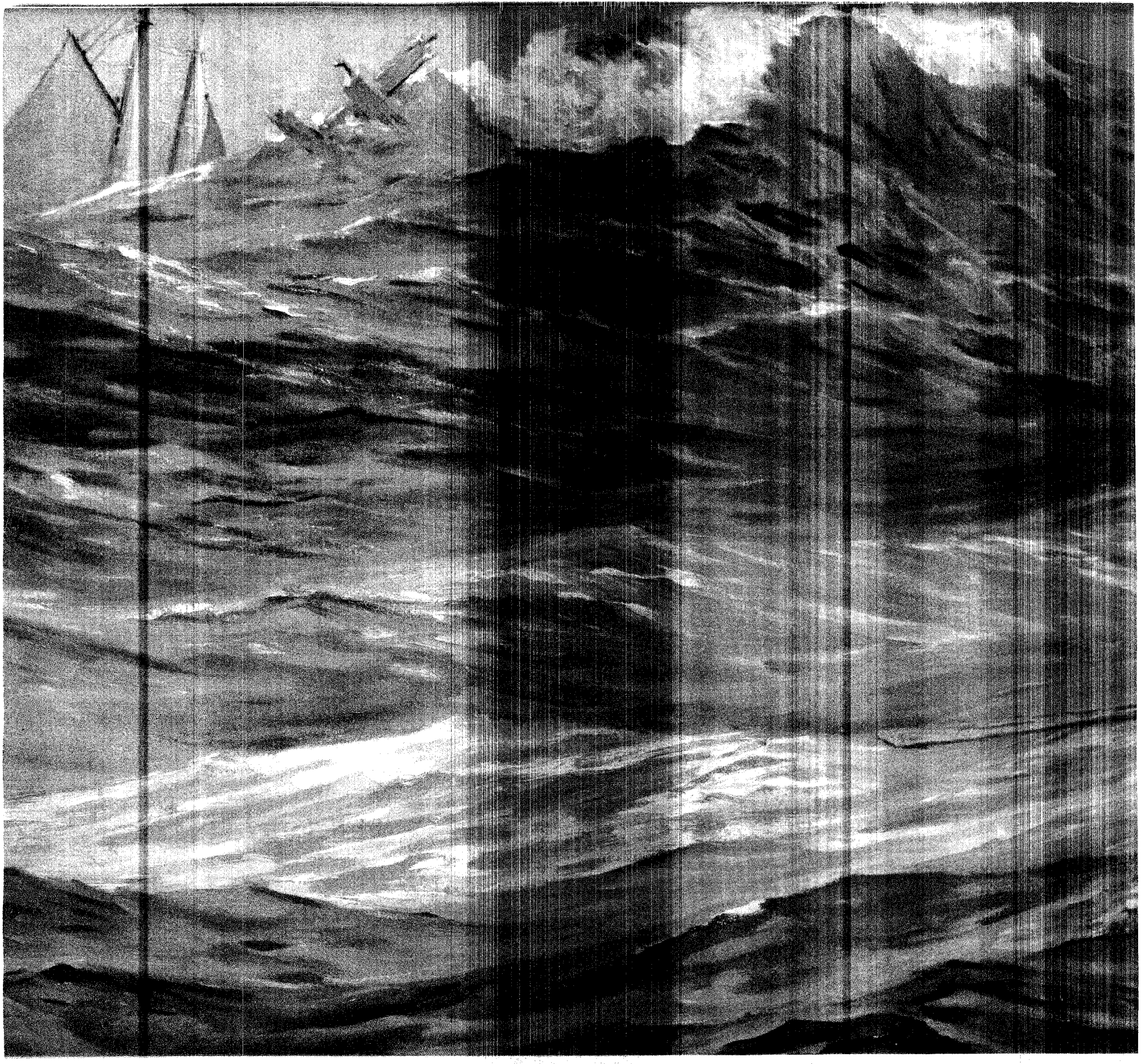

The story of two men who were mysteriously saved from the sea by

THE THIRD MAN IN THE BOAT

By EDMUND GILLIGAN

When I was a senior in high school and the time came to publish our literary annual, the editor chose me to write the famous tale of Skipper Stephen O'Malley and the Gloucester topsail schooner called the Stella Maris. For many years the story had been written from time to time for the school magazine. Once it had been done by my uncle, who became a skipper too. Now, in my time, Skipper O'Malley had reached such a venerable age that we might not hope that he could answer our questions much longer.

Among the new questions, written out for me by our chief editor, Albie Strawgate, was this: Who was the third dorymate? Albie knew—we all knew—that the dories of the old times carried only two.

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At a whale's speed, the giant wave headed straight for the dory.

I went down to the beach of Folly Cove, where Skipper Stephen sat in the sunny lee of his cottage, his hands closed over the knob of his walking stick. Anybody could tell that he was not truly an O'Malley. He was a Portugal, our word for Portuguese. In his boyhood, he had been taken aboard a Yankee vessel by the kindly skipper, a Captain O'Malley, who was trading in the Portuguese islands. According to Yankee custom, that captain had given the boy his own name. He had made such a doryman of him that he became a skipper in his own right, and a high-liner, too, which is to say that he was one of the best of them all.

I took off my cap, made my bow, and told him my errand. He nodded graciously and by his raised hand bade me sit near him.

"My dear boy, you wish to hear same story? Sure?" He had never overcome his early awkwardness of speech in English.

"Yes, captain. If you please, sir. And why you gave up command in the midst of trouble."

"Then I tell you, my boy, and, I think—yes!—this must be last time. I am very old now. Very old man."

First of the Gloucester halibuters to sail the Grand Banks in December, the Stella Maris steered eastward through a night glittering with stars above, icy spray below. Under a two-reefed foresail, and nothing more, she glided toward the halibut grounds, her dories double-lashed against a blow that might suddenly fall out of the Atlantic sky.

She sailed alone. No other running light rose and fell on the black sea. She could expect no other on this voyage. All her sister vessels and all the schooners of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland lay at the home wharves, sails furled, dories ashore.

This was the year, never to be forgotten, when the fisheries had failed because of autumn nights so cold that the fish schooled away from the shoaler water of the Banks and lived in the deeps to keep from freezing. So men said. The Stella Maris, and three other vessels, had tried it in November, and had failed. Only the Stella Maris had made the choice of a December voyage. She was driven to it because there was little money in Folly Cove for the (Continued on Page 87)

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

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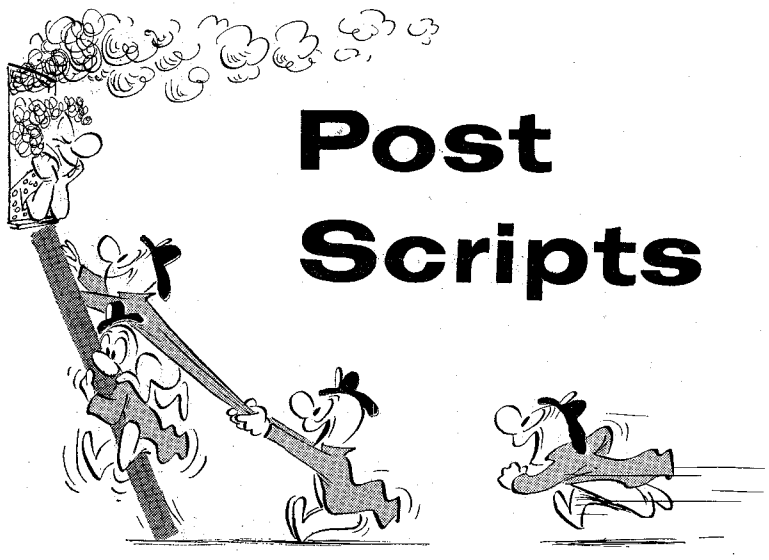


Post Scripts

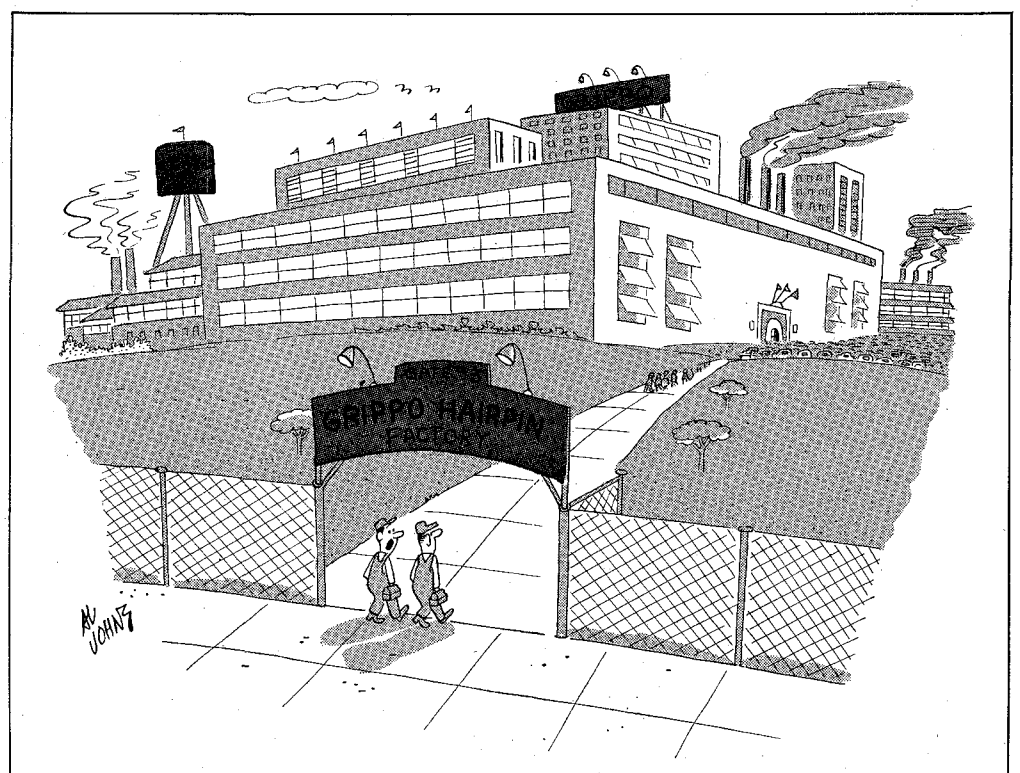
Moments I've Dreaded

"There; the projector's all set up. Now, then, the first of the nineteen rolls of movie film that we took during our trip is of Kansas City. And if you'll watch closely, you'll notice that ——"

"And, now, for their part of the entertainment, Miss JoAnne Street and Mr. Vernon Kurtz have very graciously consented to offer their interpretation of ——"

"There are my relatives driving up now, sweetheart. There's Horace, and there's Gwennie, and there's Marian, and there's Arthur, and there's little Edgar, and —— Look! They even brought their dog, Snuffy, and ——"

"Darling, I hate to wake you up at three in the morning like this, with the temperature outside twenty-three below and all, but the furnace pilot has gone out, so you're going to have to crawl down under the house and ——"



"This is the day I hate—inventory!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! The office party has now officially begun! Hear ye! Hear ——"

"At last I've completed the manuscript of my new novel, and here's how it goes: Pamela Woodring found it difficult to rid herself of the feeling that Jim Newstrom would never return to her. As she stood at the window, her long, slender fingers desperately clutching the ——"

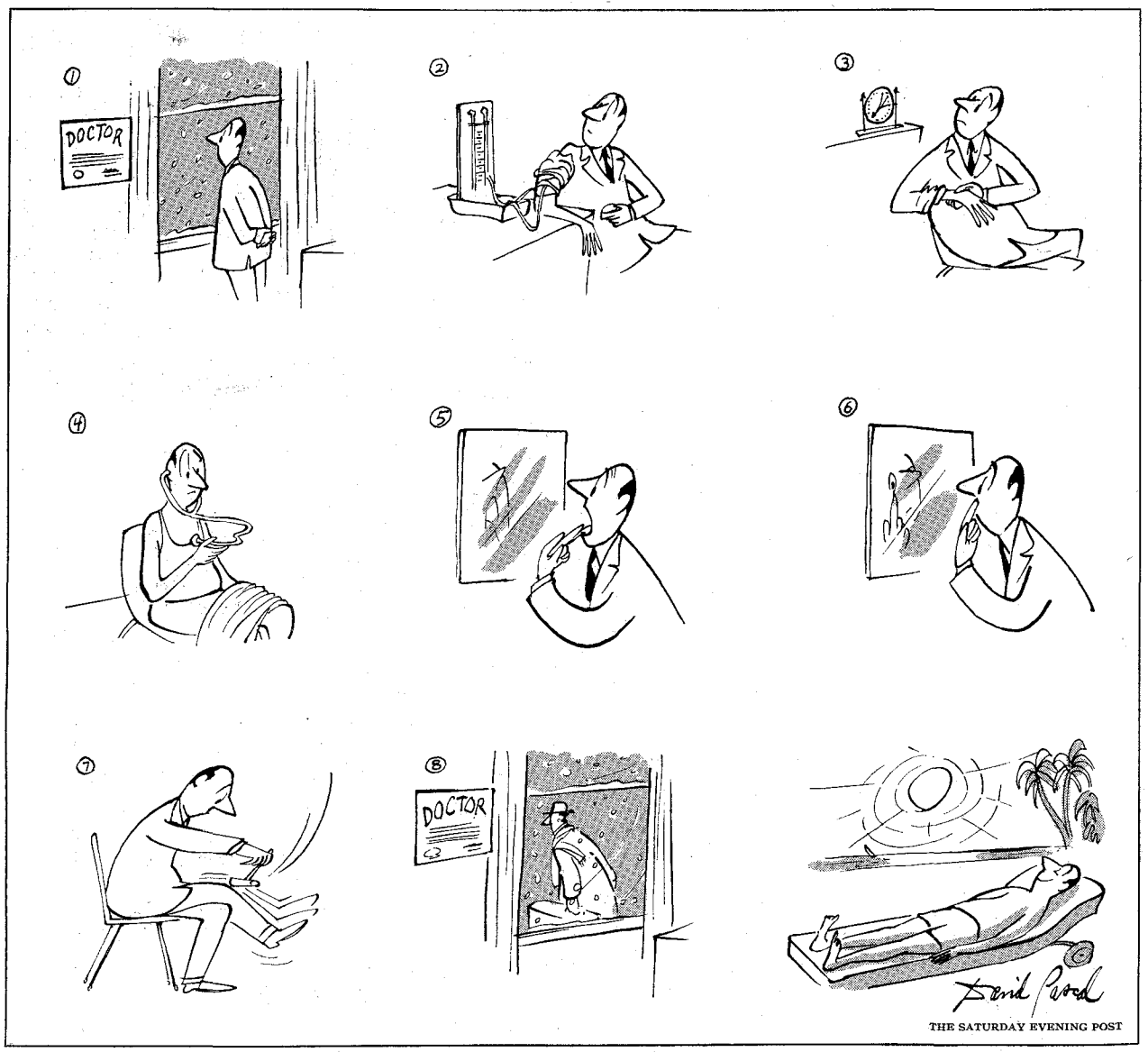
VERNON H. KURTZ

Good Listener

I bend a sympathetic ear
To other people's woes,
However dull it is to hear
Their real, or fancied, throes.

I pay, to every gloomy line,
Attention undiminished,
Because I plan to start on mine
The minute theirs are finished.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Why Can't I Wait Till The End?

"Talk about luck! I finally wangled an invitation to come up to old Weatherby's private hunting lodge. He even suggested I bring a friend. If you're not too busy next week ——"

"As a matter of fact, I haven't a thing scheduled, old man."

"— maybe you would handle my correspondence while I'm gone."

"This is the traffic department. Were you driving a green sedan east on Kossuth Street yesterday noon? Patrolman Jackson reports that you ——"

"Absolutely not, officer! My car was in the garage."

"— have been selected for the 'most courteous driver of the week' award of twenty-five dollars."

"By the way, Jack, are you doing anything special tonight? There is a meeting of the fund-raising committee of the P. T. A. and ——"

"Gee, I'm sorry, Herb. I have an important appointment."

"— since my wife is on the committee, you and I might run over those fishing movies."

"We have this new charcoal grill, and I thought you and Evelyn could come over tonight and we'll broil steaks. That is, if ——"

"Sure! Sounds great. We'll be there."

"— you would be willing to furnish the steaks. You see, I'm a little short after paying for the grill."

"Now here is a lovely set of a dozen that any woman would be proud to own, at only six dollars ——"

"Fine. Wrap them up."

"— each."

JACK SWEZEY

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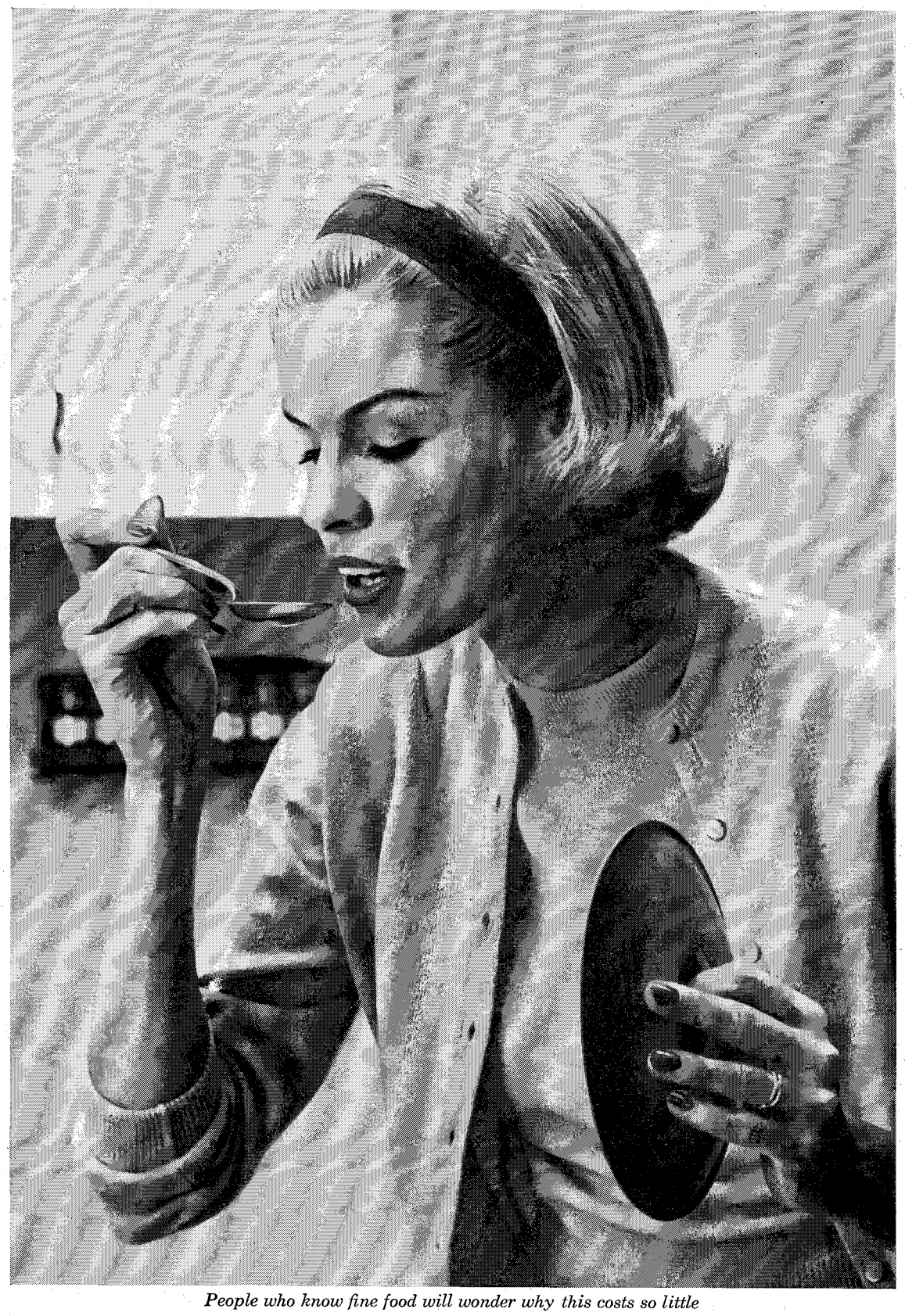
Is the luxury of its flavor worth the extra cost?

(She'll know... and so will you the moment you taste it)



People who know fine food will wonder why this costs so little

Green Pea with Ham
Oyster Stew • Clam Chowder
Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef
Cream of Shrimp • Cream of Potato

Here's oyster stew for folks with definite feelings on the subject. It's made with ocean-fresh oysters . . . simmered with all their good juices in fresh milk and special seasonings . . . and enough butter to float in golden pools on top. Then Campbell's freezes it fast—to hold all that wonderful flavor.

Discriminating people won't be surprised that this elegant oyster stew is higher priced. The wonder is that it costs so *little*. (As little as 13 cents for a generous serving.)

Why don't you try Campbell's Frozen Oyster Stew soon? Look for it in your grocer's freezer.

OYSTER STEW

FROZEN *by Campbell's*

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A portrayal of the "Time Proof" Body by Fisher in the 1959 Buick Invicta

The "Magic Mirror" that stretches time—

ON EVERY "TIME PROOF" BODY BY FISHER

Let's start with the finish — there's never been anything to match the "Magic-Mirror Finish by Fisher"! It's up to 22 times as color-fast as conventional lacquer finishes.

Even after exposure to all kinds of road and weather conditions, this exclusive new acrylic lacquer retains a brilliant luster—without waxing or polishing.

The "Magic-Mirror Finish by Fisher" is just one feature that packs lasting value into every "Time Proof" Body by Fisher.

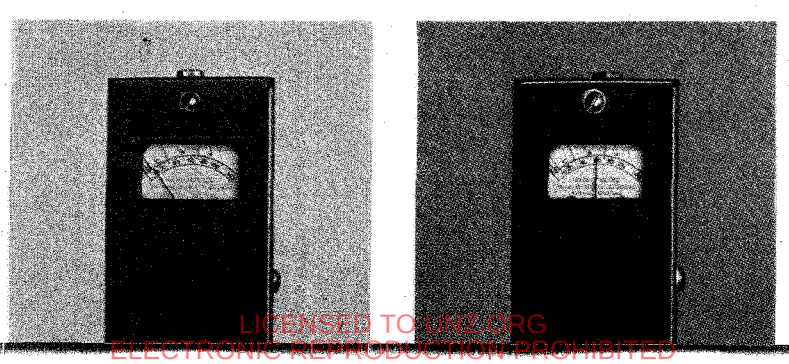
You'll find such other extras as Life-Span Build, an integrally joined framework of tough, taut steel that withstands shock, smothers vibration and noise, stands off shakes and rattles, year after year.

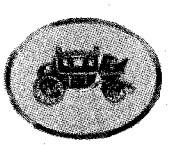
And you'll discover the lasting comfort of *Living-Room Interiors* — the rich appearance and superb quality of contour-molded carpets — the good looks of "inlaid" upholstery, embossed by a Fisher-developed dielectric process — the security of ripple-free Safety Plate glass in every window — front, rear *and side* — the extra visibility of Vista-Panoramic windshields whose glass areas have been increased as much as 50%.

Enjoy all this in "Time Proof" Body by Fisher, yours in the "GM Five": Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac.

Only the "GM Five" give you the Bonus of BODY BY FISHER

SEE THE DIFFERENCE! Ordinary lacquer finish (left) retained less than 10% of its original gloss after 18 months of sun and weather. Under identical *conditions—without polishing*— "Magic-Mirror Finish by Fisher" (right) retained almost 75% of its new car luster!





CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
BUICK
CADILLAC

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The Case of the GREEDY GRANDPA

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

The evidence against Mason's client was overwhelming. The D.A. produced an eyewitness . . .

There was a strong case against Norda Allison, accused murderer of Mervin Selkirk. Prosecuting attorney Manley Marshall produced an array of incriminating evidence. However, Perry Mason believed Norda was framed to protect seven-year-old Robert Selkirk. Robert, the child of Selkirk and his divorced wife, Lorraine Jennings, insisted that he shot someone on the night his father died.

After Mervin Selkirk's death, Lorraine Jennings and her second husband, Barton Jennings, arranged for a baby sitter to spirit Robert away to Mexico. Horace Livermore Selkirk, Robert's wealthy grandfather, attempted to intercept them en route. But Mason planted another woman and little boy in their hotel room and sent Robert and his guardian on.

She arose from the stand, leveled a pointing finger at Norda Allison and said, "That's the woman."

Then, as Judge Kent called an extraordinary special conference, the case took a new and more puzzling turn.

VII

Mason pushed open the door of Judge Kent's chambers and entered.

Manley Marshall was standing by the window. Judge Kent was seated at his big desk, and seated to the right of the desk was Horace Livermore Selkirk.

Judge Kent said, "Come in, Mr. Mason. Sit down. . . . You, too, Mr. Marshall. A matter has been called to my attention which I think merits an off-the-record discussion."

Mason seated himself, and after a moment Manley Marshall also seated himself.

Judge Kent looked at his watch. "I have telephoned the district attorney, Hamilton Burger, and asked him to attend this conference in person if he will. He should be here. He ——"

The office door was pushed open and Hamilton Burger, somewhat short of breath, entered the judge's chambers. "How do you do, Judge Kent," he said.

"How do you do, Mr. Burger. Are you acquainted with Horace Livermore Selkirk?"

Selkirk got up and extended his hand. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Burger," he said.

"I have never met Mr. Selkirk personally," Burger said, beaming as he shook hands. "I have seen him at meetings and have heard him make a talk at a banquet, but have never met him personally. . . . How do you do, Mr. Selkirk. It's indeed a very great pleasure."

"Sit down, gentlemen," Judge Kent said. "Mr. Selkirk has a communication of some importance in connection with a case which is pending before this court. I felt, under the circumstances, the communication should be made in private, and I think you gentlemen will agree with me it is not a matter for the press."

Burger nodded briefly to Perry Mason, seated himself and said, "Very well."

Horace Selkirk cleared his throat. "I am, of course, the father of Mervin Selkirk, the victim of the shooting in this case. I am the grandfather of Robert Selkirk, the seven-year-old son of Mervin Selkirk. Under the circumstances, Robert is the last of the Selkirk line. Mervin was my only child and Robert is his only child."

(Continued on Page 98)

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The Midtown Bomber (Continued from Page 23)

only for today. Tomorrow, tell yourself it's over and done. Say 'Never again!' Say you're a good and decent girl, and you will be. How can I tell?"

"I—I don't know."

"Because I've been a cop a long time," he said. "I've known a lot of thieves. I know what goes on inside their heads. You're not like them; you don't even come close. You're one of the good people. You're going to grow up to be a fine, proud woman."

Her eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"Hey, cut it out," Barney said. "You don't get off free for nothing. You've got to do something for me."

"Anything," she said.

He grinned. "When you're downtown with nothing to do, when it's cold outside and you want to get warm, when it's hot outside and you feel like a milk shake—come and see me. Not for a checkup, y'understand. Just to be friends."

"I'll come," she said.

He stood up and she got up with him. He held out a hand, big and hard-knuckled, and she put a small, hesitant hand inside it. They were standing there when the blast came.

It was a thunderclap of sound, deep-voiced, powerful. It was a battering force that struck the office door a heavy hammer blow and shook the floor beneath their feet. It was stunning. It emptied the minds of Barney and the girl for a fraction of a moment, then flooded their minds with fear and horror. The girl opened her mouth and began to scream. Barney, in his horror, was paralyzed and unbelieving. Then suddenly he did believe and was able to move again.

Barney lunged at the door and found it somehow jammed. He heaved at it with all the strength of his shoulders, fought it and finally won. The door came open; he pushed into the office beyond. Dust and smoke were a thick cloud, obscuring almost everything, filling his lungs, choking him. He yelled, "Lacey!" and was seized by a spasm of coughing. He could not find her at once. Inside his office, the girl was still screaming, senselessly. Her need and her danger were forced upon Barney's consciousness. If there were a fire, the inner office would be a trap. He went back for her, caught her up in his arms and carried her through Lacey's office to the outer door. He almost threw her into the arms of men who had already gathered there, faces white and frightened.

He yelled at them, "She's all right—take her! And stay out!"

He turned back in search of Lacey. And he found her. There was a small space between her desk and the single window of her office—a window without glass now—and she was crumpled on the floor there, jammed between desk and wall, one leg oddly bent, her face hidden by an arm. There was the odor of burnt hair, of burnt clothing, of burnt flesh. She was still, as still as death, but she was not dead. He found a pulse beat; her chest moved. Barney lifted her arm away from her face, then swore in pain and anguish. Lacey's face was badly injured. There was a great deal of bleeding.

A voice behind Barney said, "Barney—good Lord, man—what happened?"

The voice belonged to Bob Lee, one of Barney's staff. He was a young man who looked like a high-school senior and was a very successful operative because of that. He had come running from somewhere near, at the sound of the blast. Now his youthful face was vapid with shock.

"Lacey's hurt!" Barney said hoarsely. "Get Doctor Whitney—and an ambulance. Fast!" Then, remembering his job, "Block off that hall—let no one in here!"

Bob Lee spun as if Barney's voice had struck him a physical blow, face no longer vapid. He yelled at those in the doorway as he lunged toward them. "Get back and stay back!" He caught one man by the arm. "You—stand guard and keep them out!" And he was gone, squirming through the thickening crowd.

Barney tried to free Lacey from the cramped corner. The oddly bent leg was obviously broken, and there could very well be even more serious injuries. He had to move her with the greatest care. The desk was in his way. A furious heave sent it crashing against a wall. He bent over her again. Controlling the shaking in his hands, he straightened her leg, then gently lifted her shoulders and moved her so that she could lie at full length on the floor. When Doctor Whitney, the store physician, and a nurse came, her head was cushioned on Barney's coat and Barney was holding a handkerchief as a compress against her bleeding face.

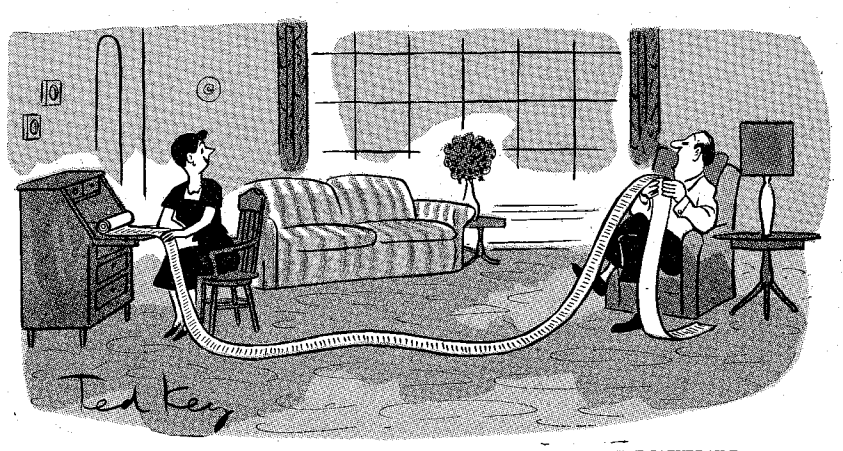
"All right," Doctor Whitney snapped. "Get up!"

The doctor was past sixty, a lean, bent-shouldered hawk of a man. Irascible always, he was never more caustic than when he was deeply disturbed. The doctor caught Barney's shoulder with an impatient hand.

"Up, damn it!" And when Barney came erect, he was turned to face the window. "Stay there," the doctor said. "Don't turn around till I tell you to."

Barney did as he'd been told. He listened to the sounds behind him: the clicking of instruments, the terse commands of the doctor, the soft voice of his nurse. He was in that place for a long while.

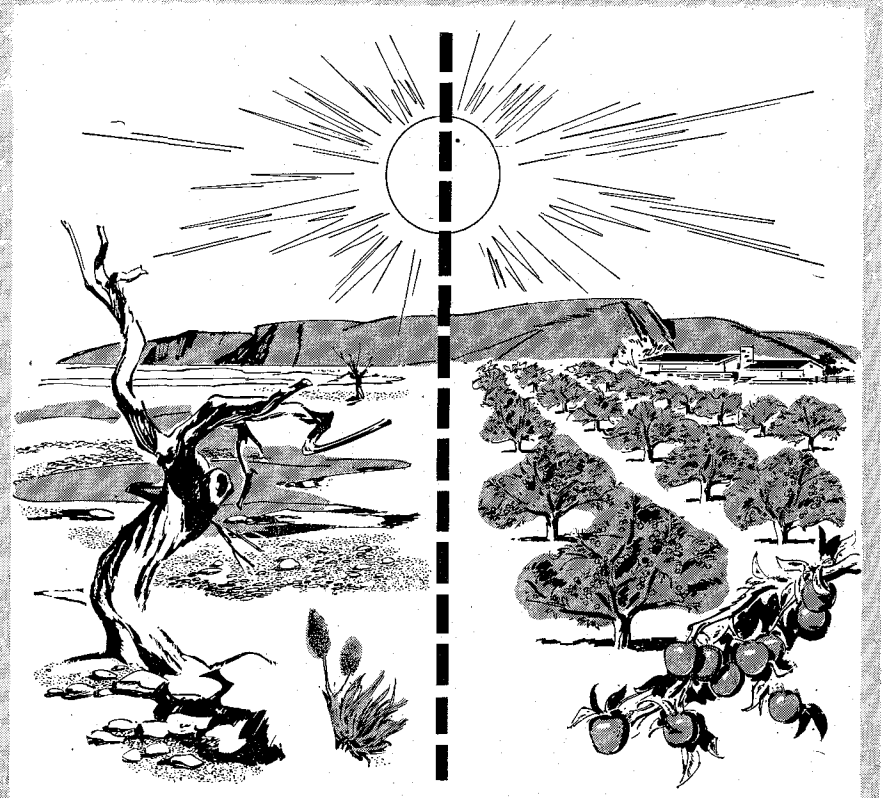
(*Continued on Page 46*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"This Christmas-card list, I take it, is complete?"

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DON



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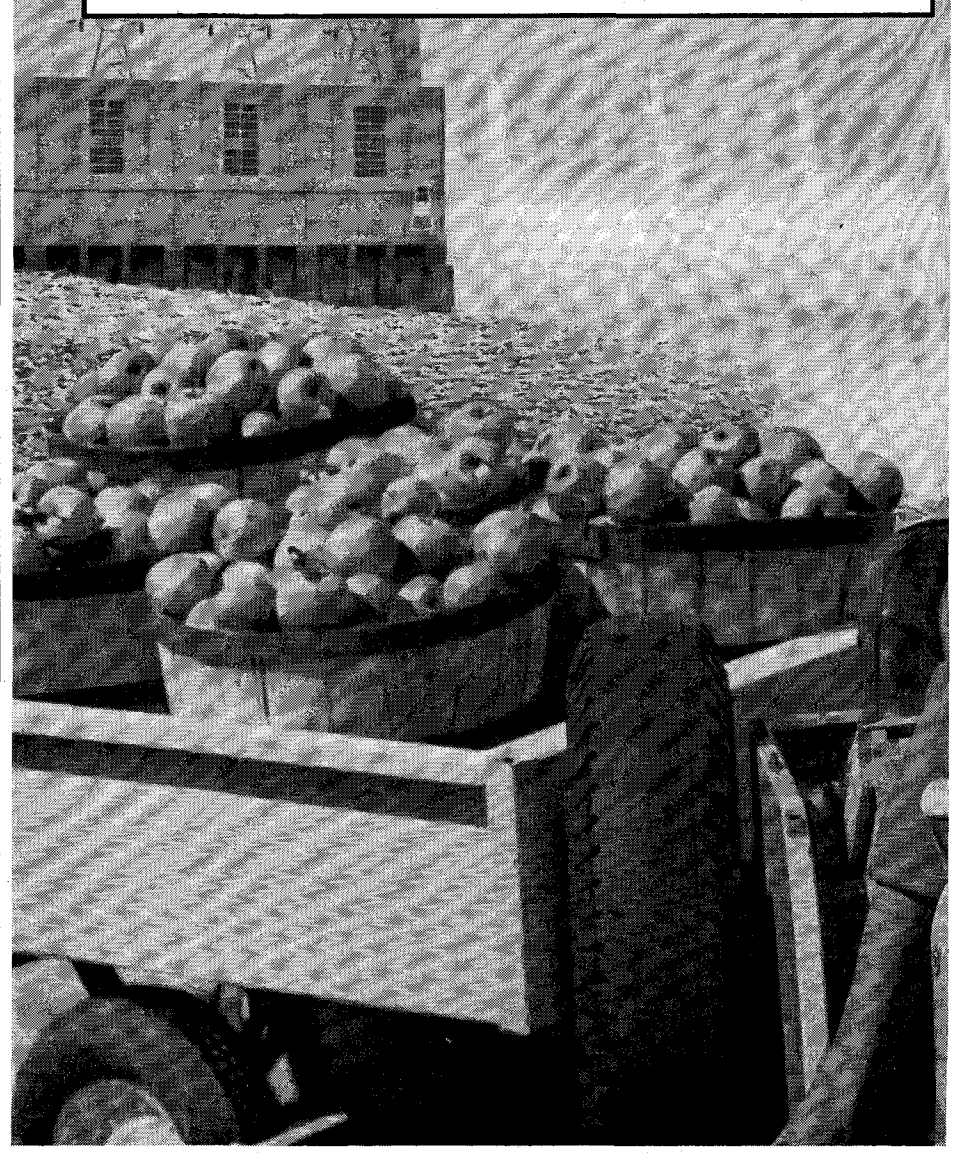

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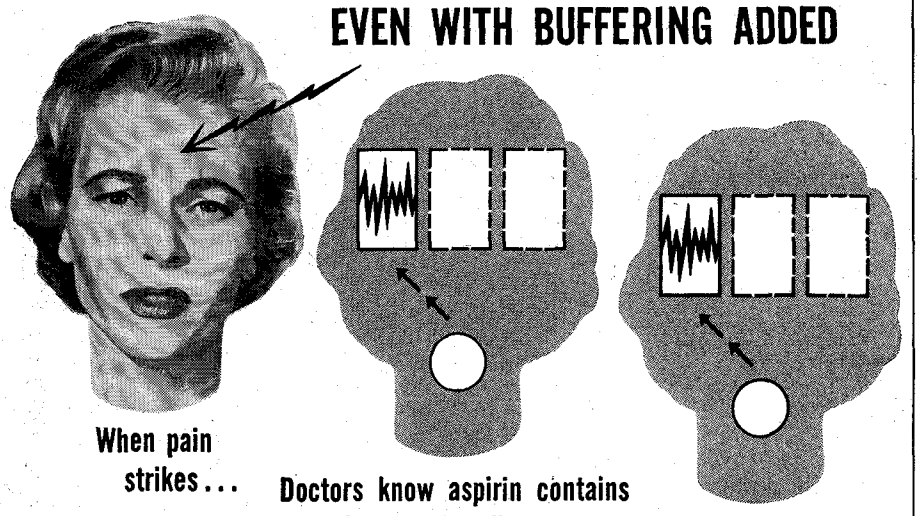

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FOR FAST FAST FAST RELIEF

(*Continued from Page 44*)

The ambulance came screaming through the traffic below, and presently the voices of the men who had come with it were in the room. There were as many persons inside as Doctor Whitney would allow. A uniformed patrolman took up the duty of guarding the door. He held away men of the fire department, other police, and when the store's chief executive, John Paul Cramer, came, he was allowed only a brief glance inside and then was sent away.

Through it all, Barney held his position at the window. He waited until a hand touched his arm.

"Barney," the nurse said. "They're going to take her away now. Do you want to see her before she goes?"

Barney turned slowly, wincing again at the shambles that was the office now. Plaster had come down from the ceiling and off the walls, powdering everything with a coat of white. The air still held the acrid smell of explosives.

Lacey was lying on a stretcher, blanket-wrapped, her head and face lost in a swathing of bandages. The two men from the ambulance were tucking the blankets carefully around her; Doctor Whitney hovered near, raspingly demanding greater care. There was nothing to see of Lacey, except the outline of her head and body, nothing to hear except slow, hoarse breathing.

"She's still unconscious," Doctor Whitney said. "Don't try to talk to her, Barney. And don't touch her." He looked at the ambulance men. "You two—are you going to take her out, or are you going to let her die here?"

One of the men, big, red-faced and tough, swore under his breath; the other man, dark and imperturbable, spoke to the police officer at the door. "Coming out," he said. "Clear a way for us, and clear an elevator."

The ambulance men lifted the stretcher easily, smoothly, and carried it through the door. Doctor Whitney followed, bag in hand. Barney moved after him, and the doctor stopped.

"Where d'you think you're going?"

"With you," Barney said. "To the hospital."

"To serve what useful purpose?"

Angrily Barney said, "She's practically my wife! She ——"

"She's badly hurt," Doctor Whitney said. "How badly I can't say until I've made a complete examination. Do you intend to sit in the waiting room, hounding the nurses, hounding me for the next several hours?"

"Damn it, doc! I ——"

"Or are you going to find the man or the woman who did this to her?"

"I'll find him!" Barney said.

"I suggest you begin at once."

"Doc," Barney said, "I've got to know. Can you make a guess?"

Doctor Whitney stared into Barney's eyes. "Guesses are for fools," he said quietly. "I'm a doctor." He walked away from Barney. At the door he turned. "With prayers enough," he said quietly, "she may live."

Barney raised a white-knuckled fist. He stood there for a moment, fist raised, face white. With an effort, he opened his fist and shoved the hand into a trousers pocket. "Do your best for her," he said.

An elevator took Lacey to the ground floor. She was carried through the store to the street and loaded into an ambulance. People watched, some staring in silent sympathy, some whispering excitedly. Roy Clark watched from the fringe of the sidewalk crowd. He was not disappointed or angry to see that it was a woman on the stretcher and not a man. He was only surprised. He turned and walked away.

Barney faced three men who came into the shambles that was Lacey's office. They were members of the city police department: Capt. Paul Gabrino and two men in plain clothes, Pete Calavan and Jim DeRose. Barney had served six years with the city police and he knew the men, but he didn't greet them. He went past them to the door and found Bob Lee, young face strained and anxious, waiting in the hall.

"Get my people up here," he said. "All of them."

"On the double," Lee said.

Barney turned back to the office. The two plain-clothes men were already at work, hunting carefully through the debris. Captain Gabrino was waiting in the inner office. Barney retrieved his coat from the rubble on the floor and joined him there. He shook the plaster from his coat and rubbed at the dark stain that Lacey's head had left on the shoulder.

Captain Gabrino said, "A hell of a thing, Barney."

The captain was a huge, shambling man whose tie was never quite straight, whose shirt was never quite tucked in. He had thinning dark hair, and dark eyes set in a round face. His nose was bulbous, almost clownlike, but there was none of the clown in Paul Gabrino. He was competent and he was honest.

"The girl?" he said. "They tell me you were going to be married—that right?"

Many an office worker's idea of a perfect desk is one within sight of the clock and out of sight of the boss.

CY N. PEACE

"That's right," Barney said.

Gabrino made a small, desolate sound.

"She's going to be all right. She's got to be!"

"Sure." There was hurt in Gabrino's eyes.

Barney crumpled the coat and threw it in a chair. He was a moment looking at it, fighting for control. When he turned back to Gabrino, his lean face was stiff, his dark gray eyes were almost black. "Whatever happens," he said, "I want the man who did this to her. I want my hands on him!"

"No," Gabrino said quietly. "You want him in jail."

"That was my woman he almost killed." Barney's voice was hoarse. "Jail isn't enough for a man like that. He's got to pay blood for blood and broken bones for broken bones. You should have seen her."

"I've seen others—gunshot, knives, cars," Gabrino said. "They're never pretty. Our job is always the same. We bring in whoever's responsible. The courts take it from there."

"Not this time!"

"Every time," Gabrino said. "This is no exception."

The two men stared at each other, eyes locked. Gabrino won the contest of wills, but not because Barney was ready to agree that the law had the first right to the man who had made the bomb. Gabrino had the weight of authority behind him; he had all the facilities of the police department at his disposal, and Barney wanted the use of them.

"All right, Paul."

Gabrino said, "That's better."

The patrolman at the outer door called, "Captain."

"Yes?"

"Some people here say they work for Strand."

(*Continued on Page 50*)

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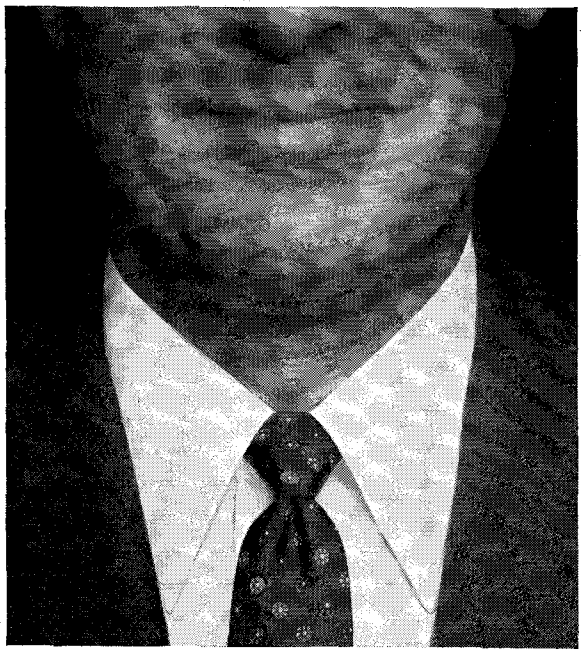

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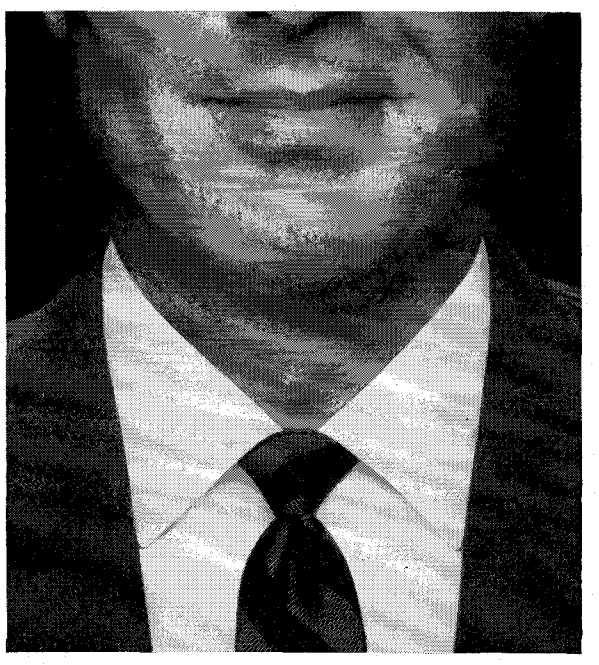
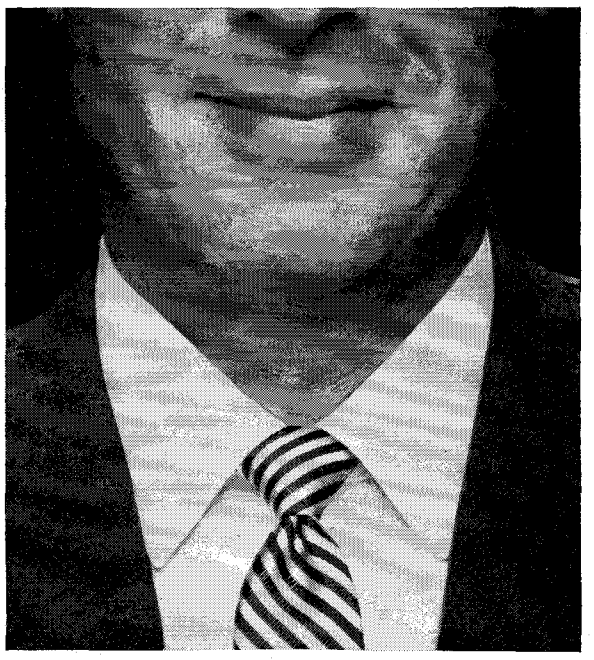


ARROW *GLEN* — soft, short-point collar, $4.



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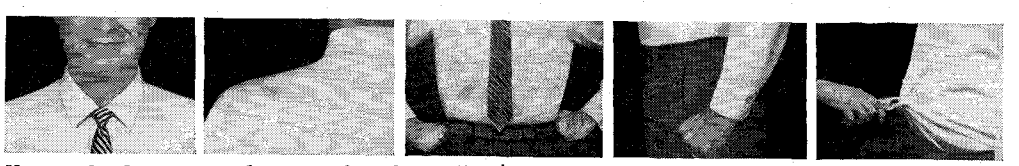

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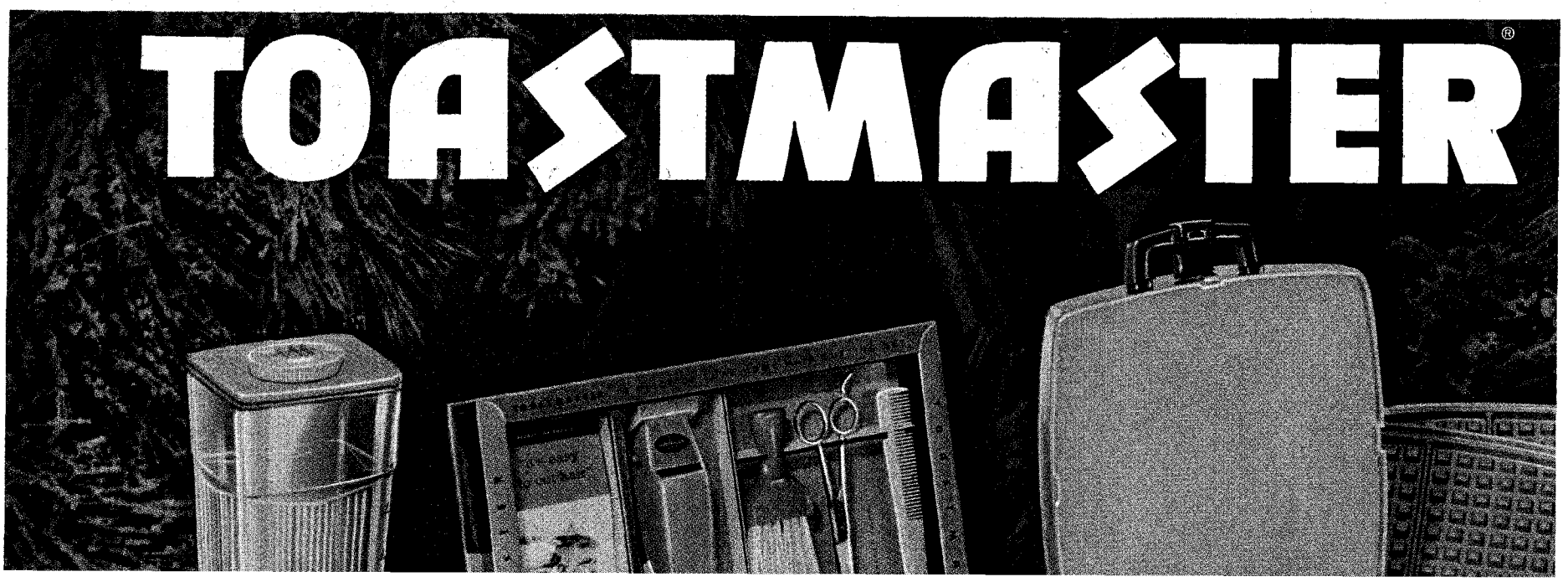

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(*Continued from Page 46*) "Let them in."

"What about these newspaper characters?" the patrolman asked. "They want pictures. They want a statement."

"Pictures from the doorway," Gabrino said. "Nobody inside the room. And no statement for a while."

The members of Barney's staff, charged with daytime security, filed into the small office—four women and two men. They had one important thing in common—they did not look like police officers. Two of the women were middle-aged, almost dowdy; one was slimly handsome, beautifully dressed; one could pass as a pony-tailed teen-ager. The men were Bob Lee and Jacob Farrar, bland and portly, who seemed to buy sporting gear and home-workshop equipment all day long. There was concern in every face.

"How badly was Lacey hurt?" a woman asked.

"We don't know yet," Barney said. "But it was no little thing—that I can tell you. I know how you feel; I feel the same way."

"It was a bomb?" Bob Lee asked.

"A bomb with my name on it." Barney's voice cleared and sharpened. "Lacey opened it. Whether it was intended for me personally or for me as head of security is still a question. We don't know who sent it or why, but we're going to find out." He paused, then said, "With the help of the police department, of course. You all know Captain Gabrino."

They nodded their heads.

"All right," Barney said. "Do any of you know of a likely suspect, someone with a motive?"

They were silent.

"We start from scratch," Barney said. "The bomb came in ——" The telephone on his desk interrupted him; he caught it up quickly. "Strand speaking."

Mrs. Baker, John Paul Cramer's secretary, was on the line. "Mr. Cramer wants you in his office, Barney. Right away."

"As soon as I can, Mrs. Baker."

"It's very important."

"It'll have to wait," Barney said. He replaced the instrument and turned to face his staff again. "The bomb came into Lacey's office between two-thirty and three. We have no description of the person, man or woman, who left it. I'd say it was a man—a bomb is hardly a woman's weapon. He must have been seen by quite a few people. He may have acted in a way that would cause someone to remember him. The employees on this floor are the best bet. Talk to them first, then to everyone else you can. Eileen will stay to take Lacey's place, and the rest of you can get started."

The youngest woman, the pony-tailed dark-eyed blonde who could pass for a teen-ager, remained; the others moved out. To the young woman Barney said, "The first job will be to get Lacey's files back in shape as soon as the officers are through. See if there's anything you can do now." When she had gone, Barney sat for a moment, staring at nothing; then he struck his desk with the heel of his hand. "Paul," he said, "we've got so little to go on!"

"You're going—that's the main thing." There was approval in Gabrino's eyes. "And I've got an army ready to go as soon as I've got the whole picture. So fill me in."

"I just went over it—that's all I know."

"Knowing how you know might help," Gabrino said. "How do you know the bomb arrived between two-thirty and three? How d'you know it had your name on it? How d'you know Lacey opened it?"

Barney swore at himself. Gabrino started at the beginning and Gabrino missed nothing—Gabrino was a competent police officer. And Barney Strand was something less. "A blasted rookie!" he said.

He told Gabrino what had happened prior to the explosion, checking the facts against conclusions as he talked, his scowl deepening.

"I didn't see the package when I brought the girl in here at two-thirty," he said. "Lacey came in at three to say it was there. So the time looks pretty good." He lifted a hand stiffly. "But the rest—I'm out in thin air. I don't know the package was the bomb. I don't know that Lacey opened it. The bomb could have been tossed in the doorway; it could have been planted and timed. I'm guessing, and guesses are no good!"

"It's a reasonable guess," Gabrino said. "We'll go with it until the lab tells us different. So we come to this: Who wants you dead, Barney? And why?"

"I don't know," Barney said. "I've got enemies, sure. I'm a cop—it's the nature of the work. But a vengeance angle doesn't make a lot of sense. Where's the profit?" He rubbed at the back of his neck. "A lunatic, Paul?"

"It's a possibility," Gabrino agreed.

"Here's something else," Barney said. "He put my name on the package—he knows me. It could mean I know him."

"He might only know about you."

"As head of security," Barney said. "Could be."

"But it's a lead," Gabrino said. "It narrows the field from half the people in the state to a few. We'd better check your arrests, from the first one to the last."

"Good!" Barney said. Here was a course of action, and action was what he wanted. "As soon as the files are back in order, Eileen and I will—"

The telephone rang again. And again it was Mrs. Baker, pleading in her voice, "Barney, for heaven's sake!"

"Can't it wait, Joan? I'm trying to get started. I ——"

"Not another minute, Barney."

Barney's hand whitened on the instrument. Then he said, "I'll be right up," and dropped the telephone back in the cradle, impatient anger darkening his face. He had been a department head just eighteen months, he was young for the job and, if he was not still on probation, he was not secure enough to defy Cramer. Cramer had been known to fire men for no more than implied insubordination.

"Cramer wants me," he said to Gabrino. He took his coat from the chair. "I'll make it short."

"Don't rush it," Gabrino said. "We've got a long way to go. And don't go in wearing that face. You don't want to lose your job."

"That would kill me," Barney said. He put his coat on, then paused in the doorway. "You can come up with a list of arrests I made while I was on the force. Can't you start checking out big ones?"

"Can and will." Gabrino reached for the telephone.

The eighth floor of Gale's was used almost exclusively for offices—accounting, credit management, advertising and the like—necessary to the front-line operation of the store. And since the store was one of the largest in the entire West, there were a great many offices, staffed by a large personnel.

But John Paul Cramer's offices were not here. He was chief executive and major stockholder of Gale's; his offices were in a penthouse on the roof. They were modern, but not offensively so—smooth carpeting, floor-to-ceiling windows, functional furniture. Quiet elegance was the motif.

Mrs. Joan Baker, Cramer's secretary, sat at a desk in the outer office, a gray-haired, full-bodied woman. She looked at the set of Barney's face, and her eyes darkened with real concern. "I'm sorry about Lacey," she said. "Mr. Cramer has ordered everything done for her that can be done. And I'm following through."

"I know you are." Barney came to her desk. "Have you heard anything from the hospital, from Doctor Whitney?"

"Nothing," she said. "They're to call me. I'll get word to you. If you hear first, get word to me." She frowned then. "You'd better go in, Barney. He's fuming."

Barney went past her desk. In the distance between her desk and the inner door, his taut face lost all expression. There was no anger, no resentment, no obeisance—nothing. He opened the door. John Paul Cramer was standing at a view window. He turned slowly to look at Barney with level eyes.

"You are not prompt, Strand," he said.

"As prompt as could be," Barney answered.

He came to a halt before Cramer's desk, put his hands behind his back and waited.

Cramer moved to stand behind his desk. The man wore authority like a cloak. He was small. He wore a wide, dark, close-clipped mustache beneath a prominent nose. His chin was of no consequence, his lips were rather full, but his widely spaced dark eyes spoke correctly of intelligence and a near-inflexible will.

Abruptly he said, "What happened downstairs?"

"A bomb came into my office," Barney said. "It exploded with Miss Evans in the room. Miss Evans was seriously injured. There was considerable damage done to her office."

"This much I know."

"Yes, sir."

"I want to know more than that."

"I can't tell you more," Barney said quietly. "I don't know any more."

Cramer's dark eyes held Barney's, hunting insolence and finding none. Barney was speaking the truth.

Cramer said, "I want to be kept fully informed. Submit a complete report each day to Mrs. Baker. Advise her immediately of any important development."

"Yes, sir."

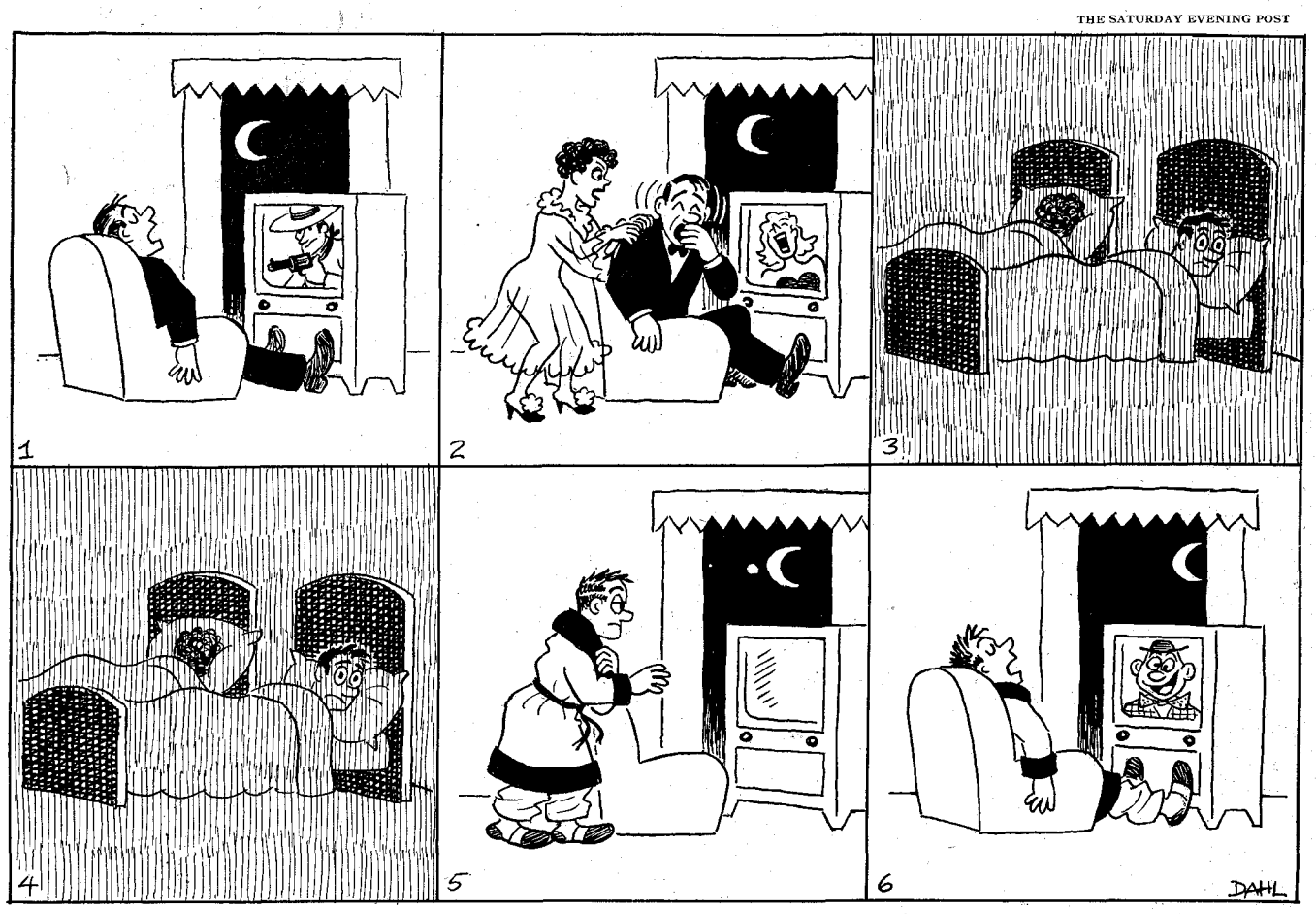
Now Cramer's eyes became critical, speculative. It was as if he had not seen Barney for a long time and felt the need of a reappraisal.

Then slowly he said, "It wouldn't be fair to hold you in any way responsible for what has happened. At least, not until we're in possession of more facts. But neither would it be fair to let you think you're not under close scrutiny."

"Scrutiny I don't mind," Barney said. "But the implication troubles me. In what (*Continued on Page 52*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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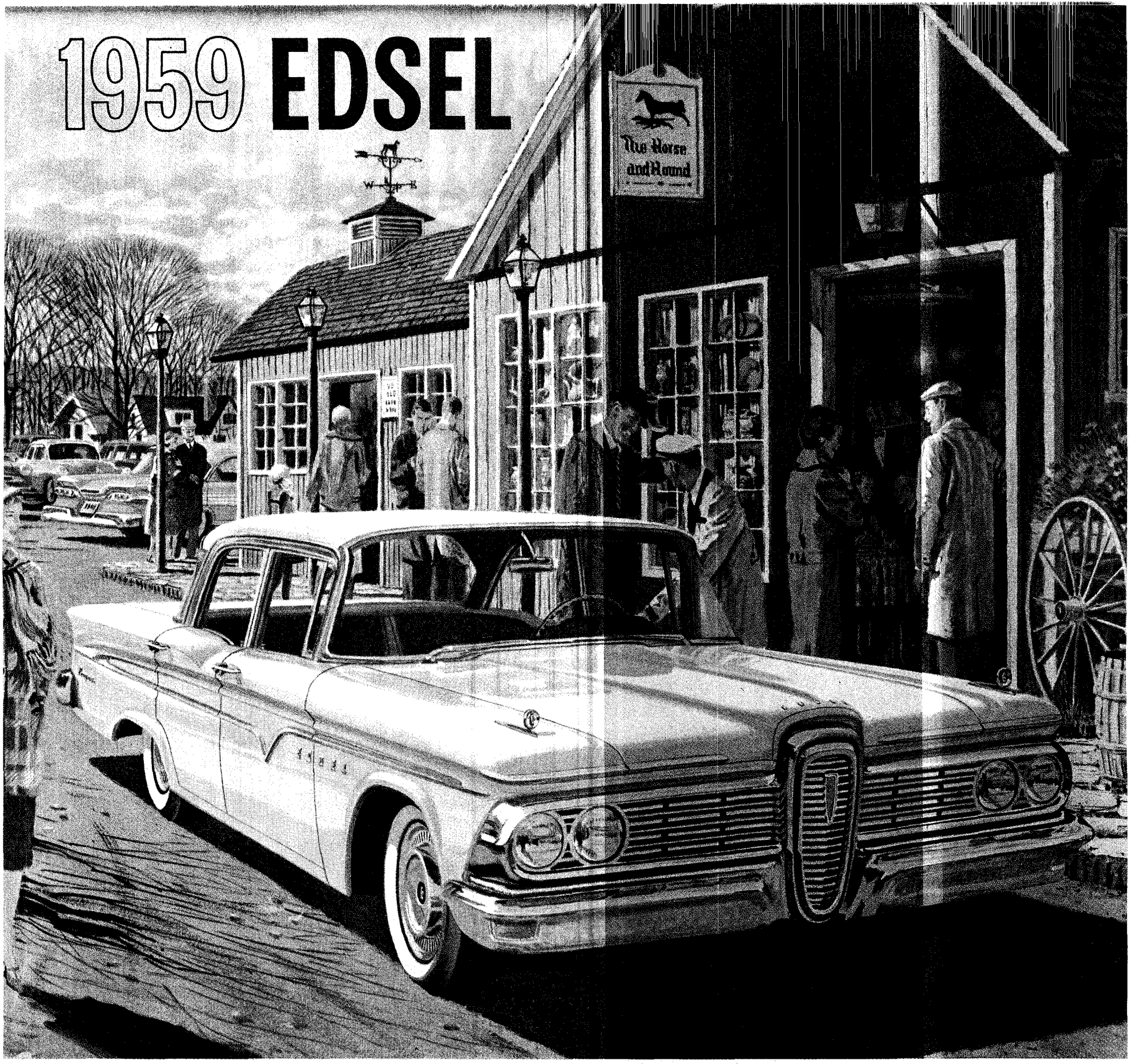

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Here's the kind of car you hoped would happen. All the spacious luxury you could ask for—yet much easier to park and drive. Because Edsel's new styling sensibly called for *less length* this year! And Edsel engineering sensibly planned for all the power you can use—but with *real gas savings* every mile! Edsel's four new engines include an efficient, thrifty six and a new, economy V-8 that does you proud on *regular fuel!* It all makes sense—and so does the new, low price. *For the 1959 Edsel is actually priced with the most popular three—Ford, Plymouth and Chevrolet!*

EDSEL DIVISION · FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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(*Continued from Page 50*) possible way could I be responsible?"

"Every department head is responsible for what happens within his department," Cramer said. "More ability, more experience might have prevented the accident. A better man might have seen warnings, or might not have created the circumstances that brought it about. We'll see what the facts prove. Are you going to make an effort to find the bomber?"

"Yes, sir!"

Cramer's full lips pursed. "I'm not sure that's wise—it seems a job for the city police." Then he shrugged. "We were attacked, and reprisal is indicated. I suppose we must take an active part."

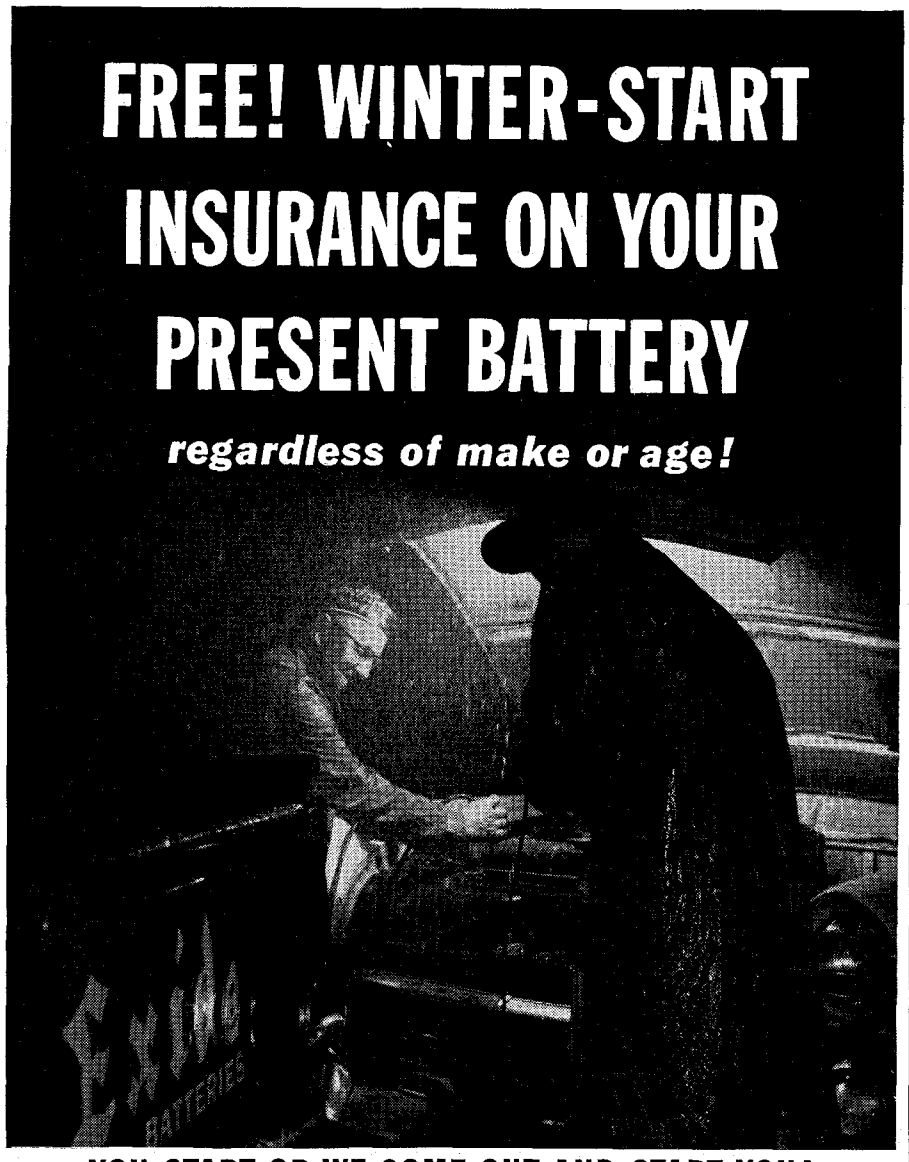
"I think so."

Cramer's eyes narrowed a little. "But let me warn you: Be very careful. We're well into the Christmas season. Anything that causes unfavorable publicity, fear in the public mind, or even concern will hurt sales. The explosion in your office caused all these things. The loss must be charged to your department."

Barney set his jaws against a protest. "Yes, sir."

FREE! WINTER-START INSURANCE ON YOUR PRESENT BATTERY

regardless of make or age!



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"We'll accept the loss," Cramer said. "But we won't accept further loss. Every possible means is now being used to minimize the incident. The arrest of the bomber is important, but my primary concern is that the public forget that it ever happened, as quickly as possible. Should you, or your department, do anything to cause further adverse publicity—anything at all—you'll be relieved. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," Barney said.

And he found his way out. When the door had closed behind him, he put a hand to his face and found it wet with sweat. He looked at Mrs. Baker and shook his head. "That one," he said. "That louse ——"

"Not entirely," Mrs. Baker said. "Lacey is to have the best of everything at his expense. And I've just finished typing an invitation. Lacey's to spend her recovery time at his country place."

"But Gale's comes first," Barney said.

"Yes," Mrs. Baker said. "And last."

There were no newspapermen in the corridor outside Barney's office when he got there. Even the patrolman who had stood guard was gone. Gabrino was at Barney's desk, the telephone in his hand. He was listening a lot, saying little. His round face was flushed; there was anger in his dark eyes.

"That was the chief," he told Barney, after he'd finished. "I guess we got the same routine—find the bomber, but make no noise?"

"Something like," Barney agreed.

"Why do we need a mayor?" Gabrino asked. "Cramer runs this town—you know it and I know it. Where are the reporters? One call from the papers' top advertiser, and the publishers order their men out of here. Me, I can stay only if I walk on tiptoe. One wrong move and I'm in North Precinct, counting my fingers."

Barney nodded. "And I'm out of a job."

He looked at the telephone, wanting it to ring. He reached for it, and Gabrino shook his head.

"I just checked," he said. "Nothing yet."

"Thanks." Barney made fists of his hands, then opened them. "What'd you find out about the bomb? Or were your lads run out before they found anything?"

"They went at it quietly, they finished before they left," Gabrino said. "The bomb was in a box, probably the candy box. The heart of it was a twelve-gauge shotgun shell. When the top of the box was lifted, a spring-driven firing pin was released to strike the shotgun shell."

"A twelve-gauge didn't blow up that office," Barney said.

"Not without help," Gabrino agreed. "Take the shot and wads out of a new shotgun shell and you've got room for nitroglycerin. The shotgun shell was the detonator."

Barney set his jaws. "Any more?"

"The lab boys are working on the pieces of the bomb," Gabrino said, "but I don't think they're going to tell us much. The pieces are brass, hand-worked. Practically any do-it-yourself character could put it together. We don't have a note—no paper sample or typewriter we can run down. And no handwriting." He spread his hands. "We don't have much."

"We've got the fact that nobody blows up a stranger for fun," Barney said. "The bomber knows me or knows about me. He's got a grudge against me or the store, or he's trying to make a dollar out of this someway."

Barney stopped there, eyes bright with thought. He turned to the doorway. "Eileen!"

She was there instantly. "Yes?"

"Scoot over to the Complaint Department," Barney said. "Tell them I'm looking for a man with a grudge against the store. An eccentric probably, one with mechanical ability. Have them make up a list of everyone who comes even close."

Gabrino said, "And bring me a half-dozen names as soon as you can get them. I'll put my people to work." He looked at Barney. "What about Personnel? A man can get sore about losing his job."

"That, too," Barney agreed. "Eileen, you stay with Complaints until you get the captain his quick list. I'll call Personnel." When the girl had gone, he made the call and got a promise of immediate action. He turned a sober face to Gabrino. "We're not stopped cold. We've got a lot of roads we can go down."

Ode to the New Tenant on the Top Floor

By Nancy Garbett Wilbur

On Sundays now the house is still
As winter's frosty hours begin,
But all too soon a stranger plays
His pale, relentless violin.
Oh, scrape and squeak from noon to night
Through walls I never dreamed so thin,
While I stop up protesting ears
And curse the day you moved herein.
May little mice consume your strings
And pimples sprout upon your chin,
May blight grow green upon your bow,
False-hearted friends drink all your gin,
And winter winds come howling down
To blow your blasted ceiling in.

"Long, crooked roads," Gabrino said. "But we'll get there. Remember Pete Reels?—you put him and his wife away for shoplifting. His wife died in prison; he's been on the street two weeks. A real savage. My men are looking for him."

"What about Jerry Price?—there's another." Barney went into Lacey's office and came back with an armful of file folders. "We can pick a dozen here in five minutes, Paul. Bear a hand."

They had worked a long while, but they were not finished when the telephone rang. Gabrino answered it. "For you," he said.

"Barney." It was Doctor Whitney's voice. "I want you to come to the hospital at once."

Fear grabbed at Barney. "What is it? Is she ——"

"She'll live," the doctor said quickly. "She's conscious now and she's in considerable pain. She doesn't want sedation until she talks to you. It's important enough to her that I'm agreeing to this. But not for long! So you'd better hurry."

"Be right there!" Barney slammed the receiver down. "Lacey's conscious, Paul, She wants to talk to me. Have you got a car and a siren down below?"

Gabrino was on his way. "Come on!"

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They arrived at the hospital in fifteen minutes. Doctor Whitney was waiting for them. He took them to a closed door on an upper floor. "Gently and quietly," he said. "And be brief, or I'll flay you alive."

Lacey was lying on a bed, attended by two nurses. She was moving with her pain, not much, but constantly, and held from greater movement by the nurses who stood beside her. The dark fluid of life dripped from a suspended bottle through a tube to a vein in her arm. Her head, the upper part of her face to the level of her mouth, was wrapped in bandages. Below the bandages, her mouth was cruelly bruised and swollen. Her breathing was quick and shallow, almost gasping.

Doctor Whitney had said she would live, but without that assurance Barney would not have believed it. The feeling, the look, the sounds of mortal injury were here. He crossed to the bed quickly, but on soundless feet. He took her hand gently and forced a quiet, comforting note into his voice.

"Sweetheart—it's Barney."

She made a small moaning sound of relief. Her fingers closed desperately on his hand. She tried to rise, swinging her head in the blind way of a sightless person, tried to turn toward him. The nurse's hand held her firm. Barney bent quickly to put his face close to the bandages.

"Don't move, darling."

"They said you were all right." Her voice was faint, distorted by swollen lips. "Is it true, Barney? Is it?"

"It's true," he said.

"Oh, thank you, Lord." She squeezed Barney's hand. "I prayed, Barney. My prayer was answered."

"It was answered," Barney said. "And I'll pray that you'll get well real soon. Now you've got to rest and sleep."

"Not yet!" There was strength in her thin protest. "You've got to know what happened—so you can find who did it. I work for you—I've got to report ——"

"Easy," he said. "Easy does it."

"It was a candy box." She spoke in quick little bursts, taking small breaths between them. "It wasn't new . . . it had your name written on it in pencil. I was sure it was one of those jokes . . . I opened it . . . I'm glad you didn't ——"

And Barney swore silently.

"When I started to open it," she said, "I could feel a spring pushing against the top, like—like a jack-in-the box. I—I thought something was going to jump out, so I threw it away from me. Then—then it happened. That's all I know. Does it help any?"

"It helps a lot," Barney said. "Now Doc Whitney's going to give you something to make you sleep."

Panic came into her voice. "Don't—don't go yet! Hold me first—please!"

Barney held her as best he could.

"Barney," she whispered, "am I going to be all right?"

"You're going to be fine. Doc Whitney says so."

"I mean—we can't be married if I'm crippled and ugly. I'd die before I'd let you be ashamed of me."

"You'll be all right," Barney said desperately. "And you know it wouldn't make any difference. I'm in love with you, not the way you look!"

"It would make a difference!" she said. "To me, it would make all the difference." She put her bruised lips against his face. "Oh, Barney, it's so dark in here. . ."

In the hallway, with the door closed, standing with Gabrino and Doctor Whitney, Barney could not control the working of his hands. His voice was rough. "Doctor," he said, "you heard her. What's the answer? Is she coming through this unscarred, or what?"

"With capable plastic surgery, the scars will be inconspicuous, but ——" The doctor searched helplessly for the right words. "There's only one way to say it. I can't ease the blow."

"Say it."

"I don't think she'll see again."

Softly Barney said, "Somebody's going to die for this."

Gabrino's lips flattened against his teeth. "Wait ——"

"Take me back to the office," Barney said. His voice was still soft. "I've got work to do."

Gale's Department Store was open and usually crowded until nine-thirty each evening during the Christmas season. It was reasonable to expect that Barney Strand would be at his desk, or immediately available, at around nine o'clock. The explosion only strengthened the assumption.

Roy Clark placed his call from a public booth at nine o'clock and got through to Barney Strand almost at once.

"Mr. Strand," he said. His quiet, precise voice held a trace of New England accent. "Did you know the bomb that exploded in your office was intended for you?"

"Yes, I did."

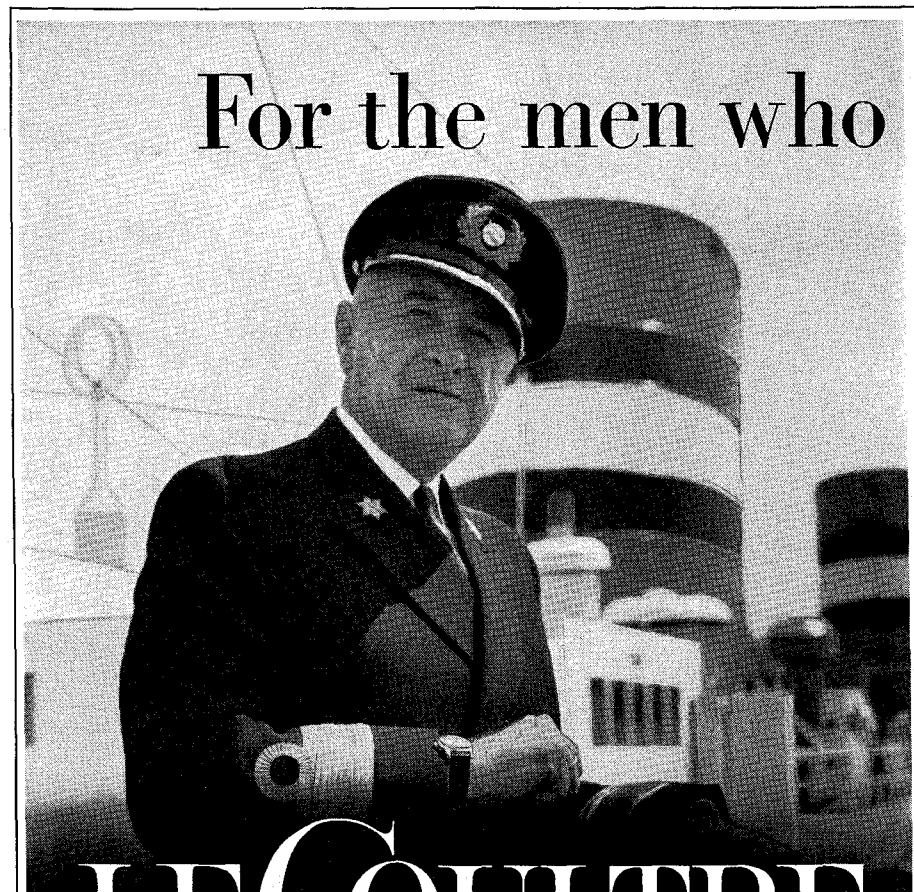
Clark smiled at the sudden tenseness in Barney Strand's voice. He wet his lips, waiting.

"How did you know?" Barney asked.

"I sent you the bomb, Mr. Strand. I sent it to you because I wanted to make the strongest possible show of force. You're the head of store security, the heart of the enemy strength, so to speak. Do you agree?"

"I agree. Now tell me why."

For the men who command



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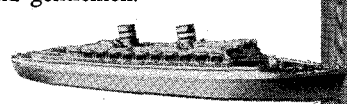
Master Mariner

Men who command find in LeCoultre Master Mariner all the qualities they demand in a personal timepiece. It is a watch on which any man can rely implicitly—self-winding, superbly accurate, with maximum protection against water, moisture, dust and shock. Its efficient mechanism, however, is cased with style and distinction. The LeCoultre Master Mariner is not a single watch but a series of watches. The creation of the Master Mariner celebrates the 125th Anniversary of the founding of the LeCoultre Watch Factory—a factory unlike any other in the world. For in it, every part of every LeCoultre watch is made in its entirety with unsurpassed precision.

Illustrated is the Master Mariner Chronometer—so accurate it qualifies for rating as a chronometer by authority of official observatory accuracy certificates. 18K gold. $395. Other models from $95. Visit your LeCoultre Jeweler to see these and other 125th Anniversary Watches for ladies and gentlemen.



Master of the "NIEUW AMSTERDAM", flagship of the Holland-America Line—known to thousands of American transatlantic and cruise passengers, is the Commodore Coenraad Bouman, pictured above on the deck of his famous ship as he consults his LeCoultre Master Mariner Chronometer watch.

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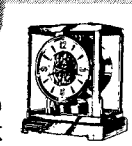

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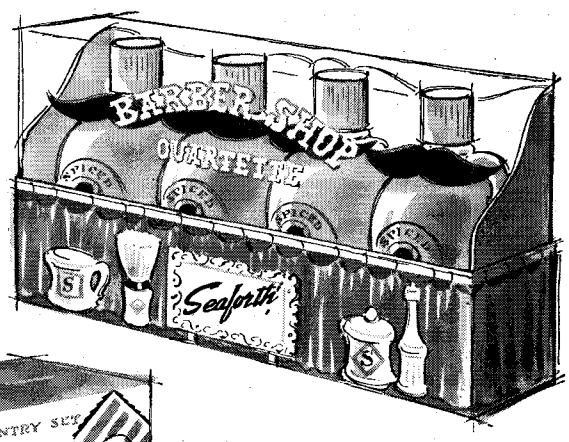
Gifts for Men!

Inspired by Scotland's famous Seaforth Highland Regiment

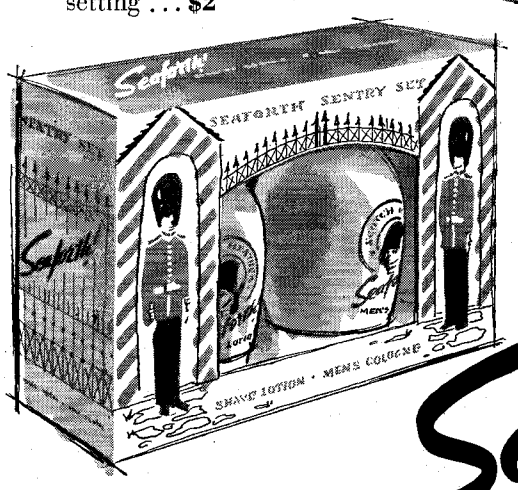
This year give months of pleasure to the men on your list . . . give handsome gift sets by Seaforth!

Seaforth Heather Duo
After-Shave Lotion and Men's Cologne . . . **$2**

Seaforth After-Shave Lotion
in bracing heather fragrance . . . **$1**



Seaforth Barbershop Quartette: After-Shave Lotion, Men's Cologne, Talc and Hairgroom in rugged Seaforth spiced fragrance, attractively packaged in a nostalgic setting . . . **$2**



Seaforth Sentry Set
After-Shave Lotion and Men's Cologne . . . **$1**

Seaforth!

"I want one hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Strand," Clark said. "Mr. Cramer—Gale's—can well afford it. If I'm not paid, another, much bigger bomb will be exploded in the store in one of the busiest sections during one of the busiest hours. A number of people will be killed, many more injured. You couldn't prevent me doing it, especially now. This is the season of packages, isn't it? How many thousands of people are entering the store each day with packages?"

"You couldn't!" Barney Strand said. "For the love of Heaven!—it would be the cruelest slaughter!"

"True," Clark said quietly. "And Mr. Cramer would be responsible. A hundred thousand dollars is nothing to him."

"He'll pay, I'm sure of that."

Clark shifted the receiver from hand to hand, smiling at the forced quiet of Barney Strand's voice, the desperately gentle voice one uses with the insane.

"You can't hope to win," Barney Strand said. "Every police officer in the city is looking for you. I'm looking for you. We'll find you; be sure of that." He paused, wetting his lips. "Look—I know your voice. I've heard it before. It won't take me long to put a name to it."

"All things in life are a gamble, Mr. Strand," Clark said. "I'm willing to gamble with you. Inform Mr. Cramer of my demands. I'll call again with instructions for delivery."

"For your own sake, come in now," Barney Strand said. "I tell you I know your voice. Listen ——"

"I'm through listening," Clark said.

He hung up and left the booth. His eyes were very bright; his face was filmed with sweat. But he was not afraid. Excited, yes, but not afraid. Barney Strand had heard his voice, but that had been long ago and for only a few moments.

Barney sat very still, the telephone in his hand. He did not hear the dead-line humming of the phone; he was listening to the voice in his memory, face taut with concentration. He had heard the voice before; he knew the man. The man's face, the man's name were there, tantalizingly just beyond reach. He strained after them. He tried too hard, and excitement flooded his mind and even the voice was gone.

He wiped his sweating face, sick with disappointment. He turned to the telephone again. He called John Paul Cramer's office and spoke to Mrs. Baker, Cramer's secretary.

"Joan, has Mr. Cramer left the building yet?"

"Over an hour ago, Barney."

"We have to get in touch with him at once," Barney said. "The bomber just called me. We've got an extortionist on our hands. The bomb in Lacey's office was a demonstration of what he can do. He wants a hundred thousand dollars or he'll explode a bomb in one of the busiest sections during store hours."

Mrs. Baker gasped, "Oh, no!"

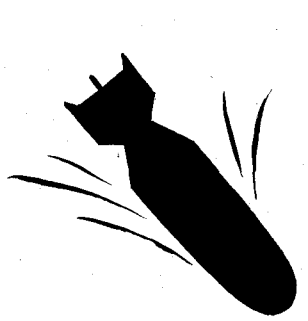
"Yes, Joan." Barney waited a moment, hearing nothing. Then he said, "I'll call Mr. Cramer, if you'd rather."

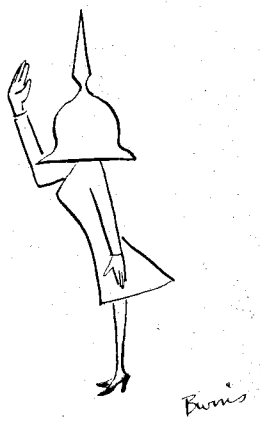
Mrs. Baker found her voice. "No, I'll do it."

"I'll wait in my office," Barney said. "We'll have to have the police in on this. Paul Gabrino, at least, though I'd guess Mr. Cramer will want the high brass. In any case, let's keep the group small. Will you suggest that to Mr. Cramer?"

"I'll try," Mrs. Baker said.

TO BE CONTINUED





The Perfect Squelch

Herta, a rather haughty German girl who married a wealthy young American soldier shortly after World War II, felt called upon to defend her Fatherland on all social occasions. She carried her chip-on-the-shoulder attitude onto the campus where her husband became a student and later an instructor. One day at a tea for new faculty members and their wives, Herta talked with husky emphasis about wartime hardships in beleaguered Berlin and how bravely her fellow countrymen withstood them.

"But the big bombings, they were horrible and inhumane," she exclaimed. "Nobody who has not lived through them can realize how terrible they were."

"They certainly were," said Mrs. Montgomery, wife of a newly arrived exchange professor.

"Oh, you were in Berlin?" Herta asked eagerly.

"No," Mrs. Montgomery replied quietly. "I was in London."

H. Dony Easterline

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New "soft smoke" King Sano

If you haven't tasted it in the last 30 days ....you owe it to yourself!

"Time and again, in today's tense situations," writes former U. S. diplomat John S. Young, "I see important people under pressure lighting up this new 'soft smoke' cigarette."

50% less nicotine and less tar than any other cigarette...and that is the truth

When a man decides to try New 'Soft Smoke' King Sano he makes an unexpected discovery.

What he expects is the certain satisfaction of smoking the one cigarette far below all others in nicotine and tars today.

But he is totally unprepared for the way this new cigarette 'softens' *the taste of the smoke* . . . unlocks a delightful new 'soft' taste.

The reason is that today's new 'Soft Smoke' King Sano *goes a big step beyond any filter.*

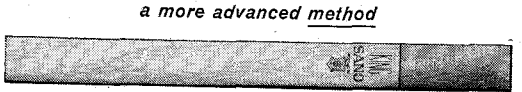
Only *this* cigarette has discovered the method of reducing nicotine and tars *in the tobacco itself* . . . and added a vastly superior new filter. And what a difference it makes in the taste!

If you have been tempted—but still have not changed to the new King Sano—hesitate no longer. Surely it is well worth the difference in price. Now in stores everywhere.

* The content of nicotine and tars in the smoke of new King Sano is based on the results of a continuing study by Stillwell & Gladding, Inc., Independent Analytical Chemists.

Not just a filter...

a more advanced method



Exclusive process reduces nicotine and tars in the tobacco itself.

New filter further reduces nicotine and undesirable elements in the smoke.

THE ULTIMATE IN NICOTINE AND TAR REDUCTION

FINE TOBACCOS REDUCED IN TARS AND NICOTINE ARE ALSO USED IN REGULAR SIZE SANO CIGARETTES, SANO ALL-HAVANA CIGARS AND SANO PIPE TOBACCO, PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY

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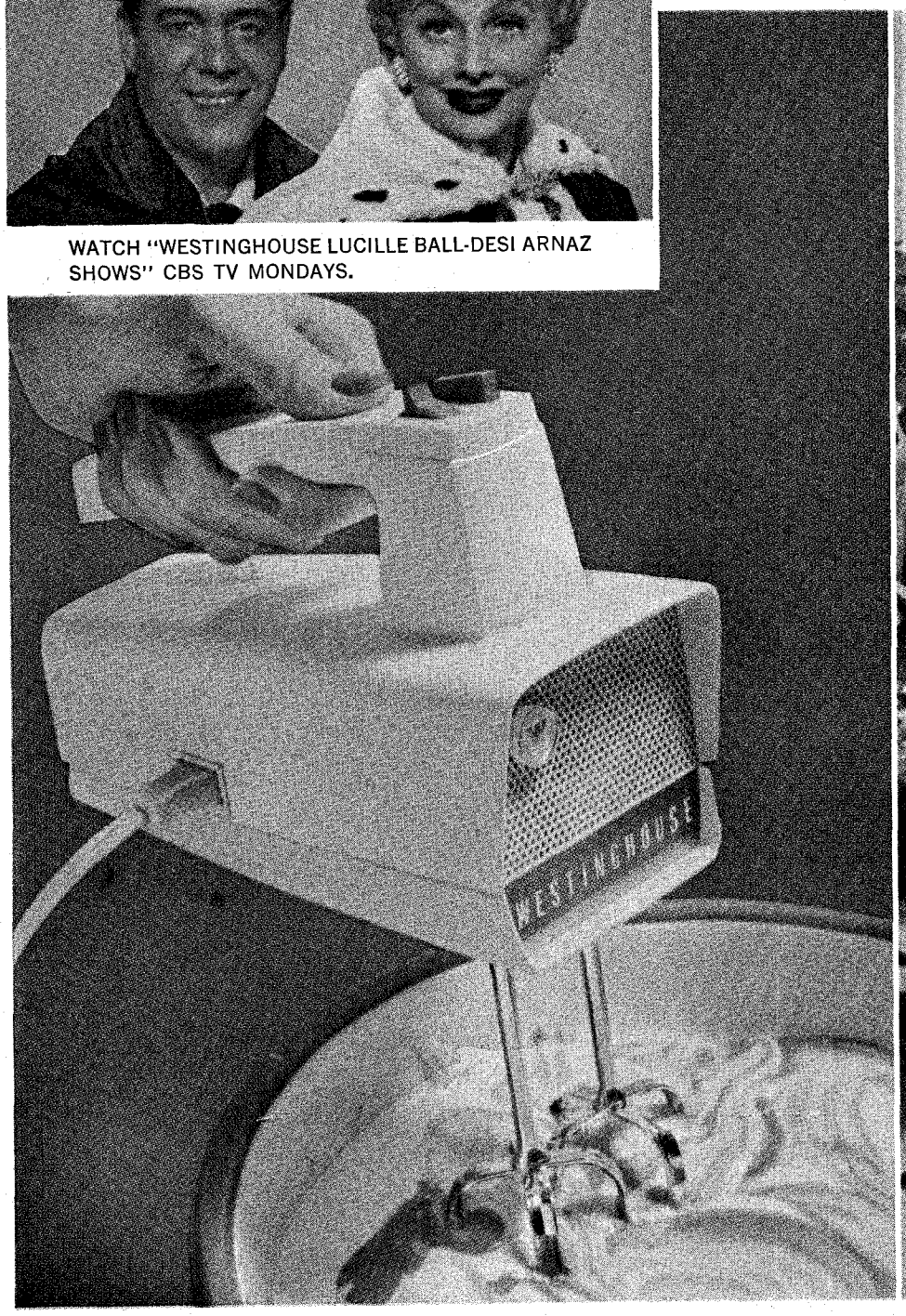
WATCH "WESTINGHOUSE LUCILLE BALL-DESI ARNAZ SHOWS" CBS TV MONDAYS.

DESI AND LUCY GIFT IDEA:

Royal Gifts for the Queen



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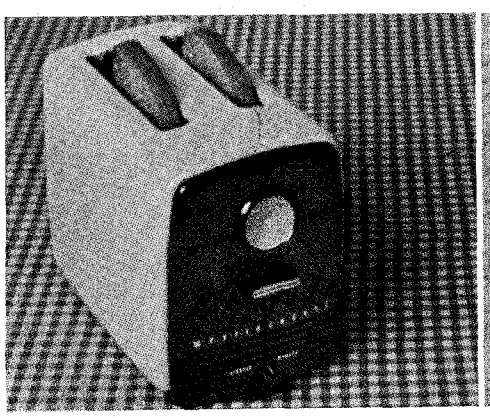
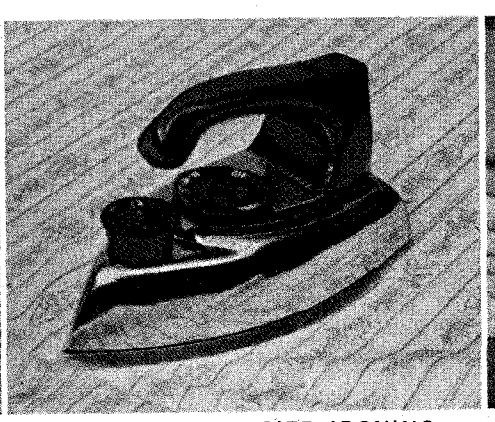
Mixes heavy dough with ease. Finger-tip controls stop and start it, change speeds, eject beaters for cleaning. Gives you new convenience, new ease of operation, top performance.

17.95 FOR THE FRESHEST TASTING COFFEE EVER

New spoutless Westinghouse Coffee Maker starts perking in seconds, makes a better, fresher brew! No old-fashioned spout to trap stale coffee oils and spoil fresh coffee taste.



21.95 FOR TOASTERS IN COLOR! Porcelain-clad in four Confection Colors. Extra lift-up for easy removal of small pieces, hinged crumb tray for quick cleaning. Chrome model, $21.50



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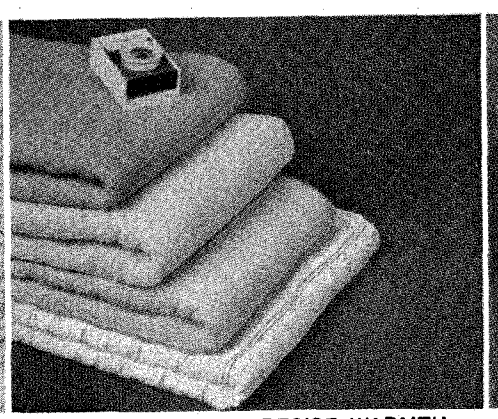

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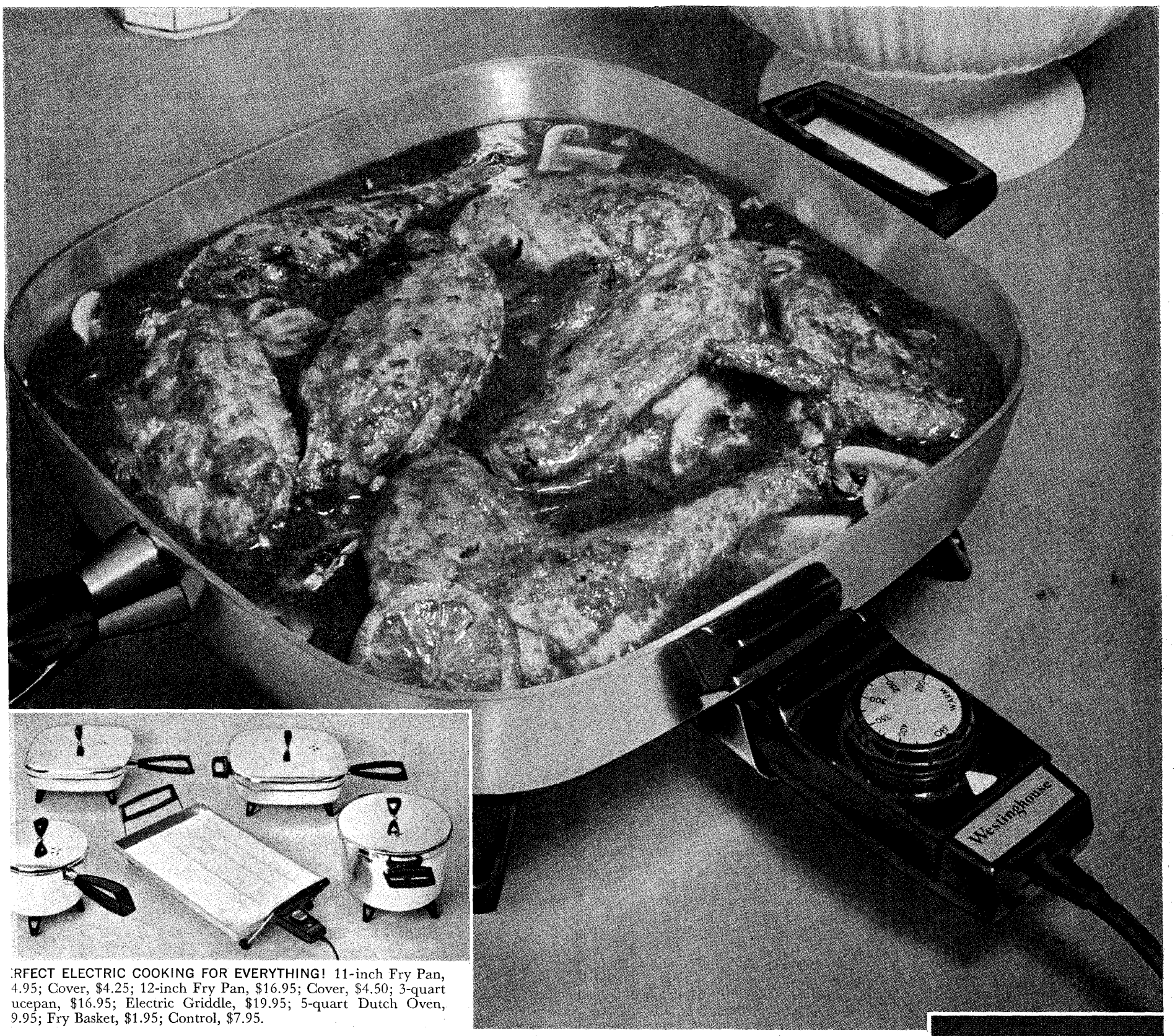

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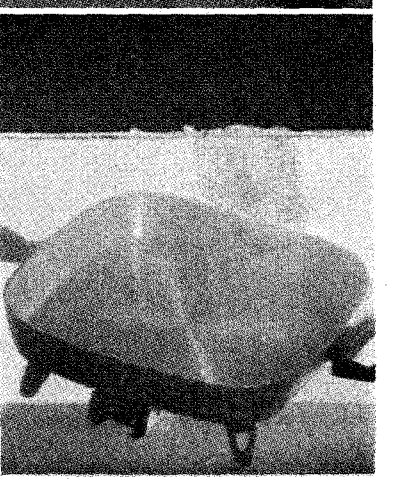

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Con Man of the Country Clubs

(Continued from Page 19)

added, "He is a persistent check passer, and even after he found out we were looking for him he continued to pass checks."

It was a sound analysis, and the word "persistent" was prophetic. Goldreyer has continued ever since to be a persistent check passer, except during the long intervals behind prison bars and the shorter intervals in which he has proved—and this is one of the puzzles of the man—that he can make a highly prosperous honest living as a skilled specialist in rare fabrics and textiles.

His earlier check-passing forays, while they carried him from New York to California and from Canada to Texas, were not sensational enough to attract national attention. Nor were his methods particularly original. His natural gifts as a confidence man, combined with a convincing line of shop talk learned in the fabrics and textile trades, often enabled him to inveigle a businessman or credit manager into honoring his bogus checks. But it takes time and patience to build such touching faith, and Goldreyer was short on patience. He likes speed. Sometimes he worked the common dodge of making lavish purchases in a store, tendering a check well above the amount of the bill and asking for the balance in cash. This offers tempting bait to the salesman. But Goldreyer learned that he could not net big cash returns in this racket without showing persuasive documentary credentials. And he was not then the past master of "credentials" which he was later to become.

At times, by hard and nerve-racking effort, he was able to pass enough checks to live high and occasionally to indulge his taste for the gambling tables. But not for long. Sooner or later, usually sooner, his shortage of patience and credentials would trip him up. He would try to make his checks too large or to cash them too fast. Suspicion would rise; the law would close in; and he would be back behind the bars for another three or four years.

Then Goldreyer had an original idea all his own—the country-club-to-hotel parlay. It was his unique contribution to the criminal art of converting bad paper into cash. Exactly when this inspiration struck him nobody knows. Perhaps it was in the latter 1940's, when he had ample time for reflection behind the walls of California's San Quentin prison. Pondering the easy-going habits of country-club locker rooms, and the known routines of hotel cashier desks, he saw a way to link the two together for his own purposes. It was a method tailored to meet his impatient longing for speed and his chronic need of convincing credentials.

This much is known: Goldreyer first put his system into national operation in the summer of 1949. First warning of the bum-check blizzard came in a cloud of complaints from large hotels. One hotel would report that it had been stuck with four or five bad checks within a two-day period. It was admitted with some embarrassment that apparently the checks had all been cashed by the same mysterious stranger—a man usually not even registered at the hotel, but whose credentials seemed impeccable.

This bad news would be followed quickly, often within hours, by similar reports from several other hotels in the same city, covering the same two-day period. Worse still, within a day or two, there would be a batch of almost identical complaints from hotels in another city. And then another, and another—north, south, east and west. Cashiers everywhere were warned; police forgery squads were alerted; the fact that most of the bad checks crossed state lines brought the FBI into the search; and the Burns International Detective Agency put its best men to work under H. A. Crowe, veteran nemesis of crooks who prey on hotels.

Still the rubbery checks continued to bounce around the country like table-tennis balls. Within a few weeks it was apparent to all that the law was up against something new in high-speed elusiveness. As a top FBI expert on bad checks told me not long ago:

"Of all the big operators in this field, I haven't known any who can cash so many checks, so fast, in so many different cities, as Goldreyer. In that he's the champ."

When Goldreyer was awaiting sentence in Washington in 1953 he confided to a fellow prisoner that he had set his check-cashing goal at $1000 a day. Often he has exceeded this figure. When he fell below it he was unhappy. He also complained that check cashing puts him under such nervous tension that, after a week of "work," he has to take the next week off for rest and recuperation. This cuts down his average.

In his 1949 check-passing spree, which lasted from July to early November, the FBI figured that he netted at least $46,000, plus unknown additional sums from checks that were not traced or reported. In two of his more recent forays, which were even more extensive, his take was probably larger.

Also, the marvels of the modern vogue for credit cards have provided the fast-traveling Goldreyer with a magic carpet. Armed with the proper cards, he has had at his disposal not only hotels but trains and planes, drive-yourself cars, expensive shops and restaurants—all for free. We don't hear much now of those famous rogues of old, the card sharps. Goldreyer, shuffling a new kind of cards, whizzed forth as the country's leading credit-card sharp.

With such a system, and beyond the reach of the income tax, it would seem that he might have accumulated a tidy illicit fortune. Might have, but he hasn't. The same impatience and love of fast action, which make him a whirlwind at raking the money in, impel him to dissipate it with equal swiftness. A fatal belief that he is immune from the law of averages has completed his ruination.

Now the big, easy money is long since gone. He has spent more than seven years since 1949 in state or Federal jails. During 1958 he has been hit by two additional sentences. At present he is serving three years in Atlanta. When he is released from there, a bench warrant awaits him from New York where, last September, he was sentenced to an additional three to four years in state prison. And after that, if he is caught passing even one more bad check, he faces a complex array of suspended sentences which may send him back to Federal custody for somewhere between one and eleven years. Thus Goldreyer's brilliant idea of the country-club-to-hotel parlay has brought more pain and trouble to him than to any of his victims.

The original idea, like so many remarkable inventions, was simple in essence. It was to collect wallets from the club locker rooms and put the enclosed credentials to work in distant places before the alarm could spread. This may seem easy, but only Goldreyer's special qualities and refinements made it practicable. No other crook has been able to imitate it on a large scale.

The most delicate part of the art is to enter the locker rooms casually and linger there plausibly. In this Goldreyer excels. He does not try to pose as a member. He knows that the excellent memories of club employees would make this foolhardy. He is merely waiting for a member whose name he mentions. "Mr. Harrison"—for example—"asked me to meet him here. I may be a bit early."

"Yes, sir. Just make yourself at home," is the usual reply from locker-room attendants. They are a polite and friendly race of men. They do not know the visitor, but long experience has taught them what substantial men look like, and this one surely fills the bill. His manner carries just the right blend of assurance and ease. His brow, heightened by receding hair, suggests the intellectuality of the successful professional man. His clothes are right. He observes the advice of old Polonius, in Hamlet:

> Costly thy habit as thy purse [read "credit card"] can buy,
> But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy; . . ."

Attendants and cashiers have always found it hard to give useful descriptions of Goldreyer's physical appearance. His height is medium, build medium stocky, eyes medium brown, hair medium brown. How is one to remember so "medium" a man, wearing clothes perfectly suited to the background of club or lobby?

There is nothing phony about Goldreyer's taste in clothes and cloth. It has been trained and developed since his childhood. (*Continued on Page 63*)

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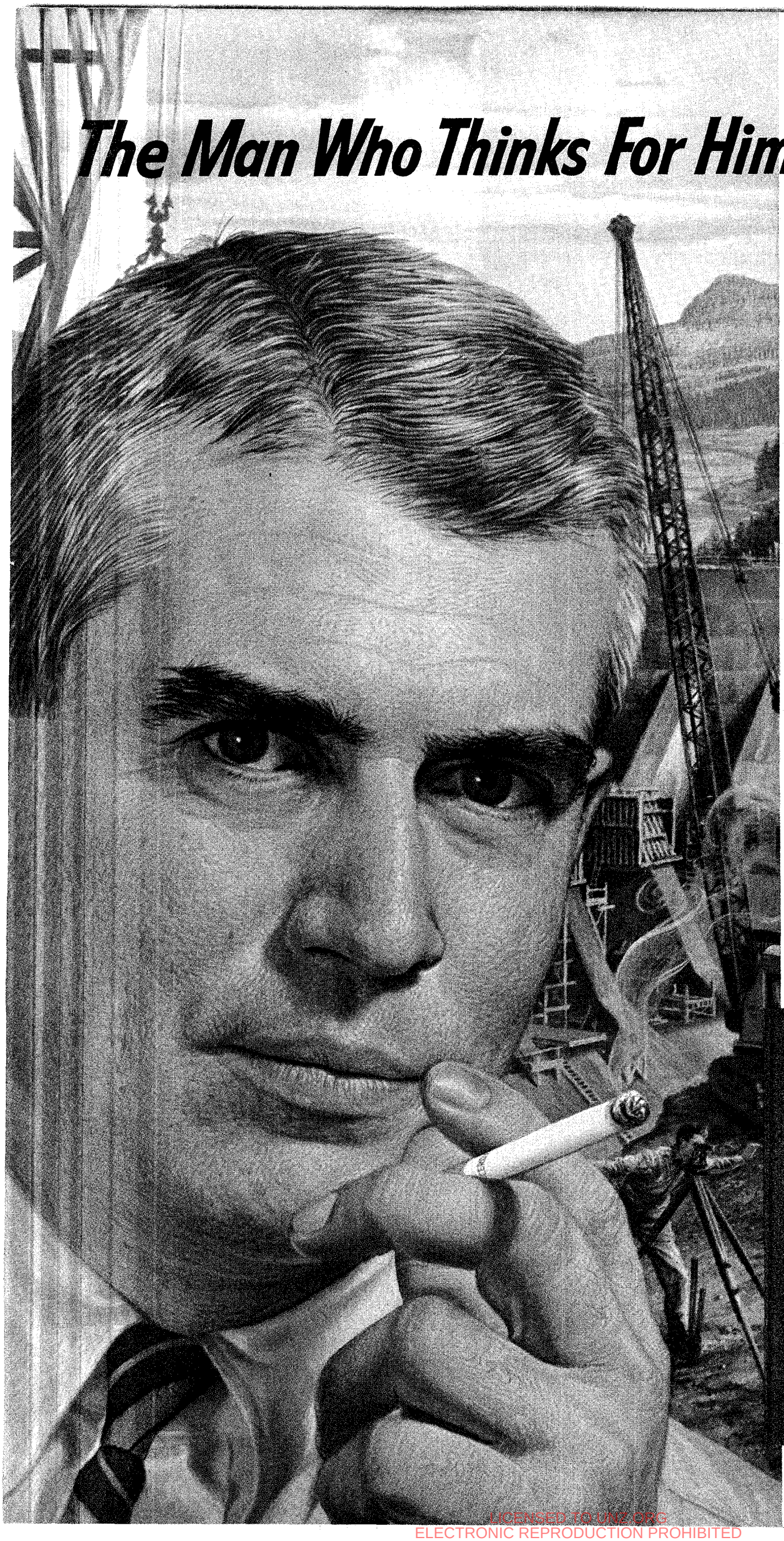
The Man Who Thinks For Himself Knows...



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(*Continued from Page 58*) He was born in uptown Manhattan in 1908, one of three children. His respectable family had a business in costly fabrics, wholesale and retail. They were not wealthy, but in better-than-average circumstances. There was no need for the boy to work, but he liked to help out in the business after school hours. He showed an aptitude for it from the beginning; before he was out of his teens the word had got round in the trade that here was a young fellow of exceptional flair and judgment in the specialized field of rare fabrics. This unusual talent has been the one steady factor in a life of vicissitudes. When he is willing to work at it, it has brought him an excellent legitimate income. When he is behind prison walls, he has kept abreast of progress in the art by study of technical books and trade journals.

Young Goldreyer was also brighter than most at school. He skipped two grades, was graduated from high school when he was sixteen and went on to New York University. Here, too, he did well, and thought for a time of going on into one of the professions. During his second year, however, his knowledge of fabrics brought him the offer of a job which seemed too good to turn down. He left college and settled down to work which he liked and for which his abilities so well fitted him. By his early twenties he was well launched on an honest career bright with promise.

When he was twenty-three years old he made the first fatal sideslip into crookedness. He had a room at the time in the apartment of a married sister. Inside the entrance of the apartment house there was a row of small boxes where the postman left the mail for the various tenants. One day Goldreyer, glancing over the many letters stuffed into the boxes, reached out as though on impulse, extracted a batch of them, slipped them into his pockets and strolled away. Later, examining the contents in private, he found a few checks. They were not for large amounts, but looked authoritative. Perhaps they included dividend or annuity checks, or even a veteran's check bearing the name of the Treasurer of the United States. Suppose Goldreyer just wrote the name of the payee on the back of such a check? Could he cash it? He could, and he did. He found something exciting in the process, and began to explore the vestibules of other apartment houses in the neighborhood.

Thus quickly the young man stumbled into an old racket. Why did he do it? He has been asked this question a hundred times in his life and has no clear answer. He admits he was not in need of money. He seems as earnestly mystified as everyone else. Sudden impulse? This might account for the first splash, but why then did he keep pushing on into deeper waters?

The easy police answer is that Goldreyer just loves easy money. But it is hard for the normal mind to think of money as "easy" when it has to be acquired under the constant threat of the heavy hand on the shoulder. And Goldreyer, as we have seen, went on with his irrational little game even after he had learned that the law was on his trail. His take was small; the check which finally put the handcuffs on him was for a measly fifteen dollars. And it must have been obvious to him, in the latter weeks, that each additional bad check increased the risk and danger.

Risk and danger. Maybe those two words suggest a clue, though not a solution. On that first venture into crime, and during his later forays, he has seemed often to seek out unnecessary risk, to court the danger of arrest. He has spoken of the terrific nervous strain he works under when he is on a check-cashing spree. Perhaps this is accompanied by some intense thrill akin to that felt by mountain climbers, race drivers and bullfighters—for Goldreyer a "moment of truth" fascinatingly false.

Whatever his motives, his early methods in crime were amateurish—so much so as at first to baffle the experienced Post Office inspectors familiar with the work of professional crooks. But once they got on the trail it was only a matter of weeks before he was arrested and arraigned in Federal court, New York. Though his individual depredations were small, his crime—theft from the United States mails—was a serious one, and the evidence was clear. He pleaded guilty and threw himself on the mercy of the court.

The judge at first sentenced him to three years in Federal prison. A few days later, after further consideration of the defendant's respectable family, abilities and background, he reduced the time to eighteen months. Goldreyer went to Leavenworth, where he won parole in less than a year by his good behavior. Indeed, he has always been a model prisoner, quiet, serious and studious. Often he finds work in the library, where he can broaden his education and continue his technical studies in fabrics. At times he has served with much credit as assistant to the chaplain. He is persuasive in pointing out to other prisoners that honesty is the best policy—not in any holier-than-thou way, but from the practical example of his own experience. Prison psychiatrists have always found him an interesting study—frank about his own errors and eager to probe what motives may have led him into folly.

Released from Leavenworth, he went back to his honest work in New York. His relatives and associates, then as afterward, were generous in giving him a new start and trying to help him go straight. For nearly a year he more than justified their hopes. He applied himself industriously and skillfully; his earnings rose. Then, incredibly, he slipped back into his petty game of cashing checks rifled from hallway letter boxes. This time the postal inspectors bagged him even more quickly; this time the judge gave him three years in Lewisburg and did not reconsider.

When he came out in 1936, he swore that this time he had learned his lesson, and kind friends believed him. One lesson he had learned—don't tamper with the United States mails. But the lure of the bad check remained somewhere in his system. After another virtuous period of energetic effort, he succumbed.

During his time in Leavenworth and Lewisburg, Goldreyer had heard of many check-passing dodges. Now he set out to try his hand at them. He traveled widely and worked hard, but as we have seen earlier his methods were not notably original or successful. Again and again he was tripped up by impatience or defective credentials. For a while the courts, impressed by his earnest personality and evidence of his solid business ability, showed him great leniency. The sentences grew heavier as his record grew longer. From 1940 to 1948, except for a couple of brief intervals on parole, he was an inmate of California's Folsom or San Quentin state prison.

In August of '48 the model prisoner won parole once more and returned to New York. Again forgiving relatives rallied to help this deeply repentant man. They financed him in his own fabrics business. As he again displayed his special skills in this, old associates felt that this time, surely, a man of such abilities could not be so foolish as to slip back into crime. Americans like to aid a man on the comeback trail, and here was one whose upward steps seemed firmer with each passing month.

During this period, according to reports to the FBI, Goldreyer's honest earnings ran from $1000 a month to as high as $1000 a week. He studied the needs of clothes designers and was described as "almost a genius" in locating the rare fabrics which they wanted for their creations.

Whether at this time his nefarious country-club idea was already flickering in the back of his mind is uncertain. If so, there was new fuel to feed the flame. As he prospered in business, he associated with many men who were club members. From conversation with them, or as their guest, he had opportunity to learn more of the ways of the locker rooms—all of them tempting. For example:

Item: Country-club members, feeling as safe in the locker room as at home, seldom lock their lockers. There the street clothes hang, wallet in pocket, available to a quick reacher. Item: in many cases it is possible to enter the locker room without going through the rest of the club. Item: Members' names are often on their lockers, giving a plausible reference to the keen-eyed visitor.

Another temptation was the credit-card system, which had spread rapidly during his last prison term. His business friends had them; he saw how quickly they smoothed the way at cashiers' windows. And if one wanted credit cards, where would the diggings assay higher than in the wallets of country-club members? The locker rooms were a mother lode, waiting to be tapped.

Such visions, by early summer of 1949, had prevailed with Goldreyer over the solid rewards of honest work. One day he was missing from his place of business, which saw him no more.

A week or so later, in July, the bewildering flood of complaints from hotels began to come in to police forgery squads, the Burns Agency and the FBI. All were agreed that the fast-moving marauder's credentials were of the best. Where did he get them? It took some time to find the answer, because thefts from country clubs and large-scale forgery had not been linked before. They were crimes of quite different category.

Country clubs and their members found it hard to believe that a crook had dared invade the exclusive precincts. When they got around to reporting the matter, the local police would begin checking up on known sneak thieves in the area. By this time Goldreyer would be busy in some distant city, where his fistful of fresh credentials gave him three or four hotels to work on. He moved about among them impartially, timing himself according to the changing shifts and faces behind the cashiers' windows. He preferred not to tap the same clerk twice on the same day. He also preferred checks for $100, since these do not ordinarily require the O.K. of the credit manager. Between shifts, in an expensive drive-yourself car, Goldreyer would visit neighboring country clubs to pick up new sets of credentials to use in the next city.

After the checks began to bounce by the dozen, it took patient backtracking investigation to discover that the many credit cards used had one thing in common. Their owners were all country-club members, whose wallets had been stolen just before the cards were put into action. Once the pattern was understood, the FBI could pinpoint the high-speed forger's movements exactly—after the event. By the time the reports came in he was far on his way, darting about as unpredictably

"This is Walter—and I adore him!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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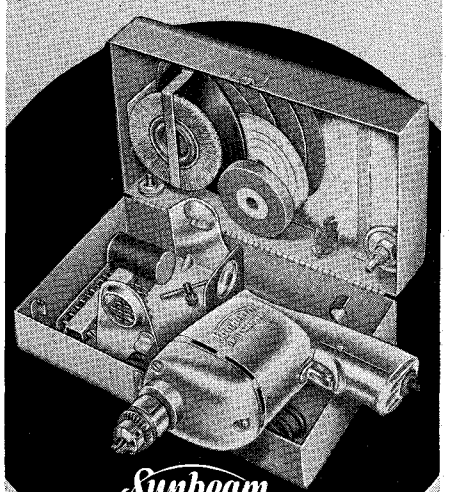

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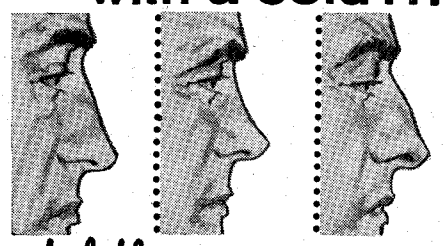

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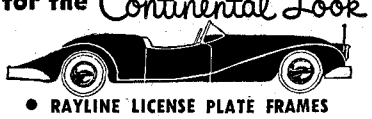

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as a water bug. Country clubs, warned of his doings, inclined to the view that "this couldn't happen in *our* club." Lists of stolen credit cards were sent to hotels, but Goldreyer would show up with credentials so fresh that they hadn't yet got on the lists.

As the flood of bad checks was studied in the FBI laboratory, it was evident that the forger was no Jim the Penman at copying the signatures shown on the credit cards. To the expert eye the scores of different names on the checks were written by the same hand. But cashiers' clerks are seldom handwriting experts, and Goldreyer, with his easy assurance and talk, knew how to divert their attention at the right moment. Sometimes he took unnecessary risks; occasionally he was questioned or challenged. In such case he did not stay to parley. With a reassuring word that he would "straighten that out at once," he would stroll toward the manager's office, then detour into the street and away. He is a master of the fast stroll.

He got away with it for nearly four months. On November eighth and ninth he was busily cashing checks in San Francisco, using credentials he had scooped up in Portland, Oregon. His usual rule was two days per city. For some reason, he decided to risk one more day in San Francisco. Early in the morning of November tenth word had come of the wallets stolen in Portland. This time the law, so often close on his heels, was waiting for him at the cashiers' windows.

When arrested, he had just $1523 left of the tens of thousands he had taken. Where had the rest gone? Investigators backtracking on his travels found that Goldreyer, however erratic his swoops around the map, periodically took time out for stopovers in such gambling centers as Las Vegas or Reno. After the nervous strain of the locker rooms and cashiers' windows, he compulsively sought surcease in the gambling houses, preferably at the blackjack table. Possibly this relieved him of his nervous tensions; certainly—by the law of averages and the house percentage—it relieved him of his bankroll.

The net of his activities was thus like that of the oriental cormorant. This aquatic bird darts about under water with amazing speed, catching fish in his large bill. But he does not get to swallow them. When he surfaces, his master, the Chinese fisherman, deftly extracts the fish from the bird's bill. Goldreyer played the part of cormorant to the gambling table's fishermen.

When he was arrested in San Francisco, the California authorities, exercising first claim, sent him back to San Quentin as a check forger and parole violator. In 1953 he was taken to Washington, D. C., on the Federal charges of sending bad checks across state lines. The court sentenced him to a maximum of three additional years at McNeil Island.

When he was transferred from San Quentin to McNeil, he made a moving plea to the Federal authorities. He admitted his long record, his many grievous and foolish errors. But psychiatry teaches, he argued, that some people mature more slowly than others. "Some come of age in their forties rather than at twenty-one." He was such a person. He was now mature. If sentence could just be suspended, "I am capable of coping with my problems and serving as a useful member of society." Despite its novelty, the plea failed to convince. He was not released from McNeil till February, 1956.

If I tried to detail his story from here on, it would sound like a stuck phonograph record. Again a respectable job in the fabrics business; again the initial enthusiastic reports about his abilities; and then, after four months, the sudden disappearance, followed by a rash of bad checks passed in Western states. There were a few variants. This time the FBI spotted his hand and style quickly. In further confirmation, a rental car, recovered at San Francisco Airport, was found to contain an imposing list of country clubs, written on the stationery of the fabrics firm where Goldreyer had been working.

The FBI and the hotel protective agencies sent out thousands of pictures and descriptions of Goldreyer. To their exasperation he continued to move about as freely as before, sometimes boldly cashing checks at windows where he could see his own picture displayed in warning. He wore no disguise, but apparently the clerks did not connect the well-dressed gentleman at the window with the dejected features shown in the police photos.

This time Goldreyer—because more "mature"?—took longer layoffs. He spent them in Mexico or Cuba, to the profit of gambling houses in those countries. So far as known, he did not pass bad checks on the Latin-Americans. This periodically cooled the trail. When he needed more money, he slipped back into the United States for his fast-moving raids on clubs and hotels.

In July of 1956 Goldreyer married a young woman of good education and family background. (A brief earlier marriage had been annulled while he was in prison.) His bride accompanied him to Mexico and Cuba, but there is no evidence that she knew of his criminal activities. Apparently she thought his many mysterious trips concerned costly fabrics rather than worthless paper.

In Mexico his favorite cooling-off place was Cuernavaca. He posed there, and was accepted, as an American textile manufacturer planning to expand his operations into Mexico City. On January 2, 1957, a hotel executive in Cuernavaca was glancing over the December bulletin of the American Hotel Association. His eye caught, and lingered incredulously over, the photo of a notorious forger named Goldreyer. Why, it was his prosperous new acquaintance, the big textile man. Next day the Mexican police had Goldreyer aboard an outgoing plane as an undesirable alien. The FBI were waiting for him at Laredo, Texas.

When he was arraigned in court, Goldreyer was a touching picture of injured innocence. A terrible mistake of identity had been made. Bond, first set at $10,000, was reduced to $5000. He raised the money, partly by means of telegrams to trusting new friends in Mexico. He posted the bail, promptly jumped it and disappeared again. For nine more months his trail waxed hot and grew cold—New York and California, New Orleans and Chicago, Atlanta and Salt Lake City, Washington and Indianapolis.

In October, FBI agents, questioning a United States Customs official in Florida, learned that a man answering Goldreyer's description had sailed for Cuba. Fresh warnings were sent to the Cuban police. Two weeks later a Havana detective spotted him in an expensive hotel—at the blackjack table. Next morning the FBI were waiting for him at the Miami Airport. This time his bail was set at $70,000. His lawyer managed a wan smile.

"Does the court want that in cash," he asked, "or would you prefer Mr. Goldreyer's check?"

From then on, it was simply a matter of the law's taking its course, in Federal and state courts. The evidence was overwhelming. There was nothing open to Goldreyer except pleas of guilty, promises of reform and requests for leniency. Detectives and prosecutors feel that the sentences imposed—described earlier in this article—were extremely lenient. But some judges and probation officers, perplexed by Goldreyer's strange mixture of good and bad talents, believe that he can yet reform.

"Maybe so," said one veteran sleuth who has followed Goldreyer's trail off and on since 1949. "But when he gets out, in five or six years, everybody watch their credit cards." He added, almost wistfully, "You know, we'll kind of miss the fellow. Nobody like him in his own queer racket. And when he's on the loose, you can count on things popping all over the map."

Silence is something a mother of four can scarcely remember.

JAMES Q. HOSSACK

In Enemy Hands (Continued from Page 37)

blue, slit down the side for ease of movement, under a flaring blue cloak. She moved with a dancer's grace and her body was lithe and rounded, like a swimmer's.

"Good morning, Round Eyes," Cabel greeted her. During the Korean War it had been the fashion for the *seikses*—Seoul's teen-age girls—to have a minor operation performed on their eyelids. It required only the flick of a scalpel and a few thousand *whan*, a dollar or two at black-market rates. Thus their eyes were no longer almond-shaped, but very like the eyes of the Hollywood stars. She had had this done, so now everyone in the compound called her Round Eyes. This delighted her, for she knew that when Americans gave a girl a nickname it was because they were aware of her, and liked her.

"Good morning, major," she said. He noticed that today she had no smile for him. "I hear you are going back to America. You will be with your family at Christmas. I'm so sorry. But I know you must be happy."

"Happy?" Given fair westerly tail winds, he would be back in the warm Texas sun, in his own home, in seventy-two hours. Being with his wife and children at Christmas was a miracle for which he had not even dared hope. Yet he was not happy at all. He was gravely troubled. The order relieving him from duty at Panmunjom had been a certificate of failure. The United States Information Agency and State were pressuring Defense, not unnaturally, and Defense was pressuring Army. So in the Pentagon a general had decided that if their man at Panmunjom couldn't spring Paul Culligan, then the man should be replaced. At least this would show that Army was doing (*Continued on Page 67*)

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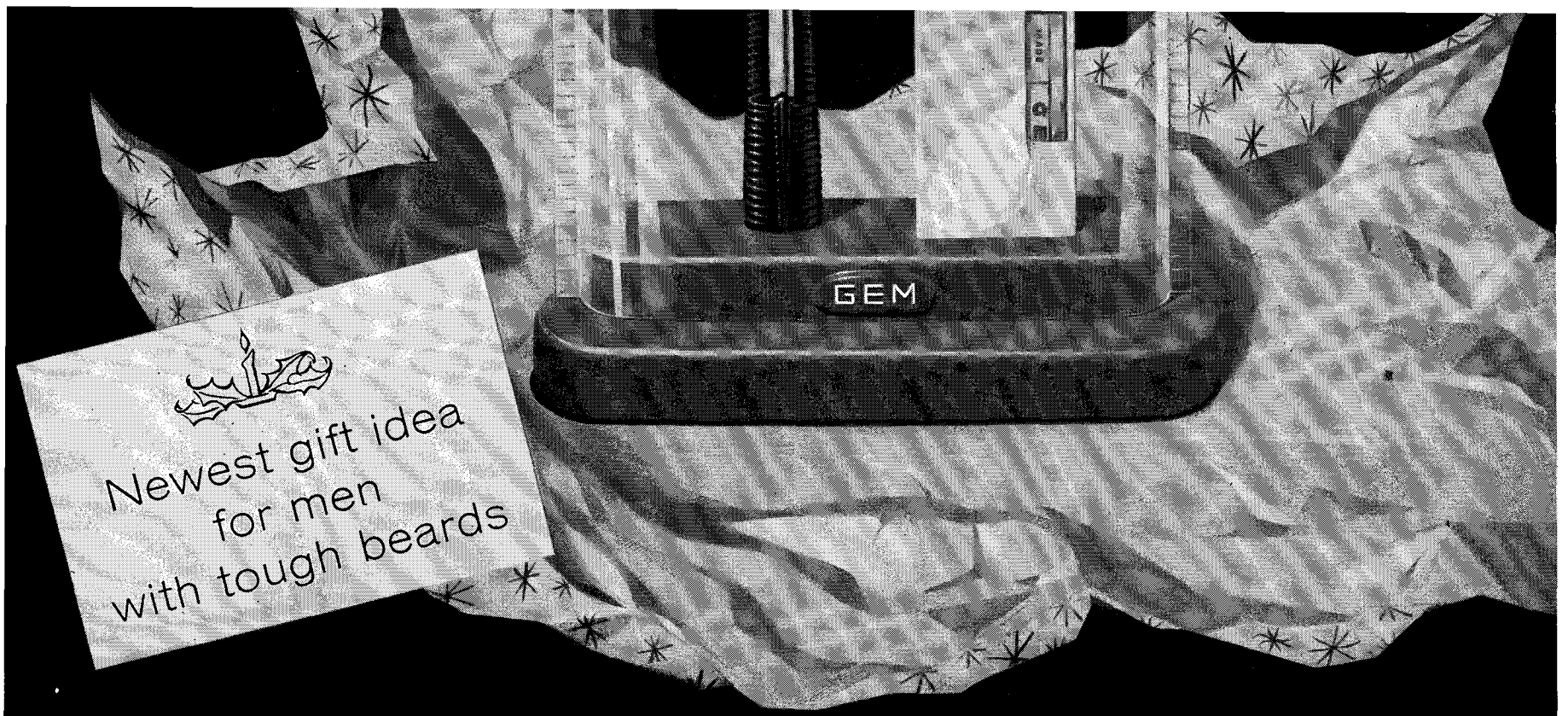

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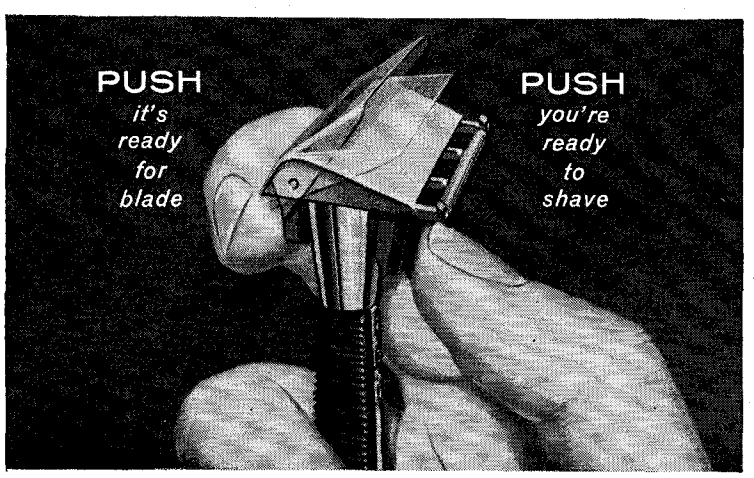

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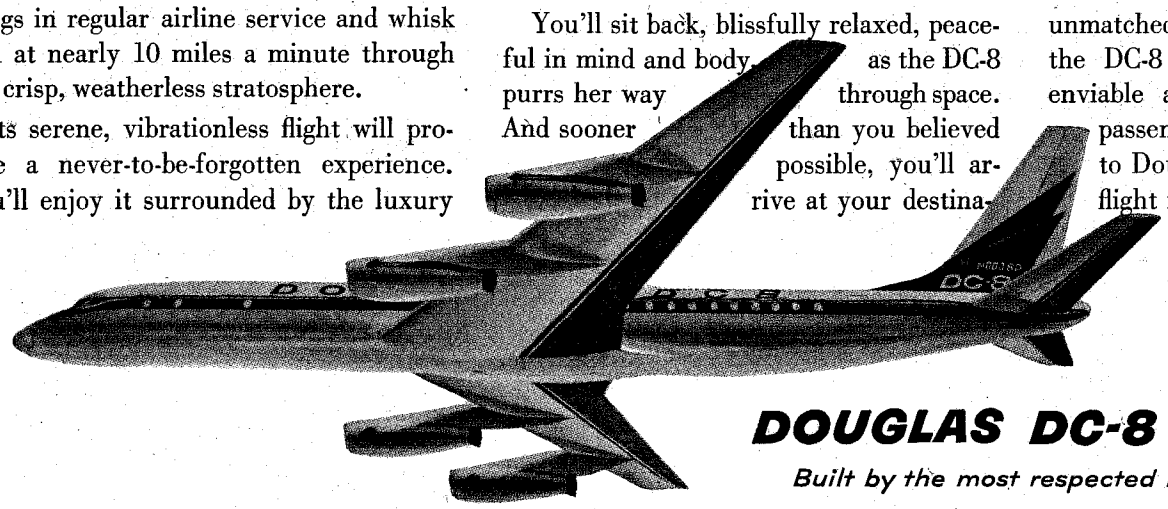

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Built by the most respected name in aviation

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(*Continued from Page 64*) something. Of his unhappiness, Cabel decided not to speak.

"I'm sorry you're leaving," Round Eyes said. "It is not only because you have been a good friend, and very patient, but also because I feel—I know—that if anybody can get Paul back it is you. You understand the Chinese."

Cabel said, "I thought I did. Now I'm not sure."

"This Chinese colonel, is he tough?"

"Not tough." Cabel rapped the stone curb with the steel tip of his cane. "Hard, like that."

"Then you don't think that maybe today ——?"

He said what was necessary. "All I can do is hope, and try. I always do my best. I will do a little extra today." He thought of the package in his kit. "It is perhaps not as important for me as for you, but it is still very important."

The jeep rounded the corner and pulled up to the curb with Sergeant Slazinger, one of the embassy's Marine Corps guards, driving. Cabel walked to the jeep, limping very slightly, and climbed in. He put his weight on the cane and favored the foot. The foot was artificial. On cold, damp days it annoyed him, throbbing although the real foot was not there.

"I pray for you," Round Eyes said, "in both languages."

They started. The sergeant said, "I hear you're leavin' us, major."

"That's right. Where'd you hear it?"

"My steady told me."

"Where'd she get it?"

"From her girl friend. Her girl friend's the steady of one of the code clerks."

"You've got great security around here."

Slazinger said, "It ain't exactly a top-secret item, major, that would imperil and endanger the national safety."

"You're so right," Cabel admitted.

All it imperiled was the well-being of a single family—one man, one woman, three children ready for college. He had been assigned duty at Panmunjom for one year, and he had been relieved in eight months, the orders indicating no further assignment. Right at this time, forced retirement was a personal disaster. Four years ago he would have been under forty, and it would have been simpler to start a new career. Four years hence, he would receive adequate retirement pay, enough to see the children through college. He doubted that he would get four years, or even four months, after the Culligan failure. Of what use was a foot soldier without a foot, except in such specialized duty as Panmunjom? Of course, he would have his disability pension. It wouldn't be enough.

As for a job. He had a B.A. from Washington and Lee, but World War II had arrived before he could really start anything. He knew nothing except war. He was familiar with explosives—the old-fashioned, non-nuclear type. He could blow a bridge, but not build one. He could clear a mine field, but he couldn't grow a crop. He was a man-at-arms, with a certain flair for languages, and hobbies of doubtful utility in the business world, such as an interest in Oriental civilizations. Finally, he was happy with his profession, and he did not care to leave it.

They followed the regular route, past the Zoo and the Confucian Institute and through the ruined walls of the old city and then up the hills and north along the ancient invasion route. Many barbarians had come to Seoul this way. They passed landmarks remembered from Cabel's first tour of duty in Korea—a burned-out Russian T-34 with a tree growing out of its turret, an antiquated watch tower which had been a handy observation post, a ravine his battalion had held until driven back by the devilishly accurate Chinese mortar fire. They passed signs, faded and sagging, that told of forgotten feats of arms by units that no longer existed. THIS BRIDGE ERECTED BY THE 1104TH ENGINEERS. YOU ARE NOW ENTERING BUNZAN—COURTESY THE WOLFHOUNDS. They passed graves.

They came to the shell-pocked village of Munsan-ni, where a base camp had been erected for the original armistice negotiations. The press train still stood on its siding, tethered to earth by a maze of telephone and telegraph wires. The wires drooped and carried no messages. The train's windows were broken, its paint peeling, wood rotting, and it housed and fed no correspondents. Once it had been the busiest and most important press center in the world. Now Panmunjom was of importance only to a few people—Culligan, his family, his friends, his girl, and Maj. André Cabel and family, and, in a different way, to a number of officials in Washington, Peiping, Moscow, Seoul, and Pyongyang.

They drove on, and crossed Freedom Bridge, over the Imjin. Off to the left somewhere, at that red-clay embankment, he had crossed the Imjin without aid of bridges, and a few minutes later he had almost bought it. Beyond the embankment, or that knoll, he had traded his right foot for a Purple Heart and assorted other decorations. He had never thought it a bad deal, and did not now. His battalion had established a bridgehead, and the bridgehead had been important.

Slazinger said, "I hear you got hit somewhere around here?"

"Yes. I did. Right over there, on that knoll."

"I didn't sign up until it was almost over. I was in high school when all that stuff was flying around here."

Cabel was a little startled that anyone could have been in high school during the Korean War and now be a sergeant. He counted back. Why, in World War II, which didn't seem so long ago, the sergeant had been in kindergarten! Then he realized that it wasn't that the sergeant was so young. It was that he himself was getting old.

Slazinger said, "All the boys are sorry you're leaving, major. They thought you knew your stuff. How did you pull this bum duty anyway?"

"I was picked by a machine, I suppose," Cabel said. "I believe that's the way G-1 operates nowadays. They want a man with certain qualifications and they tell the qualifications to the machine. The machine flips out a card, and there's the man. In this case, they wanted someone who had languages, and knew something about Chinese psychology and Communist dogma, and who had been in Korea. The machine may have made a mistake."

"Machines are smarter than people," Slazinger said positively. "Before they relieved you, they ought to have talked to that machine again. I think you're getting a bum rap, major. We all do, all us marines."

"Thanks, sergeant," Cabel said. Perhaps he hadn't been picked by the machine after all, he thought. Perhaps they simply didn't know what else to do with him.

They drove on, presently passing ROK troops, on foot, who waved and grinned. On the hill to the right Cabel noted a ROK howitzer emplacement, poorly camouflaged. When the shooting stopped, all troops were prone to carelessness. Then they saw the four balloons, swaying on their cables, that marked the perimeter of Panmunjom. The truce sanctuary was only a mythical circle, a thousand yards in diameter, in a valley that was still no man's land.

They drove past the handful of crumbling, uninhabited huts that had once been the village of Panmunjom, so small that it was not even a dot on large-scale military maps. Panmunjom meant, literally, "Inn With the White Door." Cabel had never been able to decide which of these shacks had been the inn. They were all tiny, unpainted, and none had doors.

They drove to the bungalow in the exact center of the circle. It was still called The Tent because back in '51, when negotiations began, only a tent had stood on this spot. The bungalow's walls were neatly woven of rattan and bamboo, and fitted with picture windows. From these windows, it was possible to see the red-brown trenches snaking over the barren terrain. Once, through these windows, the men who talked of peace had simultaneously been able to watch the war, an eerie experience.

Altogether, it was a lonely and historic place, a place of legend and fable, fragile as the dust devils chasing each other over the eroded hills. Cabel remembered that many others, including admirals and generals of famous reputation, had found no victory here either. Panmunjom was a place of evil name, a graveyard of careers.

"There's the colonel's car," Slazinger said. "The big Chinese cheese beat us here today." He meant Colonel Han. There were five members on each truce team, but unless there were fresh incidents, or an agreement to be signed, the tedious task of daily meetings was left to Cabel and Han.

Several other cars were pulled up alongside the bungalow, cars bearing the insignia of the Korean governments, South and North. These were the cars of the official interpreters, but since Han spoke English perfectly, and Cabel spoke Mandarin fairly well, no interpreters were needed, or used. They appeared on meeting days, and vanished after a time, the South Koreans back to Munsan-ni, the North Koreans to the Communist base camp at Kaesong. What they did in these villages was their own business. It was not strange that while the dispute ostensibly was between Koreans, one side should be represented by an American and the other by a Communist Chinese, for the dispute eventually had encompassed the whole world, and conceivably could again. Cabel and Han did not so much represent sovereign states as states of mind.

Cabel, using his cane and escorted by Slazinger, limped to The Tent. Everything was exactly as before, as it had been yesterday, as it had been eight months ago, on his first trip to Panmunjom. The meeting room was dominated by the baize-covered, oblong conference table, eighteen feet long. On the table were a few ash trays and two tiny flags, a Communist flag on the east, the U.N. flag on the west, which was as it should be.

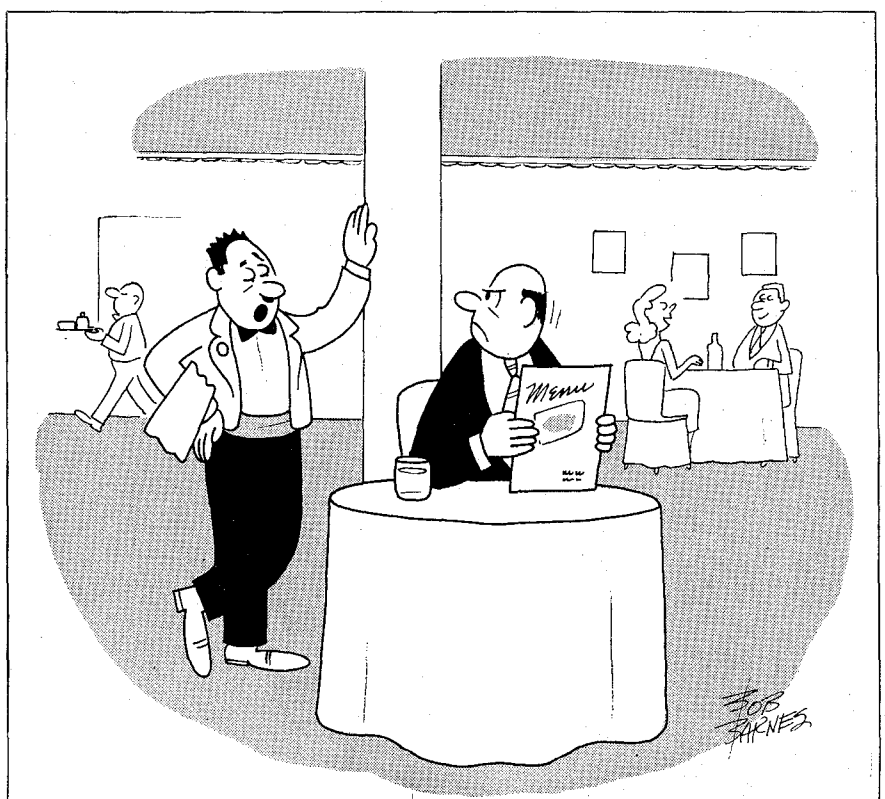
Han was already seated. He was smoking an American cigarette and chatting with two North Korean officers. Han rose, saluted, and Cabel returned the salute. Captain Pak, the chief South Korean interpreter, said, "Sir, will you be needing us today?"

"No. Thank you, Captain Pak."

The interpreters disappeared. Sergeant Slazinger left, closing the door behind him. Slazinger would join Han's driver, swap candy bars for vile Pyongyang beer, and they would lunch together and converse in pidgin Japanese and sign language.

Now that Cabel and Han were alone, a brief formality was traditional and necessary in accordance with the armistice agreement. They sat in their proper chairs, the heads-of-delegation chairs, with arm rests, once occupied by American generals and admirals, and Red generals, at the table's center. They sat erect, face to face, across the spotted, fading green cloth. Cabel began it. "Does your side have anything to bring up today?"

Han smiled. "Nothing." Colonel Han was younger than Cabel. He was a large man, as tall as Cabel but broader, and deep of chest. He wore North Korean as well as Chinese insignia, for officially he was technical adviser to the North Korean People's Army. He was a good, perhaps a brilliant soldier, in Cabel's estimate. Soon, doubtless, he would have a promotion. In any army he was general-officer caliber. Even now he exercised more power and political influence than he displayed on (*Continued on Page 69*)



"I'd recommend the Veal Scallopini—
with a bottle of wine to kill the taste."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE WAY IT USED TO BE—cars coming up behind made rear-view mirror a blinding booby-trap.

WHERE DID THE GLARE GO? New electronic rear-view mirror dims glare, instantly, automatically. Available in cars of The *Forward* Look—exclusively. Further proof that you get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation.

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Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.
Quality Cars of The *Forward* Look for '59
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out the difference great engineering makes.

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(*Continued from Page 67*) his shoulders. Officially, a North Korean general was head of the Communist delegation. But it was Han who made the Communist decisions, subject to ratification in Pyongyang and Peiping.

It was now Han's turn. He said, "Does your side have anything new to present?"

After eight months, Cabel knew Han—his character, his idiosyncrasies, his mannerisms and tricks of speech—almost as well as he had ever known any man. By the use of the word "new" Han had just told him that the Communist position on Paul Culligan was unchanged, and discussion useless. Cabel decided to evade an immediate rejection, if possible. Once Joe—they had been on a first-name basis for some time, and at Stanford Han's nickname had been Joe—said *nyet*, then Joe could not reverse himself. To do so would be damaging to pride and face. Joe was Communist by adoption, and as a Communist he could change tactics and eat his words with cynical ease and speed. But Joe had been born Chinese, of proud and ancient family, and he was Chinese first and to the marrow.

So Cabel did not make a formal request, as he had every meeting day for seven weeks. He knew it would be instantly rejected, and after that there would be nothing to do but play gin until it was time to return to Seoul. Summary rejection would make it impossible to carry through his plan successfully. Instead he said, "Joe, you know in your heart that boy's not a spy."

Han looked at the end of his cigarette. "Communist Chinee hava no heart. Don't you know that, André? Me inscrutable, heartless Chinee."

"It isn't funny, Joe," Cabel said. "We've been through all this before, but you know as well as I do what spies are. When your side sends a spy south of thirty-eight do you send a blond, blue-eyed Russian? Of course not. You send a Korean because one Korean looks and talks like another Korean, and a man's politics is not tattooed on his forehead. And if we're interested in something north of thirty-eight we don't send a pink-cheeked, all-American boy who doesn't even speak the language, and infiltrate him by crashing his aircraft."

Joe Han kept on smiling. "Culligan had a camera on him, a very good one. Japanese copy of a German design."

"Sure. Who doesn't carry a camera on his first assignment overseas? I'll bet that when you developed the film all you found were the topographical features of his girl, which incidentally are very nice. She's a Korean girl, you know." Whenever he mentioned Culligan's girl, Cabel emphasized that she was Korean. Han's principal, perhaps his only, antipathy for the United States was based on color prejudice, real or fancied. Cabel guessed there might be a few unpleasant or embarrassing memories from Han's years in California.

Han opened the table drawer and brought out a pack of cards.

Cabel persisted. "You know what Culligan's job really is, don't you?"

"Espionage," Han said firmly.

"He is assistant librarian at the American library in Seoul. O.K., he's a propagandist. But he's not a spy. Also, he's a minor poet. Some of his poems have even been published."

Joe Han shuffled the cards. "Only yesterday I discovered he was a poet. That's what he's been doing in his room—note that I said 'room,' not cell. He is being well treated. You know, do unto others.... Well, yesterday he invited me to read some of his poems. All his poems are about one person—a girl he calls Round Eyes. Is that the girl?"

"That's her."

Han's smile vanished. He spoke coldly. "Korean girls don't have round eyes. All Asiatics have eyes like mine."

Cabel's heart sank. He thought he had been making progress, creating sympathy. Now, he was worse off than before. Nevertheless, he told of the fad among Seoul's young girls, back in the war years, of the operation on the eyelids. And he said, "There must have been pictures of her in his camera."

"As a matter of fact," Han admitted, "all the pictures in Culligan's camera did show a Korean girl, no matter what the background was. When I get back to Pyongyang I will look closely, and see whether she has round eyes. Come to think of it, I believe she did."

"So you must know, Joe, that he isn't a spy."

"Of course I know that kid isn't a spy. But Pyongyang thinks he's a spy and Peiping thinks he's a spy and I am only a colonel."

Cabel made a key move in his game of psychological chess. "I know that you can handle Pyongyang, and convince Peiping, but that isn't the capital that decides, is it, Joe? Isn't there another place, called Moscow?"

Colonel Han's chin moved forward an extra inch, and a muscle balled at the base of his jaw. "Come on," he said. "Time's awastin'. Let's play gin." He extended the cards, "Cut for deal."

Cabel knew that for the moment it was inadvisable to press Han further. He was simply loosening the soil, and replanting the seed. Perhaps there would be no reward, or it would come late, to be reaped by his replacement, an Air Force light colonel presently teaching in Tokyo. Han must feel sympathy for Culligan, for Culligan loved an Asiatic and Culligan was a poet. Colonel Han, Cabel knew, also was something of a poet, in a secret way. And Cabel was certain, from past silences as well as words, that Han resented Russian authority, interference and domination. So Cabel said, "O.K. Let's play gin. How do we stand?"

"You're still ahead by sixty-three hundred yen." Eight months ago, when the gin marathon started, they had set the stakes in a neutral currency.

Cabel cut, and won the deal. It was now essential that he lose the sixty-three hundred yen.

From the first, Cabel had known he was the better player and had won consistently. Then he discovered that the more he won at gin the fewer arguments he won over the conference table. Han became short-tempered and abrupt, and Cabel realized that Han was losing face, which was more important than the money. Thereafter, Cabel managed to lose as often as he won; Han's disposition improved, and Cabel obtained more concessions from the other side. By the end of this session they must be even, so that Han would owe him nothing whatsoever.

So Cabel played very badly. His gin was abysmal. After an hour they stopped for lunch, Cabel sharing his sandwiches, Han his rice and chicken. Han seemed worried. He said, "Something's wrong with your rummy today, André."

"Just bad luck."

Han shook his head. "No. You're not yourself. What's up?"

Cabel hesitated, pretending reticence. Then he put down his cup and said, "I don't see why I shouldn't tell you, Joe. You'll know Monday anyway. I'm being relieved. I have been replaced. You'll have a new gin partner next week."

"I am very sorry, André. I am sincerely sorry."

"I believe you, Joe." Cabel did believe him. "Come on, let's play. This is your last chance to get even, Joe. Make the most of it."

By three o'clock Cabel had managed to lose the sixty-three hundred yen. He sighed and tossed the cards on the table and said, "I guess that's it, Joe. Don't feel up to any more. My brain isn't working today. We finish all square. You don't owe me a thing."

"Right," Han said. "All square."

Cabel rose and stretched. "It hasn't been all bad, has it, Joe, these eight months? Give and take. As you said, do unto others. . . . I think maybe we did better than they do at the foreign ministers' level, or the summit. I have appreciated your patience, your companionship—I shall even say your friendship. I wish to show my appreciation."

Han laughed. "You have—by always holding kings."

"Something more than that. I remember, during football season, that you said you wished you had a radio that would pick up the Armed Forces Network, so you could listen to some of the games, and the good jazz concerts."

... ...

Aspiration

By Charles Lee

Afloat
On the blue tide
Of dawn,
Spirit-stretched,
Men can touch infinity,
Drifting down
That airy sea
Of intuitions
Toward sunlit ports
And unmapped knowings
Too radiant
For speech.

... ...

Cabel reached into his musette bag and brought out the package, no longer than his hand and not much thicker. He handed it across the table. He said, "Open it."

Colonel Han hefted the package, half frowning, quizzical lines around his eyes. "Booby trap? Plastic explosive?"

"If it is, I go up with you. Go ahead, open it."

Han opened it, his fingers fast and deft. It was a transistor radio, a very good one, carefully made, its case Chinese red and gold. Han held it in both hands as carefully as if it were a Ming vase.

"I remember you saying your side didn't have this type radio yet. Picked it up in the compound P.X. Wasn't expensive. It's adjusted to the A.F.N. frequencies. Notice the little earphone that comes with it. Just slip it over your ear and you can listen without disturbing anyone else."

Han examined the earphone. Cabel wondered whether, if this act became known, he would rate a court-martial. But if Churchill, across "the havoc of war," could publicly compliment Rommel, certainly he could present a radio to Colonel Han. Even if the gift accomplished nothing else, it would provide Han with American news as well as the football play-by-play. It would spread his side's story.

Han wet his lips with his tongue. He said, "I can't take it."

"Certainly you can take it. You must take it. Can you refuse a gift from one who calls himself friend?"

Han still held the radio. "It is true that I can't insult a friend by refusing a gift—and you have been a friend, André. And yet I cannot take it."

"Why not?"

Han spoke angrily. "Because I have nothing to give you in return."

"I don't want anything," Cabel said. "This is just a little token, a remembrance. Do not consider it a gift. Until the world is better. Then, if you wish, you may call it a gift, and give me something in return."

"When the world is better? When will that be?" Han plugged in the thin cord of the earphone, tried it, and smiled.

Han put the radio down on the table, gently. "I'm going to take a chance, André. I'm going to give you a present in return. At least, I think I can give you this present. I will give you Paul Culligan. They won't like it in Pyongyang, but I can handle the Korean general. Peiping may scream, but after the North Koreans agree, they'll have to go along. As for Moscow, I don't give a hang what they say. I mean it, André. I am all Chinese."

"Thank you very much for Paul Culligan," Cabel said softly. "I know you will be able to do it. Yes, indeed, Joe, I agree you are all Chinese."

When he returned to Seoul, at dusk, Round Eyes was there, in front of the billet, waiting. She saw his face and before he could get out of the jeep she said, "You have done it! They are going to send him back!"

For his own sake, and the girl's, Cabel could not allow himself to be optimistic, beyond the facts. He said, "I think there is a chance." He crawled out of the jeep stiffly, his foot aching and throbbing. He stretched, and told her what had occurred.

She listened and asked a question. "Do you trust him?"

Cabel was thoughtful. "I trust him." He went to his quarters, typed a dispatch to the Pentagon and packed.

Major Cabel was in his home in Houston, a week later, when it was announced that Paul Culligan had been freed at Panmunjom. A few days thereafter Cabel received orders to report to the Pentagon at once.

The two-star general in G-1 was apologetic. "There's been an awful flap around here about recalling you from Panmunjom," he said. "Everybody agrees that you did a wonderful job in the Culligan case. Took us off a very hot spot. Gives the Army a lot of face. Shows that we produce the kind of officer who can handle delicate diplomatic duties. In some parts of the world the diplomatic end is becoming as important as anything else we do. Strange thing is I can't find anybody who will admit responsibility for yanking you out of Korea. It must've been the machine."

"Oh, yes," Cabel said. "The machine."

"The computer keeps track of all officers sent overseas, and on temporary duty, and lets us know when their assignments are completed. This time he made a mistake, only it turned out not to be a mistake at all, because we need a man with your talents and capabilities in Bangkok right away."

"Wonderful city, Bangkok."

"It's a three-year tour of duty," the general said. "You can take your family."

"That's fine."

"The computer says you're the ideal officer for the job. The T.O. calls for a colonel, but I'm afraid we can't shove you up two grades because of the foot. It's a very responsible, important mission."

Major Cabel hesitated, but only for a second. He said, "I'll take it, sir." He saluted and left, trying not to limp.

THE END

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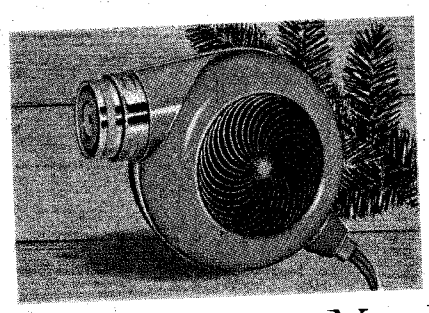

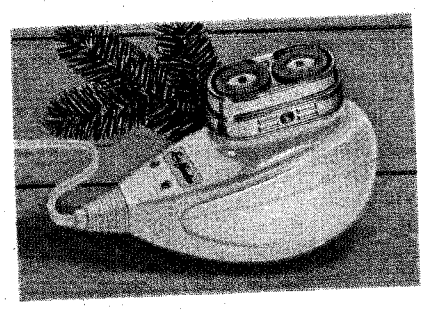

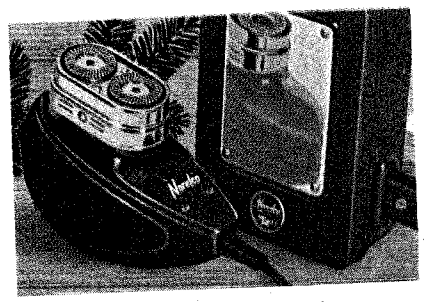

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Rich Man's Daughter

(Continued from Page 30)

She was dressed in riding pants and a man's white shirt, a big felt hat that covered her dark hair, and elastic-sided riding boots scuffed at the toes. But she was still completely feminine, and she was laughing at him quietly. And it didn't help Dan Somers' embarrassment to realize that she must have watched him swinging around at intervals to scan the back trail in his efforts to avoid her.

"It was dark," he said gruffly. "I must've grabbed your father's slowest horse."

"You should have wakened me," she said. "I told you last night I'd take you to Billy Monday."

"I'm too considerate."

"I know," she said. "You believe in letting sleeping ladies lie."

Dan felt that smack right on the target. He gave his horse a nudging heel. There were some things a man should never try to answer, and this was one of them. From the corner of his eyes he saw Jane turn the black to follow him, and he was glad she wouldn't be able to ride abreast until they were through the trees.

The thing that troubled Dan was nothing new to men in general, but always new to those whom it affected. Constable Dan Somers had a territory of some five thousand square miles to cover, a firm belief in the importance of his job, and a pay packet of a size that Jane Brenton's father would use for cigarette money. Paul Brenton, a widower, was cattle-rich and, although not a man to flaunt his wealth, it still meant, quite simply, that Jane Brenton was a rich man's only daughter. It was, Dan thought, as simple as that. As simple as a stone wall with broken glass and barbed wire on top. As simple as impossibility.

There had been times in the past few weeks when he wished he had never set eyes on Jane Brenton. But the wishing was never really true. He had met her first on being assigned this territory a year before. And after that his patrols seemed always to lead past Pebble Creek. They had become good friends. Platonic, he imagined, until four weeks ago, when they had somehow become isolated at a night barbecue, and the good fellowship of the party, the loneliness of the distant fire, the discreetness of the night—all these things had conspired to make him forget platonic friendship and the fact that she was Paul Brenton's daughter.

But next morning early he had gone back to his police post at Pompey's Crossing, twenty miles away, and taken a good, hard look around. A four-room stone house, painted dull brown and cream, some battered furniture, a tin shed for his jeep, a post-and-rail yard for his horses, and a barred lockup for official guests. It was no place for any woman, let alone one used to luxury.

There was only one thing to do, he had decided. So he had kept away from the fine white homestead of Pebble Creek, with its cool water and gardens and high trees, its native servants and its moneyed ease.

Then, yesterday, Paul Brenton had sent for him, crying trouble. Billy Monday, one of his native cattle hands, had been swindled over the purchase of a guaranteed, do-it-yourself rain-making ritual, and was after blood. And Dan had gone unwillingly, slugging his jeep along the rough track from Pompey's Crossing, telling himself fiercely, with strong misgivings, that duty was where duty called.

"Why, Mr. Somers," Jane had greeted him. "What magic brings you here?"

"Rain magic," Paul Brenton said, thin, lined face twisted in a sardonic grin. And Dan had heard him add, in a stage mutter, "Poor devil!"

Dan thought about it now and was no more reassured by the memory of Paul Brenton's mocking sympathy than he had been originally. It had meant, in case he didn't know, that he was on a spot. The trees were thinning out and he could see through them to the dipping plain, and the line of low, rocky hills that marked the southern boundary of Pebble Creek property. The outstation where Billy Monday worked was snugged against the hills somewhere. Dan dragged a spurious mask of unconcern down on his face. There were five miles coming up where he would have to ride side-by-side with Jane Brenton, and kid both himself and her that it didn't mean a thing.

Billy Monday, his notebook said, had bought a rain-making ritual from a craggy, old lone-wolf character named Pelican, who had recently come into the district in somewhat indecent haste. Pelican, so named because of his extraordinary way with food when he could lay hands on a few tons of it, had been a too successful rain maker up in the Daly River country. His incantations had brought down a flood. Two dogs and a mary—native woman—had been drowned, so his tribe ran him out on the tickling end of a dozen shovel-nosed spears.

There could be no doubt about Pelican's status as a rain maker, Dan thought, even though, like all others of his kind, he guaranteed no more than to produce clouds. It was up to the spirits to be tired enough to release the water. There was also little doubt about Pelican's brand of cunning, or so Paul Brenton claimed. He had accepted Billy Monday's money for the ritual, and then held out on the key mumbo jumbo, a straight case of false pretenses. Furthermore, Monday was talking of getting his mates together and opening Pelican up a bit so they could extract his hidden secrets.

"Jane," Dan said, frowning, as they cleared the trees and she came alongside. "No one's told me yet why Billy Monday, a station hand, wanted to buy this rain charm."

She ran a hand down the black's neck and smiled. "Why does a man do anything?"

He sensed a trap, but said, "You tell me."

"A woman," she said gravely. "He wanted to have the secret of making rain so he could go on marriage walkabout with his beloved."

"Since when has a native needed rain magic to take himself a wife?"

Jane laughed. "Billy Monday is mission trained and cautious. He wants to make rain so he can always provide food for his beloved."

"For Pete's sake," Dan snapped. "Stop calling her his beloved."

Jane stabbed at him with a quick, upward glance. "He won't ask her to share the hardships of the bush. Such a considerate young man!" She sighed. "He makes me sick."

And that, Dan thought, was really throwing stones. He didn't duck. He took them on the head. But he promised himself to straighten out Billy Monday and Pelican fast and then get himself off Pebble Creek property at speed.

Last night, at dinner, Jane had worn a yellow dress that set her smooth, suntanned arms aglow and made a flower of her face. Her dark eyes, in the lamplight, had been pools of softness. He had felt a funny emptiness under his broad leather service belt, a tautness that had stayed there all the evening. And he had gone to bed thinking about her, about the way she had kissed him once, the soft warm feel of her in the cool night. It worried him and his set of rules, so he had got up silently in the predawn to avoid her, walked his horse a thousand yards for silence's sake—then made a fool of himself by riding straight into her ambush.

Now, as they rode steadily across the waking plain, he was painfully aware of her. The sun grew warmer, and the dust raised by the horses' shuffling trot no longer smelled of dew. Countless small lizards darted away in swift brown flashes at their approach. A flock of pink-breasted galahs clamored up from feeding on seeds among the dry grass, screaming raucous abuse at the intruders. The sky changed from deep to pale blue, higher and yet higher, with black motes of eagles dotting it.

"This Billy Monday," Dan said at last. "What is he? Pitta-Pitta? Purula? What's his tribal name?"

"We don't know," Jane said. "He was abandoned as a baby, and a missionary found him—on a Monday. So they called him Billy Monday."

"No tribe," Dan mused. "That means he's got no laws to bind him."

"He was raised to manhood in the mission," Jane said. "He's got their laws—and yours."

"Let's call it a season!"

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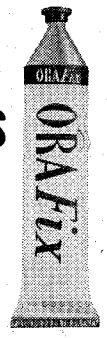

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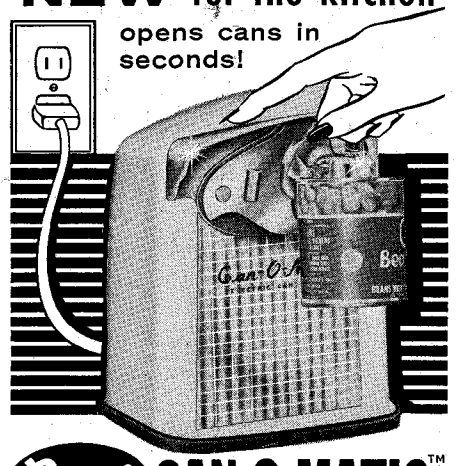

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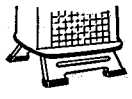

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"I know," Dan nodded. "I was just wondering —— There's something funny about this whole setup."

"Not funny for Lilac," Jane said.

"Lilac?"

"His girl. One of our domestics. She's breaking her heart. He takes her out, but he always brings her back."

Dan raised his eyebrows. "Petting parties?"

"Presumably," she said. "Comes of having no tribal code. Nothing but the white man's habits." She looked him squarely in the face. "You know, barbecues and all that."

Then she stretched the black out into a gallop, and Dan was left jogging behind to ruminate on the immutable laws of nature and to wonder, if he tried hard enough, if he could find a gold mine or a hill full of uranium, or—his mouth twisted in a rueful grin—or even a sure method of making rain.

He came unhurried to the outstation, knowing from experience that the policeman's trick of the steady approach worked equally well in reverse—it tended to unsettle a nervous quarry; it could also restore a rattled cop.

A wooden hut under a clump of straggling trees, with a couple of dingo scalps hanging on the front wall, a tin washbasin on a kerosene box near the door, and a stock saddle, boasting B.M. in gold letters, astride a narrow bench. A small split-rail horse yard, holding three animals, was fifty yards away. Jane was there, standing with one foot on the bottom rail, talking earnestly to a young native stockman.

Dan rode up at a slow walk, assessing him, choosing a few stern phrases about the wages of assault as a preamble to hearing his complaint about the perfidy of one Pelican, rain maker, address largely unknown.

The stockman was good-looking and aware of it. Dan's eyes moved slowly down from head to toe, checking off the description of Billy Monday that his blacktracker—native tracker—had given at the police post. He saw wavy black hair, pushed back and glossy with oil, a good forehead, wide flat nose, big white teeth, a doubtful chin and garish clothes—blue satin shirt with a red collar, black, figure-tight jeans with white stripe, and high-heeled yellow boots. He also saw that Billy Monday was apprehensive. His soft black eyes kept swiveling, and when Dan finally ranged up against the yard they slid away.

"We've wasted our time," Jane said.

Dan turned to her.

"Billy Tuesday here says Billy Monday's out in the scrub after strays. Probably be there four or five days."

Dan eased forward slightly in the saddle. "Tuesday," he mused. "One day too late. That's tough."

Jane slipped off her hat and finger-combed her hair. "I've told Billy Tuesday to send him to the homestead soon as he shows up," she said. "All right?"

"Sure," Dan said, watching Billy nervously shuffle his fancy boots. "Billy," he said quietly, "what d'you do around here?"

Billy flicked him a quick glance. "Me stockman like Billy Monday," he muttered. "He my brudder."

"Came from the same mission," Jane explained hastily.

Dan grinned. "What'd the padre do when he ran out of days?"

She shrugged. "Sent down to Melbourne for a telephone directory, I believe. Wonderful idea. He's only just down to "Adamczyk" and he's had it two years."

"Billy," Dan said gravely, "I'll tell you how you can help me. Get on a horse and find your brother. Tell him I want to see him at the homestead—fast."

"Orright, boss," Billy said, with evident relief. "I catchim, bring 'im quicktime."

"That's fine," Dan said. "Just fine."

Dinner at Pebble Creek homestead that night had most of the elements of a good poker game, Dan thought. Jane Brenton played the hostess with graceful ease, displaying an elaborate unconcern over whatever aces she was holding up her sleeve. Paul Brenton sat immovably on his hand as dealt, watching carefully from beneath his grizzled brows. Dan himself played dumb, waiting for a dropped hint that might put him in the game. None came, and by coffee time he knew he had to make a bid.

"Jane," he said carefully. "I've been thinking about tomorrow."

She poured coffee and pushed a cup across to him. "Yes?"

"I'd better go alone."

Paul Brenton coughed, dabbed his mouth with a napkin and said, "Black, with two sugars."

"You'd never find Pelican without a guide," Jane said.

"Draw me a map, then," Dan said blandly. "Someone will have to remain here in case Billy Monday comes in."

"Why, of course," Jane said smoothly. . . . "Father, you'll just have to stay."

"Suits me," Paul Brenton grinned. "'Bout time someone did some riding for me."

To err is human; to forgive yourself is habit-forming.

WINSTON JOHNSON

Dan eyed him balefully. "What if this Pelican turns nasty? Could be a bad spot for a girl."

"I'll take that risk," Jane said. "I really will."

Paul Brenton scooped up his coffee cup and gave Dan a small, ironic bow. "Come on," he said. "I'll play you checkers. We'll take it easy. Reckon you're going to have a long, hard day tomorrow."

"Yeah," Dan muttered. "Specially if this Pelican's got a brother."

The morning sky was bloodshot with sun and banked-up clouds. Dan Somers and Jane Brenton rode westward, toward the hills, feeling the chills of early morning pulse across their skin. It was going to be, Dan thought, one of those soggy days, with the clouds pressing down like cotton wool.

He looked covertly at Jane, crisply fresh in a rust-colored cotton blouse and khaki riding pants. Her face, in profile, was so lovely that it made him want to say something, anything, that would cause her to turn and smile. It made him want to touch her, touch the rounded, firm-fleshed forearms revealed by her rolled sleeves, wrap an arm around her waist ——

He checked. This was no manner in which to start a day. He forced himself to think away from her, to search his mind again for some explanation of her chicanery about Billy Monday. "You're sure you can find this Pelican?" he said gruffly.

She turned, inspecting him. "I'll go in like a homing pigeon. Right to his front door."

"Like you did with Billy Monday," Dan said evenly.

Her eyes opened wide; then she shook her head. "Pelican will be there."

"It's going to be too hot for riding around in circles hunting sign."

"Stop fussing," Jane said. "He's waiting for us. I sent him a message when we got back yesterday."

She smiled then. There was such softness in the smile that Dan felt all his reasoned arguments starting to melt. And he knew then he had to finish off this business and get out of range again. He was a back-country cop, he told himself severely, and she was a rich man's daughter. There was nothing about it that would work. He looked hard-eyed at his horse's ears, flicking now under the torment of the day's first flies.

"Jane," he said, "I'm going to bring Pelican in. If Billy Monday doesn't turn up today, I'll take the old man back to the police post and wait there."

"Why, of course," she said. "How neat."

Dan knew, from the irony in her voice, that she had seen through his stratagem. Blank-faced, he said, "I can't stay out too long on a minor case like this."

"Of course," she said. "How true."

Dan let that pass and they rode on toward the hills, slate-gray turning to brown now as they neared. Chunky Shorthorns gazed at them in scattered, curious groups. The heat grew more oppressive, steamier. Then they took to a narrow pad winding up into the hills. Jane took the lead, following the pad through patches of scrub and yacca bush, rounding great boulders that reared above them, startling the timid gray rock wallabies that bounded off in crazy, zigzag leaps.

Then, suddenly, in a straggly mulga copse, they came upon the camp, a wurley made of brush and boughs, just high enough for a man to sit in, a cooking hole outside, and a pile of cans. Primitive, yet adequate.

"Well," Dan said suspiciously, "where is he?"

"Not far." Jane dismounted and trailed her reins. "He'll be over at the creek."

They found him there, fifty yards away, squatting in the bed of the deep, dry creek that was more a gutter than a stream. A skinny, coal-black old man with a luxuriant white beard. He wore dirty, once-white tennis shoes and a pair of ragged pants. The skin hung in folds on his naked torso. Only a little emu-egg-sized paunch above his waistband gave evidence of his appetite.

He was singing to himself in a deep, wobbling voice, running his fingers in circles through the fine sand of the creek bed. Dan didn't need the pressure of Jane's fingers on his arm to warn him not to speak. This was the rain maker's liturgy. You broke it under pain of a thousand-year drought.

Dan hunkered on the crumbly bank, resigned to waiting and only mildly curious. He had spotted Pelican's basic formula within the first few minutes. It was a good, conventional one; it was also very smelly. Even without the heat it would have been smelly. The old man's body was smeared with a paste of wild berries and emu fat, mixed and allowed to go rotten in the sun. Beneath his pattern-making hands, hidden in the sand, there would be a rain stone in a dish of water. The stone, Dan knew, was important. It was a rare one with colored rainbow markings. But the real gimmick was in the secret songs and the dance.

Pelican levered himself up in creaking sections, not looking at his audience, and began to shuffle around the buried stone, crooning his off-key melodies, clapping his hands and every now and then executing a little hop, skip and jump. Then he stopped on a quavering minor note. He turned and grinned.

(*Continued on Page 74*)

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(*Continued from Page 72*)

"Now you bin see she rain quicktime," he croaked. "Just like you order, missus. You bring me tucker?"

Dan stood up. "Pelican," he said sternly, "I'm a policeman. Why did you cheat Billy Monday? You proper bad feller."

Pelican's mouth dropped open, a cavern among the whiskers. His keen old eyes, like black opals, darted out at Jane, then back to the police badge on Dan's hatband. "Dat Billy proper liar," he grunted. "Missus know. Missus proper cunning feller."

"That could be true," Dan murmured. "But tell me about Billy."

Pelican burst into a falsetto cackle. "Dat Billy doan want go marry walkabout with his mary. He give me tucker, so I lettim tell every feller I cheat. Missus know ever'ting. I tell her. She say orright, Pelican."

Dan shot a look at Jane and didn't need a second one. He grabbed her by the arm. "Tell me the truth about Billy Monday," he said grimly. "You lied yesterday."

"Why, of course," she said.

"Where is he now?"

She waved her free arm, trailing the fingers along the far horizon. "Out there somewhere, on walkabout with Lilac. They're on their honeymoon."

"And the prince and the princess lived happily ever after," Dan said sardonically. He dropped her arm. "You wouldn't tell me, I suppose, for my report, just what'n blazes I've been doing these last few days?"

Jane feigned surprise so obviously that it was abrasive. "Don't you know?"

Dan glared. "Would I be asking?"

She smiled brightly. "Well, you've been the shotgun man. I told Billy you'd come to jail him for telling lies unless he married Lilac." She paused. "I also told him you'd be away from the homestead today. You'd be surprised how quickly he caught on."

Pelican cackled and began stamping out a dance step on the sand. "Dat missus proper cunning feller," he wheezed. "Big boss 'e all same little pickaninny."

Dan whirled on him. "Go make a flood," he snapped. "Then jump in."

He strode back to the horses, mounted and rode away, with Pelican's ancient cackling like a shower of spears about him. He heard Jane behind him, but didn't turn. He was too confused to face her. The thoughts and angers that were revolving in his mind needed sorting into order before he could tell Jane Brenton that she was two ends and the middle of a headstrong, spoiled brat.

Then he came out of the narrow pad, onto the plain, and she edged silently alongside. The day's heat, far greater on the flat, closed in and wrapped around them. Dan felt the stickiness of sweat and a hot prickling along his spine. It primed his irritation. He turned to Jane, eyes hard, lips clamped.

"Has anyone ever told you that you're a headstrong, spoiled brat? Has anyone ever turned you up and spanked you?"

"No," she said easily. "But I'm sort of expecting it any minute now."

A fat raindrop splashed on the back of Dan's right hand. Another thudded on his hat. "Of all the interfering, meddling, sticky-nosed ——"

"Guilty," Jane said. She said it loudly and cut him off in mid-career. "They loved each other," she said. "D'you understand? They loved each other, but Billy was scared of the responsibility. Scared to offer Lilac a shack home in exchange for her room at Pebble Creek. He needed a push, or he'd have ruined both their lives."

"Interfering," Dan began, "never did ——"

She stopped him with a stabbing finger on the chest. "Do you understand?" she demanded. "Or do I have to hit you on the head?"

Dan tried to marshal his old, sane rules, his edicts of reality, but without success. Nothing could shut out the lesson of Billy Monday and his Lilac. "I'm surprised," he said lamely, "that your father should be a party to such a thing."

Jane snorted. "He agreed with me—about you and Billy. Both."

"Misuse of the police," Dan muttered. "Laying false information. There's a lot of charges."

"Shut up," Jane said. "You're cornered. You might as well give in."

Dan stared around the plain at the little puffs of dust the raindrops were making. Then he found his old and shattered resolution and grabbed it like a drowning man. "As soon as we hit the homestead," he said hoarsely, "I'm getting out."

"You'll need a boat, and there isn't one," Jane said. "Pebble Creek will be coming down in flood."

"Piffle," Dan said. "It's too hot for heavy rain."

"Piffle to you too," she retorted. "What d'you think Pelican was doing back there? Practicing ballet? I ordered a flood, big enough to keep you here for weeks. You ordered an even bigger one."

"Magic!" Dan snarled.

Jane nodded imperturbably. "There's always magic."

"Bah!" Dan said.

It must have been the explosive, unbelieving "bah" that did it. The rain came with a drumming rush across the plain, too fast and too heavy to make dust, splashing on itself as it hit the ground. Jane spurred the black forward, and Dan followed, running for a clump of trees a thousand yards away. The rain caught them halfway there, and Dan felt it smack down on his back like a great, cold hand. It raced ahead and then they were riding blind. Dan could just see the flying tail of Jane's horse. He didn't see the trees until only feet away. He reined in hard, straining stiff-legged in the stirrups, and his horse tobogganed in, grazing the trunk of a big blue gum and missing by inches a slender figure sprawled out on the ground.

"Jane!" Her name burst from a strangled throat. He threw himself from the saddle and ran to her. "Jane . . . Jane." Then she was struggling upright. He dropped beside her, wrapped his arms around her and held her fiercely close. "Jane, you're all right? Tell me you're all right."

She found a wan and muddy smile. "Blackie slipped." Her smile grew stronger. "Dan, help me up."

But when she was on her feet, suddenly all the strength flowed out of her again and she slumped against him. Her arms slid up around his neck and then, somehow, he was kissing her. And she was strong again, returning the kiss. Dan didn't feel the rain or hear it. All he could feel was the warmth of her body inside his arms, and the thud of his pounding heart.

And when the kiss had finished, the rain had stopped too—completely, like a tap turned off—leaving only the muddy ground and dripping trees to prove that it had been at all. Dan looked down at Jane and smiled, still holding her.

"So much for Pelican's flood," he said. "Your magic."

Jane rubbed her mud-stained face against his chest. "But the magic worked," she whispered. "You haven't got away."

THE END

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The Hunt for Hidden Diabetics

(Continued from Page 21)

subject simply dips a strip of special paper into a urine sample at home, lets it dry, and mails it to a testing center in a prepared envelope.

"A Dreypak cost less than two cents," says Doctor Goodman. "It gave us a cheap, easy way to spot a disease which could otherwise do serious damage in a patient for years before he knew he was ill. All we had to do was get people to take the little test packets home and use them."

At forty-seven, Doctor Goodman is a close-cropped, tanned and boyish-faced veteran of Navy service in two wars. The father of four, he is a man of medium height, easy smile and buoyant energy. Early in 1954 he sent post cards to some of his many patients and friends, inviting them "to an organizational meeting of the Fresno Diabetes Association."

On the evening of June eleventh more than fifty of them came to the Empire Room of the California Hotel—people such as Nelle Hasler and Vicky Bidegaray, housewives with diabetic children; Dr. Robert Monlux, the county health officer; Barbara Hadley, a secretary; William Forbes, a prominent attorney; diabetics David Greenberg, a rabbi, and Marge Studer, who sold radio ads. Each had intimate knowledge of how well a diabetic could live—and with what tragic needlessness he might die.

While ladies from the Fresno County Medical Society Auxiliary served refreshments, their husbands explained the problem. They told stories of the nation's six-year search for the hidden diabetic.

In an Oklahoma school detection drive, for example, a nine-year-old girl had been the only pupil in her grade school to show sugar in her urine. Here it should be noted that the diabetic's basic problem is inability to use food sugars and starches for energy, so he often has an insatiable hunger.

Told of his pupil's diabetes, the school principal said to the doctor who called him, "That little girl is a real trouble-maker, an incorrigible thief. This last year she's been irritable beyond belief, and she can't keep up with her work. And no matter what we do, she won't stop stealing cake and candy from the other children's lunchboxes."

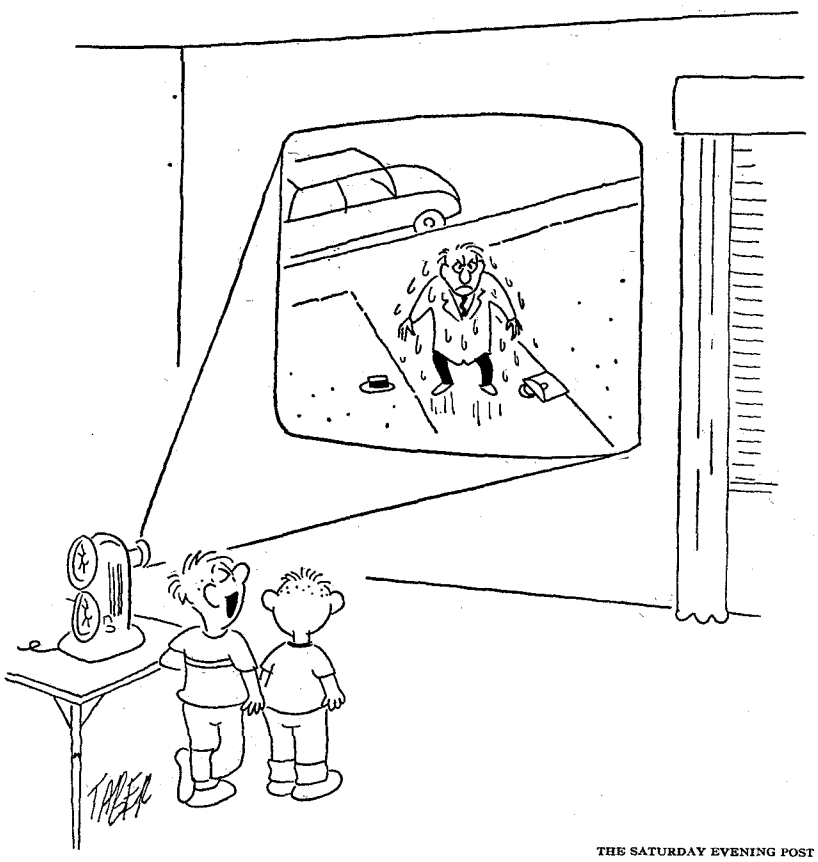
With treatment, the "incorrigible thief" became a model child, bright and alert. She had been driven by a basic need she did not understand.

In South Lyon, Michigan, a ten-year-old boy had watched television warnings of diabetes symptoms, and then told his parents he had the disease. He had been sickly and tired. He drank copious quantities of water, urinated too much and was short-tempered. His parents put this idea down to childish imagination. But a few days later, when they took him to the doctor, he was in a serious state, requiring immediate hospitalization.

By 1954, the Fresno doctors told their audience, many community detection drives had been conducted across the nation. An international diabetes federation had been born, and the hunt had gone round the world, to Mexico, Brazil, Germany, and even India. In the United States some 700 local medical societies had formed diabetes committees. There was a yearly Diabetes Week. But though thousands of diabetics had been found, hundreds of thousands were still undetected.

"What we believe is needed," said Doctor Goodman, "is that the whole community should understand this disease and watch for it. One burst of enthusiasm will find a lot of diabetics, but not all. And the next year there will be still more. At least sixty-five thousand Americans develop diabetes every year, and nearly five million are living who will be diabetic someday. You can see why this isn't a job just for the doctor. It's a job for the entire town."

When Goodman and his colleagues finished speaking, the Fresno County



"Now there's an interesting shot of dad after my kid brother let him have it with his water pistol."

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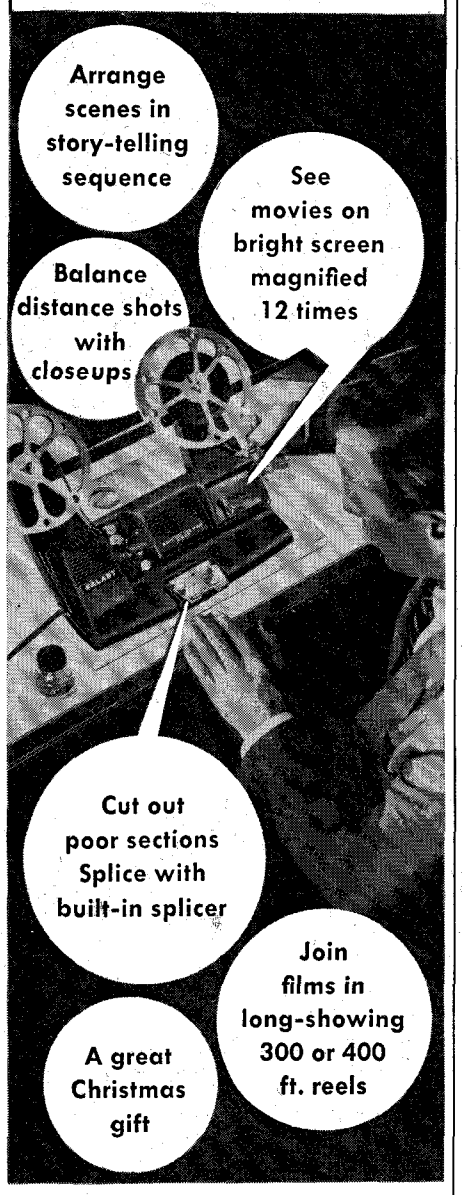
5 WAYS WITH KALART

EDITOR-VIEWER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Diabetes Association was a reality. The search had begun.

Though the American Diabetes Association and its affiliates are not fund-raising organizations, some money was needed for test supplies and printing. To get it, the diabetes hunters decided on a barbecue dinner to be held in Doctor Goodman's back yard. Two hundred Fresnoans paid four dollars each to eat the steaks charcoal-broiled by the association's Clinical Society—ten doctors who exchanged surgical gowns for aprons.

Since then, the annual barbecue has supported the hunt, supplemented by cake and rummage sales. Even the Fresno Diabetic Youth Society—diabetic youngsters, eight to fourteen, who, despite parental objections, insisted on calling themselves the "Sweet Peas"—helped out with a turkey raffle.

With the money in the bank—less than $800—Doctor Goodman went down to the Fresno Bee and talked with reporter June Mullen. The Bee began to run some of the diabetes stories supplied by the American Diabetes Association.

Marge Studer, a diabetic who works for radio station KMAK, raised some eyebrows by appearing at rival station KMJ. There she told her story to announcer Jeff Nagle. And Elliott Ramsey, a disc jockey, offered to plug the coming detection drive between records. Other disc jockeys pitched in, and later the child of one of them proved to be a diabetic. "After a few such instances," says Doctor Goodman, "people began to realize they weren't doing things for us, but for themselves."

Meanwhile, Nelle Hasler and her detection committee shopped for a place to give out the test kits—the strip of test paper, instructions, and an addressed envelope. "We started out with our two biggest banks," says Mrs. Hasler, a tall, handsome woman who is not easily refused. "Then we went on to the drugstores, and one put ads in the paper to get customers to come in for free tests. We gave out thousands of tests at the fair. Luckily we were next to Slim Adkins and his trick dog, and that brought us a lot of people. Finally, we gave them out at supermarkets, because we figured women would make their families use them. And oddly, one of the supermarket managers took the test, and it turned out positive."

Another beneficiary of the test program was Marjorie Craig, a fifty-four-year-old clerk-typist at the Department of Agriculture's office on East Tulare Street. For some time she had been feeling strangely tired, as had her husband, Clifford. But the Craigs blamed the work of caring for Mr. Craig's ailing mother.

"I began to hear about diabetes on the radio," says Mrs. Craig, a big-boned, quiet woman who wears no make-up. "And down at Hardy's Theater they ran slides about it between the pictures. I read more about it in the Bee, and I started wondering about Clifford. I read that diabetics often felt tired and were overweight, and Clifford's always been heavy."

Mrs. Craig talked it over with her sister-in-law, Jessie, and they decided Clifford should take the test. "But he wouldn't do it," says Mrs. Craig, "unless we did it too. So Jessie got three of the Dreypaks down at the Security Bank, and we all took the tests and mailed them in."

The test strips went to the Fresno Clinical Laboratory. After talking with Nelle Hasler, Stanley Gibbs, owner of the lab, had offered it to the diabetes hunters for a day as a testing center. In addition, he had taught Mrs. Hasler and another woman how to analyze the Dreypak strips which were mailed in.

"We just stuck twenty or thirty of the strips together with a plastic clothespin," says Nelle Hasler, "and dipped them in a pan of boiling Benedict's solution. If the test was positive, the strip would turn green, yellow, orange or red, depending on how much sugar was present. I dipped one batch, and there was nothing, and I dipped another, and nothing happened. Then I dipped a third batch, and there was one bright yellow strip. I knew then that even if this should be the only one, all the work had been worth while. One human being kept alive and healthy—I understood how much that meant."

A week later the Craigs received a post card and a letter. "The post card said Clifford was negative," says Marjorie Craig. "But the letter said I should see my doctor right away. Two days later, I knew that I was a diabetic. I should have known something was wrong. I'd lost fifteen pounds, and I was always thirsty, and so hungry at night I couldn't sleep without some cereal and cream. I knew my brother Bert had diabetes, but I didn't know it ran in families.

"As soon as the doctor started treating me, I never felt so good. When I couldn't get into a car pool, I went and bought a bicycle and learned to ride it, and now I bicycle fourteen blocks to the office every day. If it had not been for those people who gave the tests, I'd be feeling sick, and be getting sicker. They changed my whole life, and maybe they saved it."

Diabetes has been known by its present name for a thousand years, along with its chief symptom of sugar in the urine. But not until this century was the disease well understood.

Behind the stomach is a bandlike gland called the pancreas. (The pancreas of the cow is one of the organs sold as sweetbread.) Within the pancreas are cell groups called the islands of Langerhans, which produce the hormone insulin.

Insulin enables the body to convert food sugars into energy or to store them for future use. But the diabetic does not have enough insulin, or the hormone is kept from doing its job.

When this happens, sugars flow unused in the blood stream, and energy fades. The kidneys work harder trying to get rid of the excess sugar, and the diabetic becomes thirsty and urinates often. In a final demand for energy, his body converts fat from tissues into the fuel it needs, and the diabetic wastes away.

Thirty-six years ago insulin was first isolated by (*Continued on Page 78*)

You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

The railroad assigned attractive young Anne to a one-room freight office in an isolated part of its yard. Then it asked her to work late at night. Part of her work consisted of receiving messages at irregular intervals. One night when she opened the door to see who was knocking, a stranger forced his way in and beat her severely with a large piece of iron. Permanently injured, she sued her employer.

"The railroad knew that a young woman assigned to such a lonely spot at night risked attack and injury," her lawyer argued. "It therefore was its duty to protect her. In failing to do so, it becomes guilty of negligence."

"Nonsense," the railroad attorney replied. "We as an employer are not responsible for the criminal acts of a fellow employee, much less an outsider such as the man who beat Anne."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Anne?

• •

Anne won. The court said her employer should have been aware of the risk involved and should have taken reasonable precautions. Its failure to do so constituted negligence. Therefore it should pay.

Based upon a 1947 Tennessee decision.

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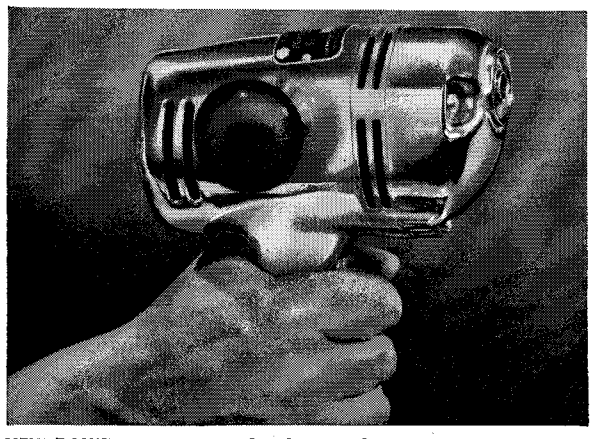

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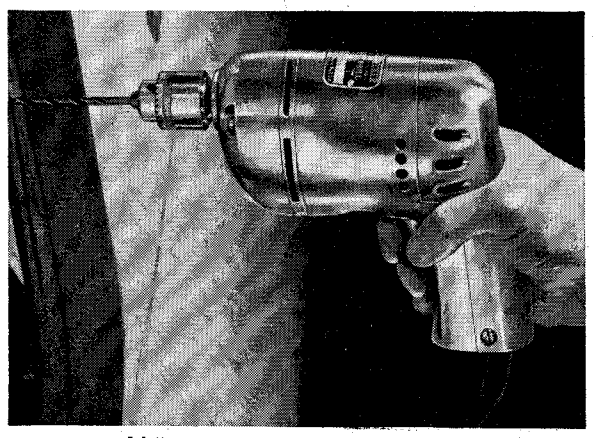

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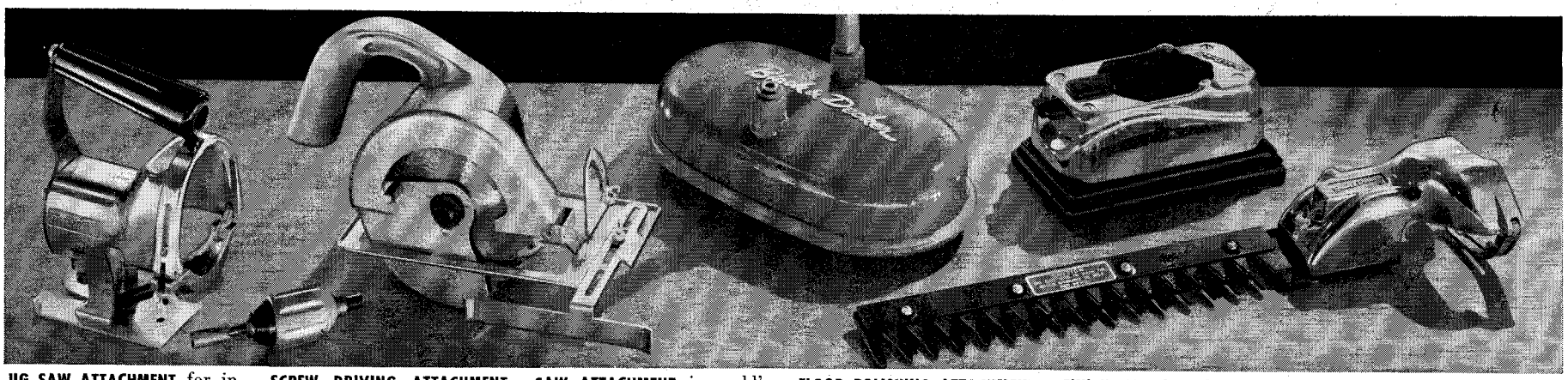

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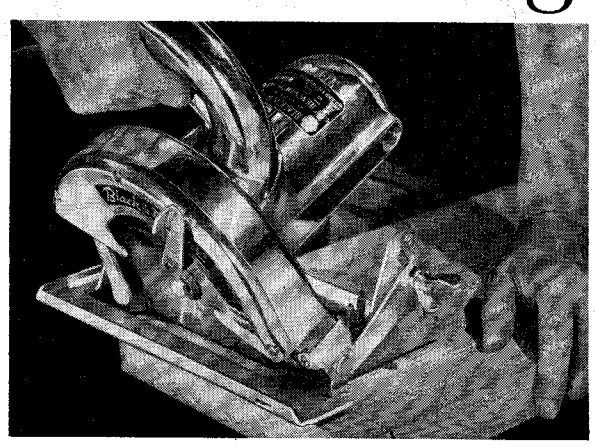

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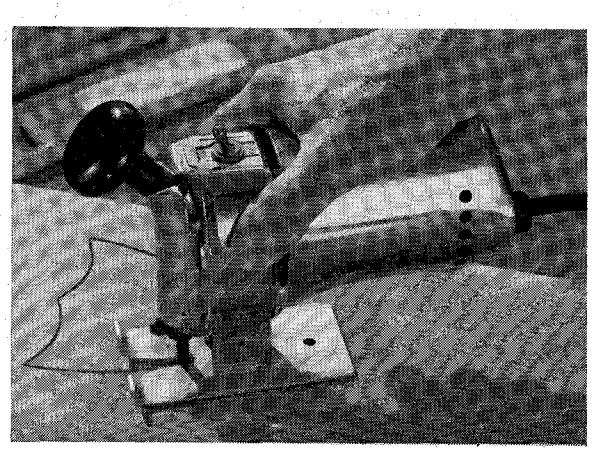

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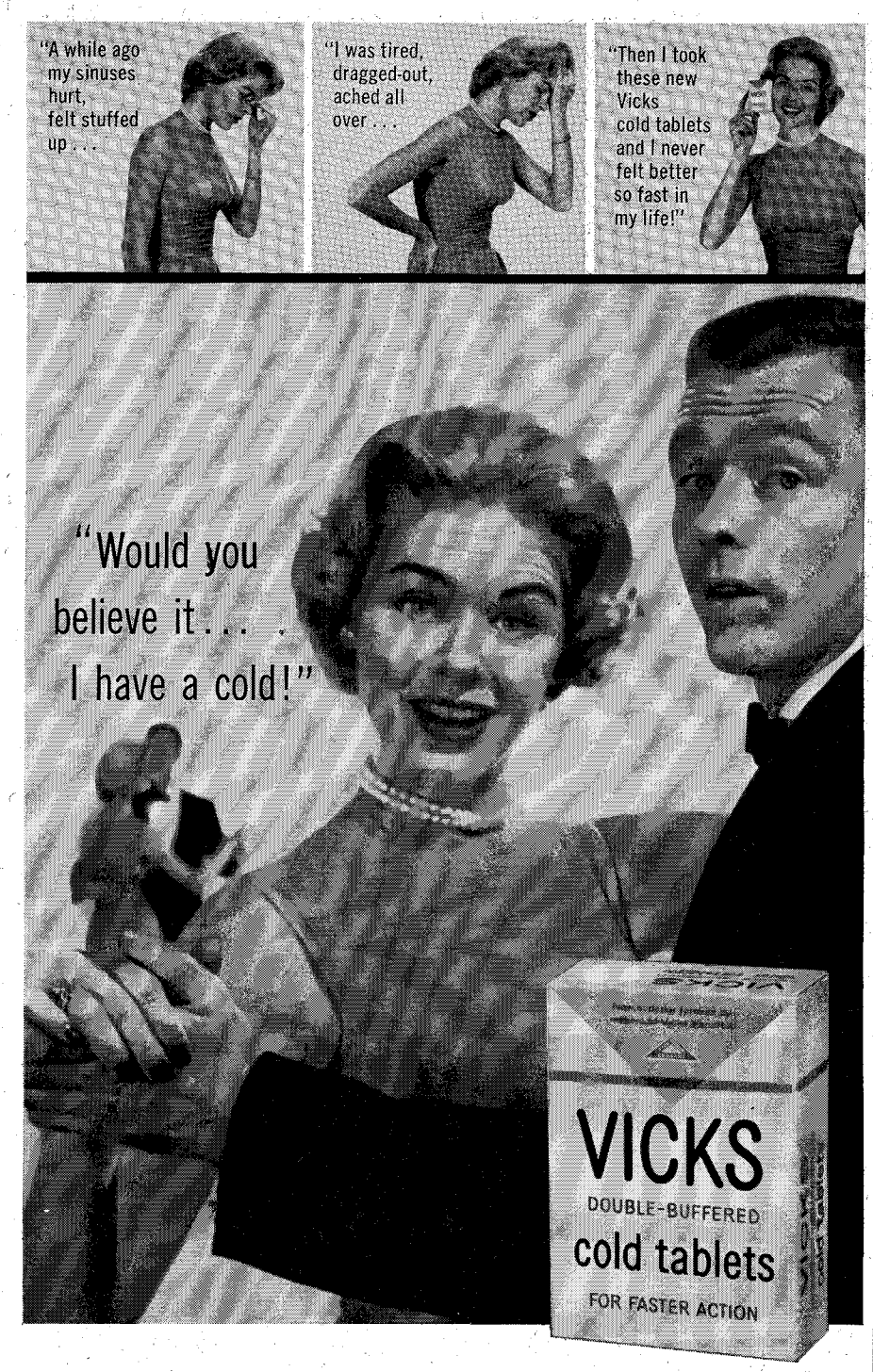
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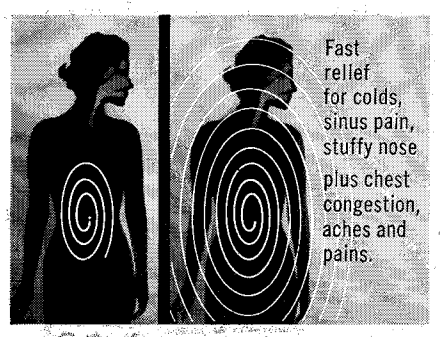

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NEW **Vicks** DOUBLE-BUFFERED **cold tablets**

(*Continued from Page 76*) Drs. Frederick Banting and Charles Best and given to diabetics to replace that missing from their bodies. Until then the only help for patients was near starvation to keep sugars out of the blood. A diabetic child had a life-expectancy of less than two years.

Today, diabetics have a nearly normal life span. Between half and two thirds need insulin, or get new pills, such as tolbutamide and other related compounds. The others are controlled by diet alone. When detected early enough, the condition can often be kept quite mild.

Fresno's search for its diabetics spread quickly. A diabetic student at Fresno Junior College gave a little talk and some tests to his classmates. Three of the college's teachers followed up by asking for tests for their classes. Hyman Smith, of the Selma Dressed Beef Company, began giving half a steer for each barbecue. A local accounting firm audited the association's books free. Druggists gave out announcements of association meetings with each insulin order they filled.

One woman read the facts about diabetes and thought of her next-door neighbor, an affable fellow who had suddenly turned grumpy. When she noticed that he also looked thinner, she got a test kit for him and a pamphlet. The test was positive.

"It sneaks up on you," says C. E. Hughes, a power-station operator for Pacific Gas and Electric. "I'm sixty-one, and I've weighed 187 pounds as long as I can remember. Well, a couple of years ago it just began to melt away. I drank water like a thirsty horse. I was a great beer drinker, and I used to eat Mexican food by the ton over on the West Side. But I kept on losing weight. I lost near sixty pounds before some folks down the street said, 'Everett, you're a fool if you don't go downtown and get one of those tests.'"

Hughes proved to be an advanced diabetic. At first he needed hospitalization. But insulin and controlled diet stopped the pains in his legs, his drowsiness and slow wasting. "Haven't lost a day's work since," he says proudly. "But I was on the thin edge. I know I wouldn't be around today but for that test. That's why I make my daughter and her husband and their kids get tested every year. It's the world's cheapest insurance."

As the hunt spread through the San Joaquin Valley, Dr. Robb Smith, of Orange Cove, pressed batches of test kits on the grocery stores and schools in his home town. With less than half its 1500 people tested, Orange Cove has yielded fourteen positive results.

In the mountains, in the tiny Sierra town of Ahwanee, Isabell Smith had felt weak for two years. At forty-four she had worked hard all her life, jauntily carrying a husky 200 pounds, often up at 4:30 A.M. "I'm a big woman," she says bluntly, "and I'm strong. I kept telling my husband, 'Horace, it's not like me to feel delicate and break out in sweats just because there's a little work to do.'

"It started when I was going to have a baby, and I'd wanted that more than anything else in the world." (Diabetes is often noticed first in pregnancy.) "I'd waited a long time to have it, and then it was born dead. After that, everything went bad. I was so thirsty I had to take a pitcher of ice water to bed with me. And I got no sleep, getting up all the time.

"Then Mrs. Kraschel, who comes up here from Fresno to ride with the Bit and Spur Club, heard about how I felt, and she said I better take this test. I was diabetic, all right. I got insulin, and I felt real good. But that doctor put me on a diet that wouldn't keep a bird alive. Said I was too fat. But if it had not been for him and Mrs. Kraschel and that test, I could have died before anybody knew I was even sick."

"Such stories illustrate one of our objectives," says Doctor Goodman. "It's not enough for a small group to hand out tests. We want to create an awareness throughout the community, so that ordinary folk will watch for the signs of diabetes. And we want an understanding of the disease."

Mrs. John Bidegaray works hard for that understanding. "My daughter was diagnosed as diabetic at four," she says. "All through her childhood, she tried to hide it. When she was old enough for dates, she'd have died before she'd let a boy know she took a shot of insulin every day. Now she's twenty-four and married. She'll talk about her diabetes with anyone. She's changed, but the town's changed too. People understand about

"Toyland."

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diabetes now, that you can't catch it, and that with care you can live like anyone else. I see how the kids in our youth club behave now. They talk about their diabetes. They're honest about it, not ashamed. And only the mother of a diabetic really knows what that can mean to a child."

Though diabetes is less common in children, it is doubly serious. Often it is of the unstable type, with sudden onset, and a tendency to go into coma. With the help of the association, Margaret Cree, director of health services for the Fresno city schools, has taken the hunt into the classroom. At Sequoia Junior High, for example, a doctor lectured an assembly on diabetes, science classes discussed it, and each child took home Dreypaks for himself and his family. The tests revealed that three pupils and twenty parents were possible diabetics.

All eleven parochial schools have joined three city schools in the project, and the other city schools are joining in. Not again will there be an incident such as the recent one in which a child staggered into a school nurse's office, too ill to speak. The nurse did not know the child was on insulin. That morning he'd had an accidental overdose. In a lucky stab, the nurse asked, "Are you a diabetic?"

The child nodded and collapsed. Quickly the nurse gave him sugar to counteract the insulin. "But we can't depend on that much luck," says Doctor Goodman. "Our schools must keep close tabs on every diabetic student."

Industry has also joined the search and distributed tests. "One of our key foremen," says an executive, "was watching the clock and hanging back. He was getting into spats with the employees. Once he took the test, we had the answer. And once he was getting insulin, he was again one of our best men."

Studies show the controlled diabetic to be a good man to hire. Invariably his attendance record is as good as or better than the average. The United States Civil Service Commission lists 1200 jobs diabetics can fill.

"The controlled diabetic knows how to keep himself well," says the American Diabetes Association's executive director, J. Richard Connelly. "But the undetected diabetic may not be able to do his job. It's good business for workers and employers alike to find the diabetic and make sure he gets the care to keep him a useful contributor to society."

Comments Doctor Goodman, "In Fresno we've had the ready co-operation of the schools, businesses, unions, clubs, P.T.A.'s, churches and the press. This year we've distributed tests enough for about 10 per cent of the city population alone, and next year there'll be more. In a few years we can hope there will be no hidden diabetics in our town."

Across the nation the drive is growing. The American Diabetes Association now boasts forty-two full-fledged affiliates such as the Fresno group. And 900 local medical societies now have diabetes committees. Of the bigger cities, St. Louis is the leader, having picked up 643 positives last year. Boston and Los Angeles have yearly diabetes fairs, offering test kits and information and showing new helps for the diabetic. Philadelphia and Atlanta have new testing programs. In the state of Kentucky 200,000 tests have been given out. But there are still many large areas, such as San Francisco, which have no detection campaign.

"In all, we distributed some 1,500,000 tests last year," says Dr. Louis K. Alpert, chairman of the association's Committee on Public Education and Detection. "Thousands of hidden diabetics have been found. We can't say exactly how many, for it has been impossible to follow up every positive. But now that we have the tests and the methods for handling them, we lack only the willingness of people to take them yearly. To a million Americans the tests can eventually mean life itself. We suspect those who are overweight, over forty-five, or have diabetic blood relatives. But many diabetics do not have such attributes.

"Diabetes is seventh among the disease causes of death. Its complications, nearly all related to blood-vessel damage, are heart and kidney disease, impaired vision or blindness, gangrene and many others. These can be prevented or postponed if the diabetic is found and given proper care. That's what we work for."

In Fresno, the program still generates an enthusiasm which has once or twice got out of hand. One young lady volunteer reports that recently a well-dressed, brisk fellow dashed up to her counter in the store where she worked. "I want a diabetes test," he snapped. "And make it quick."

"Yes, sir," said the young lady. "Now you take this home, and ——"

"Young lady," barked the man, "I'm too busy for talk. I mean to take that test right here and now. I don't have time for a lot of nonsense. Do I get it or don't I?"

"All right, sir," she said, out of patience. "Just read these instructions and go right ahead."

Twenty seconds of reading later, a well-dressed, red-faced man was seen slinking out of the store. "But I made sure he had the test with him," says the volunteer. "Because each one counts."

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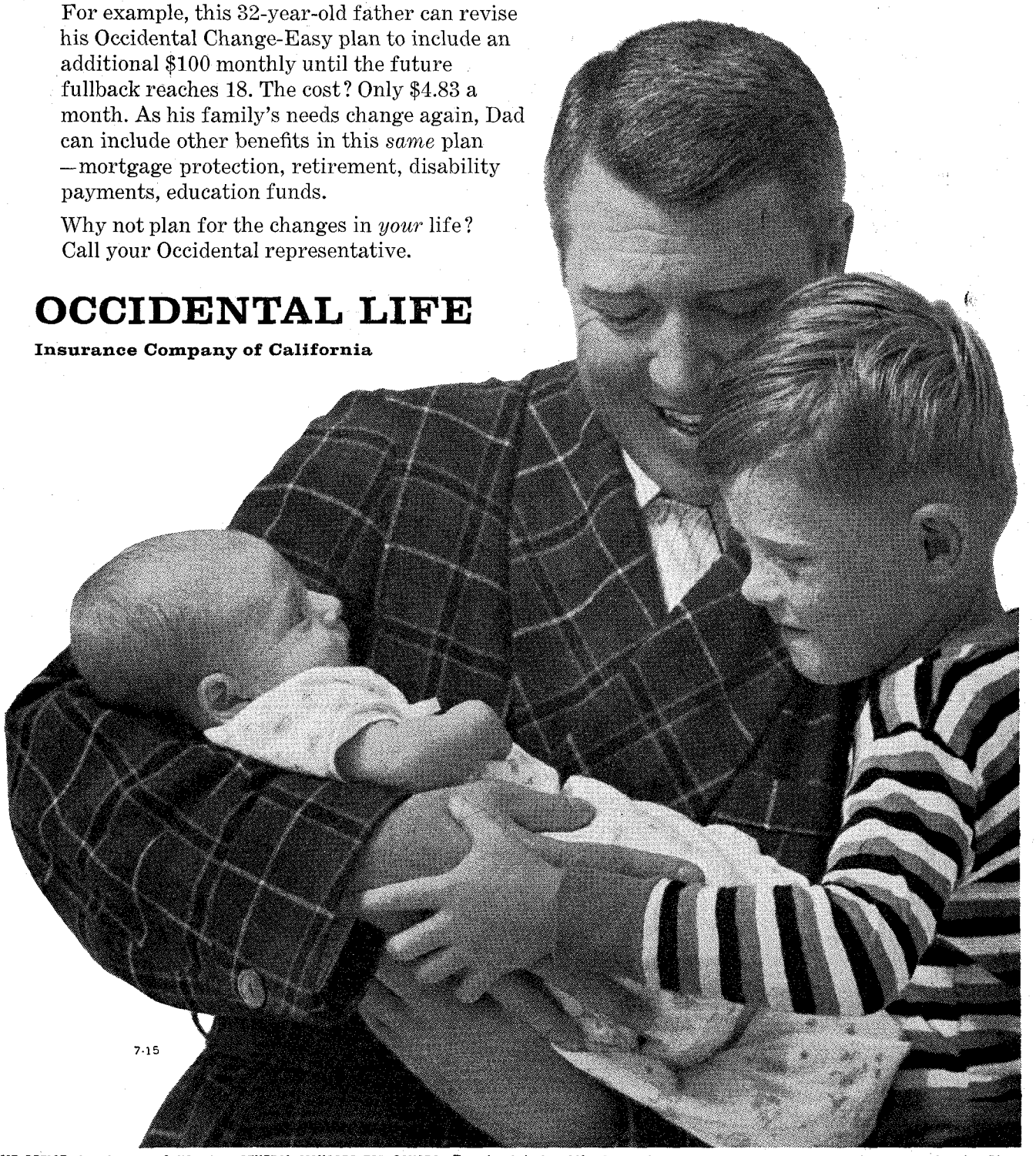

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Does Pro Basketball Have a Future?

(Continued from Page 36)

No game arouses such strong opinions in so many people with little information. Some of the most distinguished experts in sports—writers, great athletes in other games, coaches and executives—express nothing but contempt for basketball. Those who love it, on the other hand, are addicted to it as hopelessly and happily as users of the poppy—and just about as impervious to logical explanations of its faults.

Since pro basketball has taken a large share of the spotlight in recent years, much of the discussion nowadays boils down to, "What's wrong with the National Basketball Association?"

The answer, of course, is that plenty is wrong with the N.B.A., as with most other human institutions. And if pro basketball is anything, it's exceedingly human. The N.B.A. is a league in which a coach punches an owner in front of 10,000 people; a president of the league delivers speeches in the Casey Stengel tradition; referees and coaches play scenes that make Greek tragedy seem downright sedate; the players follow travel schedules that would tax John Foster Dulles, and two teams show up for a game in a neutral city without anyone's having thought to bring basketballs.

Solemnity obviously is inappropriate in dealing with such a subject. And yet, under all the fun and emotionalism, there are problems worth taking seriously. Professional basketball, which never achieved true big-league status before, has advanced to the point where all the groundwork has been laid. But if the superstructure isn't added promptly, the N.B.A. will wind up as a once-promising relic.

How far does the N.B.A. have to go to become truly big-league, and what must still be done? Are its shortcomings the fault of the owners, or are they due to the nature of the game or the nature of the times?

The answers to be presented here are based on close observation for a period of more than a decade. They necessarily are personal opinions. It should also be remembered that the issue doesn't quite involve the fate of mankind, or even of basketball, but just of this particular league.

Let's add up the assets the N.B.A. already has and outline the problems that remain. Then let's estimate, on the basis of their known characters and past actions, how the owners are likely to handle the problems. When we're finished, we won't have settled anything, but we should have a pretty good jump on others in this winter's "What's wrong with basketball?" debates.

The problems come under three main headings: refereeing, scheduling and what Madison Avenue would call "packaging"—the numerous details of operation and intangibles of attitude that create a big-league atmosphere.

The assets are many. The N.B.A. is offering by far the best basketball ever played anywhere in the world. The quality is being maintained by a steady flow of college stars. The league has satisfactory arenas in large cities. It also has a growing tradition and the best playing rules so far devised.

The owners have always tended to take the assets for granted and to minimize the problems. They have proved their ability to operate at the minor-league survival level. Their capacity to make the subtle but vital step to full big-league stature has yet to be shown. All this, of course, applies to "the owners" as a group. Individually, their personalities, views and methods vary widely.

There are grounds for optimism. Last spring and summer the owners showed greater awareness than ever before that the league's problems must be faced immediately. They reorganized working committees, labored harder and planned more thoroughly. They have promised important changes in the officiating setup and in day-to-day operations.

However, those who have watched them over the years can't avoid skepticism. There has been so much shortsightedness, foolishness, complacency, stubbornness and inefficiency in their past activities that sudden reform seems too good to be true. Still, the very recognition that they can't just go on in the same old way is a big step.

All right—the problems.

REFEREEING

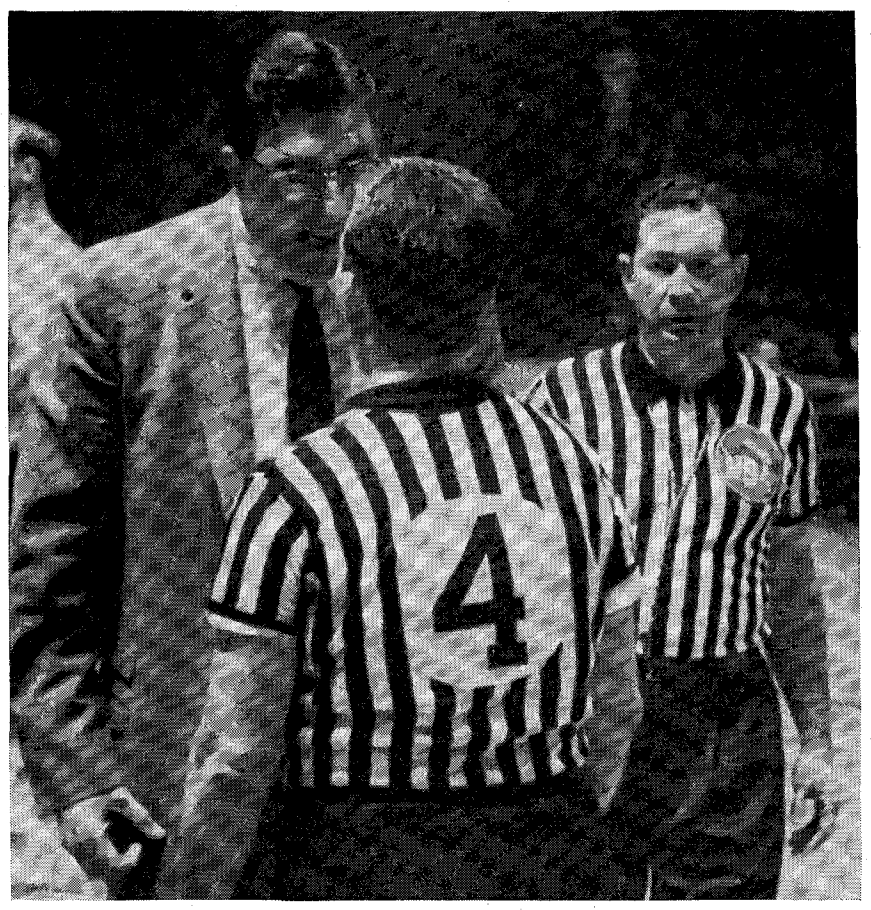
There are two distinct phases to this one—the actual ability of the referees, and the atmosphere in which they do their job.

A higher caliber of refereeing is the No. 1 need of the N.B.A. No other problem is even close in urgency. Last year's level of officiating was not acceptable, and if this goes on for a couple of years it can wreck the league. The caliber was lower last year than in the two preceding seasons, although still not as bad as in the earliest years of the league. But what you could get away with in those days you can't any more. And there is less excuse for poor pro officiating now, because the rules of the game have been changed to make the referee's job a bit easier.

Of course, no one in basketball fails to recognize how essentially impossible a job a referee has. He's human. He has only two eyes, and the game is simply too fast for complete accuracy, with too many things happening in different places all at once. A good basketball referee is the rarest—and most to be admired—of all sports officials.

For exactly that reason, he needs all the help he can get. In the N.B.A., he not only doesn't get help, he gets hindrance. He is paid less than the average player. His assignments are made without pattern or logic. He is not protected from abuse by owners at courtside and in dressing rooms, and he is not given a clear-cut set of uniform interpretations to follow in calling the game.

His morale is not helped when league president Maurice Podoloff gets trapped into being quoted that, "We can't afford better officials." His efficiency is not improved by lopsided assignments which give him the same team for six out of seven games, or many games in one city and few in another.



Wrangles with referees must be curbed if pro basketball is ever to grow up, experts say. Disputing a call above is coach Vince Boryla, of the New York Knicks.

To this he adds his own shortcomings. Only about one third of the N.B.A. staff has first-rate refereeing ability. The weaker official not only makes more mistakes but tends to take out his insecurity on players and coaches—he becomes too belligerent or too soft. And in a league where the same eight teams play one another over and over, last night's argument plants the seeds for tonight's bigger argument and tomorrow's explosion.

To be sure, there is a shortage of capable referees. But the whole situation is aggravated by behavior which can be described only as idiotic. The owners bait the referees. They do it in public and continue it in private. Each owner has one or two referees he considers "terrible." Pretty soon the coaches, players and officials all know who hates whom.

In the off season and during winning streaks, owners have their moments of clarity. "We're stupid to knock our officials," Ben Kerner, of the St. Louis Hawks, once said. "We build up our players, then tear down our referees. It's just like standing in front of your restaurant and telling everybody who comes by that your waitresses are beautiful but the chef stinks."

Such reasonableness usually lasts until the next one-point defeat.

What's being done? The league has mapped a better system of assignments this year, with less irregularity. Four men are being designated as "No. 1" officials, at least one of whom is supposed to work in every game. Then there will be four "experienced"—but not as good—officials and four new ones. When there is a full schedule of four games, each will have a No. 1 man. When there are fewer games, there may be two No. 1 men working the same game. It seems like progress, in a very modest way.

But it's a tiny fraction of what ought to be done. There should be a comprehensive plan for training officials in preseason clinics, and some method for recruiting and training more good men. Higher pay scales and exclusive-service contracts are needed, instead of the present part-time hiring of men who have outside interests of greater importance to them. Owners should be strictly prohibited from undermining the authority of officials or trying in any way to get an edge with them, either at or between games. Owners should issue sincere and strong instructions to their coaches and players that they want them to concentrate on basketball, not argue with the referees. Finally, there are various minor rule changes which could decrease the friction points by removing from the area of the referee's judgment things that don't have to be there.

Furthermore, the real goal is a pair of good officials working a game. Two good individuals don't always make a good pair—their interpretations may not coincide well enough. A comprehensive system of training and hiring officials would increase the chances of getting good pairs.

The referee is the backbone of the game, but when wrangles with him take over the spotlight, it means headlines in tomorrow's papers and fewer customers next year.

To remedy the officiating situation, money must be spent. It is true that up to now the N.B.A. hasn't been able to afford such things. It has now reached the point where it can no longer afford not to provide the necessary funds. That's one of the penalties of growing up—you're expected to behave like a grownup.

SCHEDULING

This is a problem for which no immediate solution is possible, but that doesn't mean it can be ignored. Stated most simply, the trouble is this—too many games.

The N.B.A. schedule calls for seventy-two games for each team in a twenty-week regular season, followed by a series of playoffs. Each of the four teams in the Eastern Division (New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Syracuse) plays each other twelve times. They play the Western Division teams (St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, Minneapolis) nine times each. And the Western teams in turn play each other twelve times.

This averages out to roughly four games a week for every team. In actual practice the scheduling gets even more concentrated than that. It is always light during the first few weeks of the season and in pre-Christmas week. So, during the second half of the year, there are many stretches when teams have games on five successive nights. They may play seven games in nine nights, ten in thirteen, and the like. Since two teams never face each other twice in a row in the same city, there is—to put it tolerantly—considerable traveling in between.

A not unusual stretch, for instance, will find the New York Knickerbockers in New York on Saturday night, in Boston on Sunday afternoon, in New York on Tuesday, in Boston on Wednesday, in Syracuse on Thursday, in Cincinnati on

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Friday, in New York on Saturday and in Detroit on Sunday. Then it's St. Louis on Tuesday, Minneapolis on Wednesday, and so on.

Obviously, men cannot play good basketball very often under such conditions, especially in a league whose rules call for constant running—a team must shoot within twenty-four seconds after getting possession of the ball. As important as the physical fatigue is the mental and emotional fatigue. A man simply can't get "up" for games that often.

Furthermore, while all this traveling makes many friends for the players among airline stewardesses, Pullman porters, taxi drivers, newsstand attendants and hotel-room clerks, it tends both to cheat and to bore the people who buy tickets to games. It cheats them because too often they see a famous-name player unable to show the skills he has—against opponents equally tired. It bores them because, with only seven rival teams, they see the same match-ups too often.

Why, then, does the N.B.A. have this type of schedule? First, small cities with small arenas need more games to take in enough money. Second, large cities want double-header programs, and that means bringing in two additional teams so that there can be a first game. Third, in most cases the teams play in rented arenas which also present other attractions. The basketball team does not have access to all the most desirable dates, and consequently needs a larger number of dates to take in the required amount of money.

Strangely enough, although scheduling is the problem the N.B.A. can do least about immediately, it's the one the league is most likely to solve in the long run—that is, within five years or so.

The league is about to expand. Next year it is almost certain to have a team in Chicago. Very likely it will move into Los Angeles, San Francisco, Baltimore and Pittsburgh in the near future. In Los Angeles, Pittsburgh and Baltimore new buildings are going up which will be well suited for pro basketball, and which will want it as a tenant. San Francisco already has such a building and is waiting only for Los Angeles to get ready, so that a pair of California teams can make coast-to-coast travel economically sound.

There will be more teams with large arenas in large cities, and perhaps with a better claim to choice dates. All this will make possible a more varied and thinner schedule for each individual team—without abandoning double-headers.

Unlike big-league baseball, basketball does not face a talent shortage if it expands. The steady flow of talent from the colleges could stock several more big-league teams. In fact, the problem now is that there is such a concentration of stars on the existing teams that college players—even those with great ability—have too little chance to break in and develop.

PACKAGING

In this area the greatest improvements can be made, and the least excuse for inaction exists. Many specific items, some of them apparently unimportant in themselves, add up to a truth that the N.B.A. persistently ignores: When you show that you don't think much of your own product, no one else will think much of it either.

The owners claim they have "a million dollars' worth of basketball talent," but say they can't afford a few thousand for trainers to look after the physical well-being of that talent. Only New York and Detroit carry full-time trainers. Fans in Syracuse last winter were treated to the sight of Tom Heinsohn, of the then world-champion Boston Celtics, bandaging his own ankle on the bench during a game.

Some owners just don't understand what's involved here. They point out that New York and Detroit have had as many injuries as the others. Well, maybe they can get away with not carrying trainers on the road, and thus risking inadequate overnight care of injuries. But they must expect that the public will recognize this bush-league practice for exactly what it is.

The same applies to a silly little item connected with the nationwide telecasts of N.B.A. games. These Sunday-afternoon broadcasts—previously aired on Saturdays—have done a great deal to popularize the league, although some owners, like New York's Ned Irish, have felt the TV rights were being sold too cheaply. Anyway, this is a pet project of the N.B.A. president, Maurice Podoloff. He has catered to the television people like a small manufacturer entertaining a big buyer. To fit their needs, he has manipulated schedules, officials' assignments and, in one minor case, even the playing rules.

The rule alteration in question may seem trivial. To insure that there will be time for commercials at convenient intervals, each team is instructed to call a time-out in every quarter. During these television games, teams are allowed six instead of five time-outs apiece. What is significant here is the fact that Podoloff and others can't even see that there's anything wrong with having one rule for a televised game and a different rule the rest of the time.

Such indifference is not peculiar to basketball. Only this fall the National Football League accepted a similar gimmick, although it did spell out specifically and beforehand in what circumstances the extra time out would be used and made the officials call it. All this proves is that just because basketball refuses to move ahead, football isn't afraid to move backward.

Then there are things like inadequate dressing rooms; the booking of games on slippery or otherwise unacceptable courts in "neutral cities"; squabbles about practice balls; requests to measure the height of baskets; unreliable statistics keeping; lack of co-ordination in announcing news; fly-by-night schedule making. None of these details are critical in themselves, but taken together they give a bush-league impression.

In baseball, every September the commissioner calls a meeting to make World Series arrangements. He invites representatives of practically all teams not mathematically eliminated. Lists of eligible players are solemnly released, and dates and travel arrangements announced. Actually, the dates for the World Series could be set ten years ahead, and automatic rules determine eligibles. But baseball gives this meeting a lot of pomp and convinces the public that its championship is a very serious business. In the process it gets lots of publicity.

The N.B.A. play-offs, in contrast, are announced by mail at a moment calculated to escape everyone's attention. The arrangements are cloaked in needless confusion and often altered for expediency. Attempts to ask questions about the play-off setup are greeted—as are so many other N.B.A. questions—with a "What do you want to bother about that for?" reaction.

Pretty soon newspapermen—and, through them, the public—begin to agree. Why bother? If the N.B.A. doesn't think the mechanics of its play-offs are important, why should anyone else?

Here we come to the crux of everything—the individual attitudes of the owners. Here things have changed basically within the last two years, and in this lies the hope that a big-league attitude may develop. Let's go down the list.

The Knicks' Ned Irish, whatever drawbacks he may have in personal relationships, has been big-league in his thinking in every way from the day he started in pro basketball. And he has been voted down by his fellow owners so often that a few years ago, when The Pajama Game was a Broadway hit, a song parody about Irish and the N.B.A. was written to the tune of "7½ Cents." It began:

> *"Seven votes to one vote, every time a ballot's cast,*
> *Seven votes to one vote, that's the score today."*

Eddie Gottlieb, of the Philadelphia Warriors, who has been a pro-basketball promoter longer than any of the others—he started in Philadelphia thirty-five years ago—is at the opposite end of the spectrum. As friendly as Irish is aloof, he carries his office in his hat and believes that's the best way to operate. He doesn't sell season tickets—it's easier not to have an office open in the off season. He's shrewd, generous and doesn't mind spending money when he has it. But he sincerely believes that much of this big-league-attitude talk is undesirable meddling by outsiders who don't understand his business the way he does.

It must be remembered that without men like Gottlieb—Lester Harrison, of Rochester, was another—there would be no pro basketball to talk about. They stuck through the tough times, gave lifelong effort and their personal cash to keep the game alive. They love it more than anyone else does, and it's not just a living to them. Whatever success the N.B.A. eventually has will be built on their sacrifices and persistence. But that doesn't change the fact that their methods of operation are inadequate now.

Harrison is gone from the league. Last year he moved his team from Rochester to Cincinnati, and after the season sold it to interests who also control the Cincinnati Gardens, a 14,000-seat arena. Pending future actions, the present Cincinnati owners must be assumed to be on the side of big-league thinking.

Walter Brown, the Boston Celtics' owner, is also a big-arena man. He runs the Boston Garden, and his first interest was ice hockey—he heads the Boston Bruins, of the National Hockey League. In N.B.A. matters Brown has been more a follower than a leader. When a majority shifts to the big-league approach, he can be counted upon to go along.

The two men who could create such a majority—and appear to be doing it—are the St. Louis Hawks' Ben Kerner and the Detroit Pistons' Fred Zollner.

Kerner started as a shoestring operator in the Gottlieb-Harrison pattern and had failures in three cities before he landed in St. Louis three years ago. There his tireless efforts paid off in complete public acceptance. Last spring he had a championship team. With everything now going his way, it has become an obsession with him to be accepted as "big league." Since he is a very smart operator, he should be a particularly valuable convert.

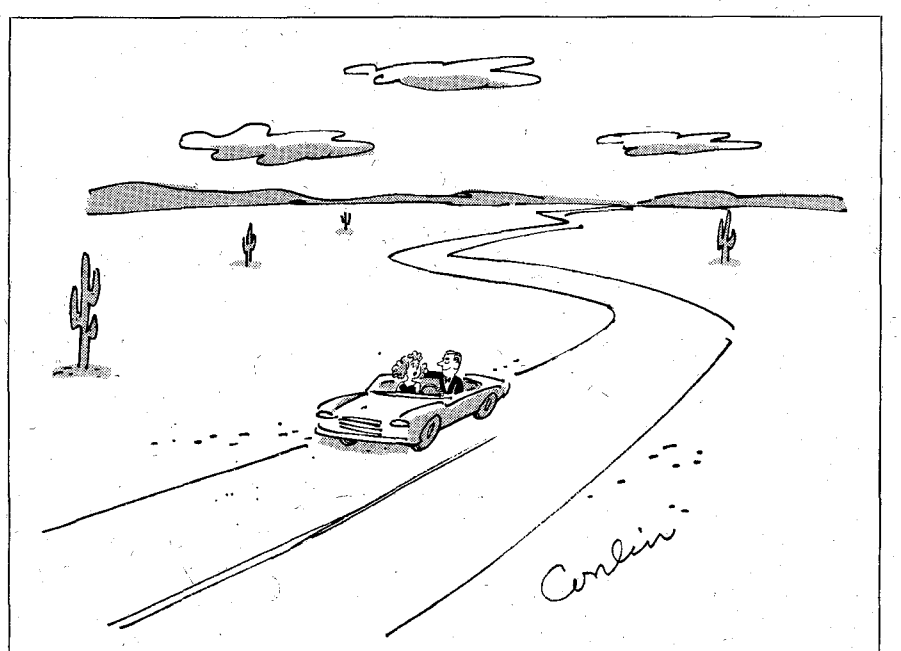
Zollner has changed for another reason. A wealthy piston manufacturer in Fort Wayne, Indiana, he began operating his basketball team as a hobby. Originally his Pistons were almost analagous to an A.A.U. industrial team. They started in the old National Basketball League, which was merged into the bigger-city Basketball Association of America to form the N.B.A. in 1949. All during the years that the franchise was in Fort Wayne, Zollner was content to be a rabid rooter and didn't bother too much about league affairs.

Last year, however, he moved the team to Detroit, and two things happened to jolt him. He lost well over $100,000, and he lost face in the eyes of his Detroit friends and business associates. What was acceptable in Fort Wayne looked bush-league in a Detroit setting, and Zollner has no desire to appear in that light. He has reorganized his own club, is taking a far greater part in the business of the N.B.A. and should prove to be on the side of the big-leaguers.

The two other owners are Bob Short, a wealthy young man in Minneapolis, and Dan Biasone, of Syracuse, who is neither so rich nor so young as Short. Both represent multiple-ownership setups. Biasone is a veteran in basketball, Short a newcomer last year.

Each is hemmed in by special problems. The Minneapolis franchise is on borrowed time. It was on probation last year, didn't make the money it was required to, but has been given another year of grace. Syracuse is getting along for the time being, but its days are numbered because it is a city of 250,000—simply too small to stay in a league on the scale of the N.B.A.

Recently Ben Kerner summed up the situation neatly. "There was a time when you could afford to just get by in this league," he said. "Your expenses were such that if you lost money, you lost a few thousand, but you weren't wiped out. That day is (*Continued on Page 84*)



"What do you mean—'Well, here we are'?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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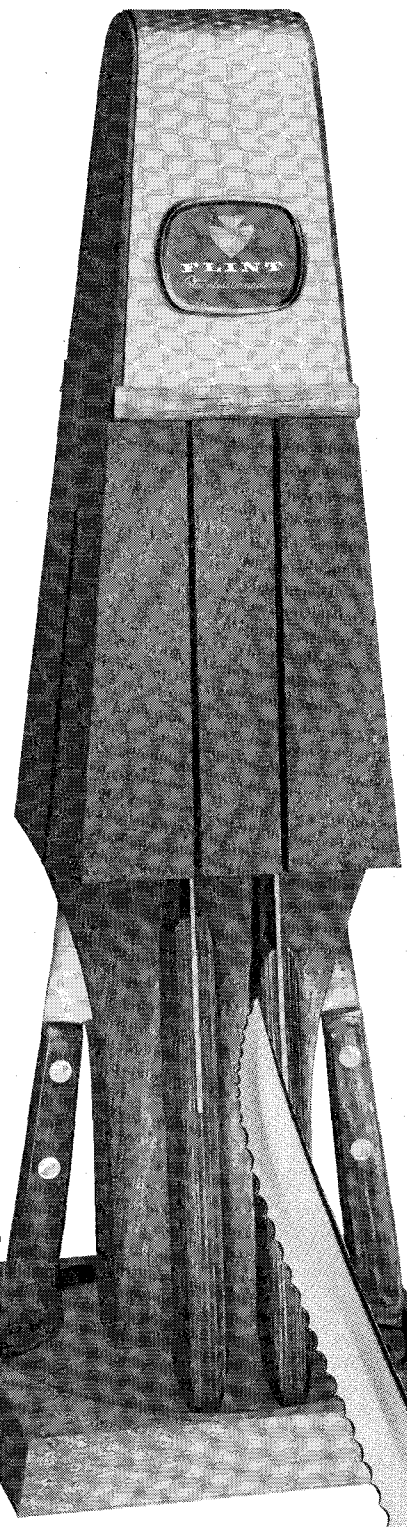

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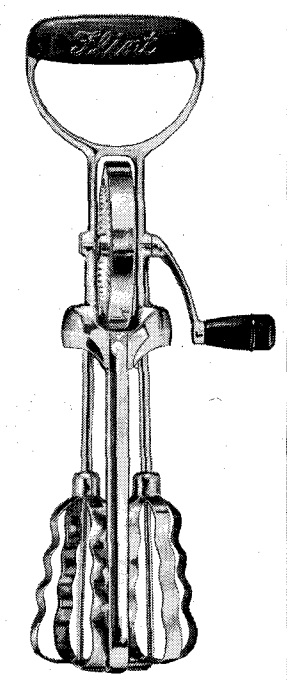

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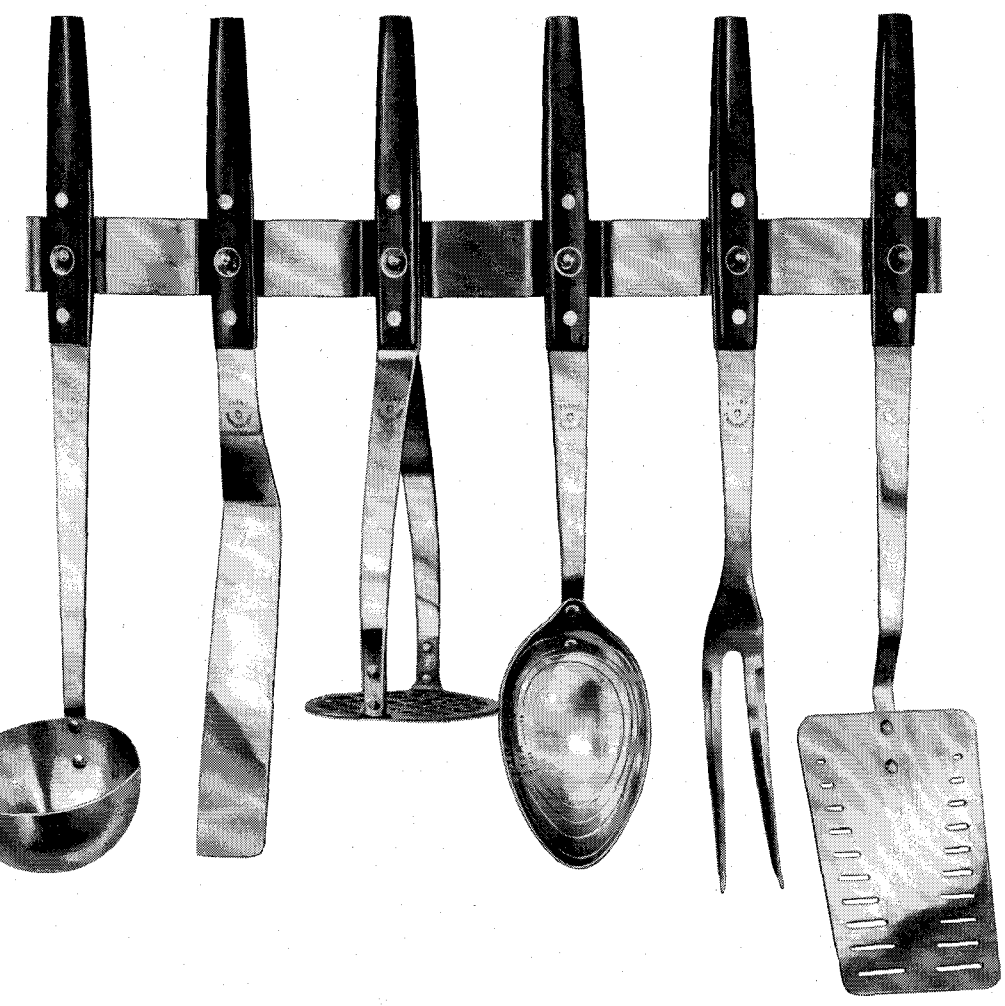

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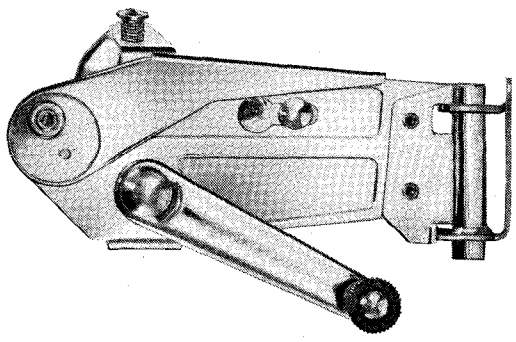

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(*Continued from Page 82*) gone. Today, if you lose, you lose $100,000. No one can do that for long. So it's up to us to see that we don't lose."

Certainly the potential for making money is there. Let's go back to the assets:

1. Caliber of play. In no other team sport can it be said so definitely that this is the best ever. Today's players are bigger, faster, better taught, better shooters. And the best players in the world are in the N.B.A.

2. College stars. A couple of years ago it was Bill Russell, this year Elgin Baylor, next year probably Wilt Chamberlain. The parade of All-Americans into the N.B.A. is endless. And nowadays the college basketball star has more individual appeal than the college football star.

3. Cities and arenas. Aside from Syracuse, every city in the league has a metropolitan population of at least 1,000,000. Aside from Syracuse and Minneapolis, every city uses a building that can accommodate more than 10,000 spectators.

4. Tradition. Old-timer games have already proved popular in several cities. In twelve seasons, almost two full generations of players have passed through the league. All-star games have become a big hit. Already such arguments as, "Are the Celtics as good as the Lakers used to be?" have eaten up miles of newsprint. Five different teams have won the last five championships.

5. The rules. The twenty-four-second rule and the six-fouls-per-quarter limit saved pro basketball's life, and some version of them will save all basketball. The time limit on holding the ball prevents stalling and removes the need for the trailing team to foul to get possession. The foul limitation keeps deliberate fouling under control. Before this change four years ago, every close or important game became a wrestling match halfway through the third quarter. Now real basketball is played right through to the final buzzer, often with the lead changing hands all the way.

Already a time-limit rule has been adopted for amateur play in other countries and in the Olympics. American colleges, childishly concerned with not "imitating the pros," have resisted it to the detriment of their game. They'll get around to it sooner or later.

Middle age is when you would rather steer the boat than ski behind it. E. P. BRADFORD

Now the league is experimenting with another forward-looking change. Fouls by the team in possession of the ball are being penalized by giving it to the defending team out of bounds, instead of by a free throw, but with the personal still charged to the man and the team. All details aren't threshed out yet, but it's another step in the right direction for a faster, fairer game.

In discussing the N.B.A.'s good points, it's worth spending a minute on a widespread misconception—that the twenty-four-second rule has brought about "excessive" scoring, a crime sometimes also attributed to the tall "freaks" who now populate the game.

The twenty-four-second rule does mean a higher score, but primarily because it puts more action into the game. There are no prolonged dead spots, as there used to be when a team wanted to rest, freeze the ball for strategic reasons, or allow slow men to lumber into offensive position at the other end of the floor. There is more basketball played within the forty-eight-minute time span of the game, and consequently more points are scored.

But more scoring doesn't mean excessive scoring. What is undesirable, and bad entertainment, is unopposed scoring. Careless defense, "basket trading," sloppy play—those are real problems for the N.B.A. But they stem from inconsistent officiating and from the physical and mental fatigue caused by the schedule, not from the twenty-four-second rule.

Nor are the "monster" players anything but an asset. In professional basketball, all these men are first-rate athletes—seven-footers included. They have to be, because they are playing against men their own size. The advantage of mere height, so great in college competition, is nullified. Sure, they're exceptionally big—but they're also exceptionally good. Those who are only big can't make it.

So here's the N.B.A. sitting at a crossroads. It can go ahead to the big-league status already enjoyed by professional baseball, football and hockey, or it can slide off into a semimajor existence. Once frozen there in the public's mind, it never again will have such bright prospects. The outcome depends mostly upon how intelligently the owners carry out the improvements they're beginning to recognize as necessary, although there may also be factors beyond their control—some basic flaw in basketball as entertainment, or the pressures of a television-oriented future.

Perhaps the best way to understand the N.B.A. today is to note its age. This is its thirteenth year, measuring from its inception as the B.A.A. By Old Testament tradition, this is the dividing line between the boy and the man. By any human standard, it's adolescence in a crucial phase.

Growing up always presents problems. Some people never make it. The problems usually seem most critical at this age. The adolescent burns with impatience to be accepted by the world as a full-fledged grownup, before he's thoroughly entitled to it. Yet the sanctuaries of childhood are closing too. More is demanded of him; less sympathy is offered. He comes into contact with more people who didn't know him as a child and don't treat him as indulgently.

He often feels misunderstood, but starts to recognize and accept responsibilities. His goals become more realistic. Yet the possibility of failure becomes clearer and more frightening. The precocious achievements of childhood no longer bring cheers, rewards and satisfaction. Adult accomplishments still seem so difficult as to be out of reach.

The N.B.A. right now is as adolescent as you can get. Will it ever grow up? That's the fascinating thing about adolescents. You have to watch and see.

"Background Music": Persuasion in the Air (Continued from Page 31)

The subtle influence is background music, meaning music playing gently in the offing while we go about humdrum affairs such as working, shopping, cashing a check or getting teeth fixed, which until fairly recently were characterized not by festivity, but by its lack. The operation employs music of a special kind, applied so as to steal into the mind almost unrecognized—into the whole body, perhaps—and considerable success is claimed in changing what people do and say and presumably what they think.

If a Senate investigation laid bare an operation like this, going on secretly, there would be ninety-six-point headlines and loud cries of alarm. From an office building in New York, a little group of men influences the activity and the moods of aircraft workers in California, lampshade makers in New York, pickle packers in Pittsburgh, bookkeepers in Baltimore, clerks in Dallas. It sounds sinister enough for science fiction, let alone for fact.

But it doesn't go on secretly, and one odd circumstance limits the control. The principal goal is to make men and women work more efficiently, and this can be done, but only by making the subjects feel good. Background music is essentially a multimillion-dollar plot to make people happy and would fail the minute it is not warmly liked.

That 54,000,000 figure may be light. That is the number reached in a day and night by the music dispensed by Muzak Corporation, at Muzak's estimate. Muzak is the oldest and by far the biggest of the music distributors, selling around $12,000,000 worth a year. But it has rivals, including Seeburg, National Musitime, Magnecord and Magne-Tronics, which reach additional cohorts.

Background music, altering the environment for millions, has become a commonplace quickly. It caught on during World War II as a means of boosting production and morale, and has been enjoying a period of extremely rapid second growth in the last four years. Every year more and more people spend their working days or nights in a gentle spray of this mistlike music, and this lyric state of affairs extends into new corners of everyday life.

There is background music in the mighty plants of General Motors, General Foods and General Mills, and also in J. W. Staley's filling station in San Angelo, Texas. Mr. Staley finds that music dispels "driveway anxiety," which you may know as "impatience." Muzak's music plays in the great offices of the Prudential and the New York life-insurance companies, in Yankee Stadium and the Bronx Zoo, on the roof of the Empire State Building and under water in the swimming pool of Eaton's Motel at Hamilton, Ohio. It plays for the birds on a poultry farm or two, where it is said to make birds put on weight faster on less feed; it plays for cats and dogs in a couple of de luxe animal shelters. There is Muzak on 250 airliners, twenty ships and 113 trains, and apparently there will be music on space ships. The Air Force has borrowed Muzak tapes for its practice, simulated space travel. The idea there is to combat monotony out in that vast emptiness, and background music also will contribute a touch of the familiar.

It gets more familiar every day. Until the middle of 1954, Muzak—the name was inspired by another coined word, Kodak—was heard only in big cities. Now it goes into cities down to 25,000 population on rolls of tape which play unattended for eight hours and make distribution profitable with fewer customers. Since tape, the number of Muzak franchises, each covering a city or cluster of cities, has risen from eighty-eight to 182.

The air is full these days of talk of hidden persuasion, of ways to influence us so subtly that we never know what's happening. The new techniques may try to bypass the conscious mind with messages faster than sight, or sounds not truly recognized. "Sneaky" is the epithet most commonly evoked by these invasions of the mind, and they arouse considerable concern.

Background music is the original of these efforts, the first attempt to influence millions by means which produce an involuntary response. This may be a good time to examine the operation. Its successes and failures may brief us on what to expect in a future which promises to be puzzling.

No other persuaders are likely to come up with better tools. The persuasion here is with sound, and even simple sound is mysteriously effective. It was with sound, of course, that Pavlov demonstrated the conditioned reflex. His dogs learned to associate the ringing of a bell with feeding time. After a while they were so thoroughly deluded that they would slaver at the sound alone. What is used here is sound in its most complex and beguiling form—music.

Human beings are particularly susceptible to music, perhaps helplessly so. A psychiatrist who pioneered in using music to reach and help mental patients and who says its effect is no different on the normal, says that music "invades the master-mind automatically." It gains entrance, he says, through the thalamus, "the main relay station for all emotions, sensations and feelings."

That's what you might call having a real in, and there is more. To this admirer, Dr. Ira M. Altschuler of Detroit, who directs musical therapy at the big Wayne County Hospital, music is "a mental and spiritual drug," wonderfully effective. Music gets to us because "man is essentially a rhythmic being, with rhythms in respiration, heartbeat, brain waves, gait and speech," and it goes right to the most ancient emotional roots.

Older even than speech, music dates back, he says, to the primitive signal calls which meant mating, food and danger. He thinks it still holds those deeply stirring meanings—"Behind each musical tone and design still lurks the primitive signal call with all its biological passion."

So the background-music people are using wonderfully penetrating stuff, which we like for the most fundamental reasons and in a totally unthinking way. No other persuaders have anything as hot as all that going for them.

Almost everyone is exposed to more or less of this, especially since the extension on tape. Background music plays in all manner of stores, in barbershops and reducing salons and Turkish baths. Reports that it has spread to the Oklahoma City jail are exaggerated; it's only in three rooms of the police department.

We are taking this medicine by the jugful; what kind of medicine is it?

The Journal of the American Medical Association hailed music recently as "the ancient tranquilizer," capable, if properly administered, of releasing tensions and allaying fears. In the operating room and the dentist's chair it reduces the amount of anesthetic required. Muzak deals it out as a stimulant, in its office and industrial programs, and speaks confidently of imparting "mild stimulus" and "peak stimulus" as desired.

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As Doctor Altschuler describes it, music is also a psychiatric treatment, helping resolve some of our most troublesome conflicts, including "the strongest conflict of all, that between male and female." This adds up to an impressive, if somewhat confusing, total. You are getting a tonic which is also a sedative, a stimulant which is also a tranquilizer, a mild analgesic, a light anesthetic, a carminative and a slug of something calming for the warring factions in the psyche. A five- or six-way remedy, and maybe just what we need in these fretful times.

On top of this, your days are being modified in many small ways. Dentists tell Muzak that patients don't get so tense in the waiting room. Bankers believe music takes off the chill in banks and makes you more comfortable. Stores report that music encourages upgrading and impulse buying, makes customers linger longer and buy more. In any number of tedious situations music is supposed to alleviate boredom. It also combats fatigue in travel and helps digestion while dining.

That's a good bit of modification. There's an older wonder drug which will produce most of those same results, of course—money. But anything capable of imitating money's pacification and stimulation is big medicine.

The most interesting case on the music-drenched scene is that of the millions who are under music's influence all day long. They spend every working day in an invisible fog of background music, fed in so gently that it is only barely perceived, taken in the way some chemicals absorb moisture from the air. "Music you breathe," it has been called, and they breathe it all day long.

This music oozes from the walls of 20,000 offices and factories to a vast captive audience which seems happy to be captive, though Muzak takes great care never to inflict anything which doesn't have strong majority approval.

Whatever music does—and we are told it affects human beings "socially, emotionally, aesthetically and spiritually," as well as physically—it does to its fullest to these millions. Most of them, however, never have heard the process fully described. They get Muzaked every day without realizing that they are getting highly special handling with music carefully compounded to have special properties.

Asked why they like music while they work, men and women often say, vaguely, "Why, music's nice," or "It makes the time go faster." That amounts to regarding music simply as an amenity. It's that, all right. Music gives a slightly gala touch to the old salt mine, puts a chromium-plated handle on the grindstone. But that casual dismissal must annoy Donald O'Neill, Muzak's program director. It's like having your seventy-five-dollar love potion tossed down as orange juice.

O'Neill doesn't even like to say that his company sells music. There are smaller organizations which do that. Muzak's pride is that it sells "programing." Its work-music is planned minute by minute and right down to the last decibel of strings or brass. Not for mere entertainment; for stimulation. If it works as intended, you have really had a going-over by quitting time. You have been steamed up with sambas, wooed with waltzes, recharged with fox trots, soothed with fiddles, boosted with trumpets. To rephrase the famous cigarette ad—this is a treatment, not merely a treat.

Muzak likes to show a chart depicting two curves. The bottom curve represents you, and sags alarmingly in two deep dips. Those indicate a midmorning slump in energy and efficiency and a midafternoon slump which is even worse. The top curve, two hills, represents musical stimulation dealt out to counteract those slumps. The music is supposed to brighten exactly to the degree that you grow dim.

You are beginning to slump on arrival at nine A.M., Muzak thinks, and need stimulation from the start. After ten A.M. you get a real jolt. That's because you are heading for the bottom, at 10:30. The music eases up at eleven because you are thought to be reviving. What picks you up, they think, is the prospect of quitting for lunch. Nothing gives us such energy as the thought of knocking off work.

But the big battle comes in midafternoon. Then Muzak throws in its most potent music, to counter the afternoon slump, which hits bottom at 3:30. Muzak has certain variables with which to work: the beat, the rhythm, the size of the orchestra, the instrumentation. These are all revved up for that midafternoon battle to keep millions from wilting.

Each of Muzak's thousands of selections is rated for "emotional effectiveness" on a scale running from zero to plus six. Those crucial afternoon segments build in intensity and include a couple of plus-six numbers, perhaps a samba played at 130 beats and a fox trot played at 120 beats by a fifteen-piece orchestra with good brass.

Factory music is livelier than that for offices and public areas and has more beat. Factory swing-shifters get the liveliest music of all. In every case, segments of fifteen minutes of music are followed by fifteen minutes of silence. Without the silence, they say, the music won't take effect.

To carry out a curve of stimulation calls for music in many shades. Muzak claims to have it. It has its music recorded to order, and can have the same tune in several different strengths. For a time the library included five versions of Dark Eyes, and Begin the Beguine in five different proofs.

In a way, this is the oddest music heard anywhere. That's because it is toned down, as you might gray a color, to be heard but hardly noticed. Listeners are supposed to be stimulated but not to hear to an extent which ever takes their minds off their work. That calls for tame, pasteurized music, undistinguished, never exciting. Muzak will reject a piece if it has "high AA." That means "auditory appeal" and for Muzak's peculiar purposes, that's bad, not good. By the same token, vocals never are used; they get too much attention. Any number which inspires clapping is, of course, rejected, and so are hymns. A hymn will stop work quicker than a fire gong. In this music-loving country, everybody knocks off to harmonize.

Apparently you should feel about 11 per cent better for getting this musical treatment. Muzak speaks of a gain of that order in "production potential," and that has to mean you. It isn't claimed that music wards off the slumps. Only that musicated people don't slump nearly so far.

So if the music takes effect you are constantly working over your head, doing better than you would in the raw state. Isn't this the speed-up, with music as a silken whip? If it is, labor doesn't seem to mind. In some places, including the Cleveland post office, the employees foot the bill out of their own pockets. Muzak's charges, based on floor space and how many loud-speakers are needed, range from $15 a month in a small office to $800 a month in a huge industrial layout. The post-office employees pay $100 a month.

Muzak never has hung instruments on people to measure their responses to background music. It can only collect

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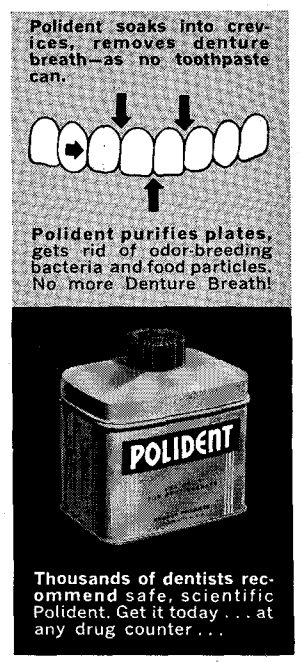
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figures on such things as production and clerical errors, and reason that if efficiency rises and errors fall, music must be doing it. A whole spectrum of results is claimed, largely from interviews with workers and supervisors. If all of these results take effect in you, this musicalization alters you in many ways.

It is claimed that music takes your mind off gnawing personal troubles, makes you more content with your work and with life in general, improves your disposition and curbs a tendency to "vent your aggressions on the job and the work."

Music is also credited with reducing tardiness and absenteeism, with cutting down "rest-room absenteeism," with shortening coffee breaks. Furthermore, it is supposed to make you happier about working on Monday.

That's quite a job of alteration, and while the changes in character can't be measured they could make important differences. Let's go right inside a couple of central nervous systems, uninvited, as music does, and see how these forces might operate.

Let us suppose that Betty, a stenographer, has her eye on Joe. Betty is an organism normally responsive to her environment and to changes therein, including rhythm and melody. Joe is a handsome organism in the sales department where he is doing very well, thanks in part to music, which melts customer resistance and gives Joe an extra quantum or two of salesmanship.

Betty maneuvers to run into Joe at the drinking fountain. This comes about just after the 10:30 slump, and Joe is being pushed uphill by music. Nothing would come of this meeting if Joe's emotions were running their normal course. He has beefs against the world today. The battery of his car went dead yesterday just one day after the guaranty expired, and over the weekend he lost one of his skin-diving fins.

Joe would be cross about this and maybe nervous about talking to Betty, but he is in the 75 per cent who tell Muzak that "music keeps me from getting cross and nervous," so music has canceled out the negative factors. Thanks to good drum and trumpet work on Green Door and a fast beat on Jeepers Creepers, Joe is feeling measurably better and attributes this to seeing Betty, who looks 4 per cent better (we'll say) than she would to Joe in her natural, unmusicated state.

Both are under the influence of music, and powerless to prevent this any more than glasses can keep from vibrating to the right musical tones. The upshot is that they start going together. Whether they'll get married depends on whether Joe gets a pay increase. That depends on Mr. Waggenseller, his boss, but Waggenseller, too, is susceptible to music. Even more so, in fact, than Joe. Usually music makes Mr. W. feel good. Autumn Leaves makes him wonderfully melancholy; he bounces in his chair when he hears Shine; he floats a little to Lady Be Good; leads the band when he hears Tuxedo Junction. Because of the background music he is a full 7 per cent kindlier than normal.

But at this particular moment, the loud-speakers deliver Sunshine Cake. This is a happy-sounding item and has no emotional connotations whatsoever to 129 people out of 130 in the organization; they hardly hear it. Mr. Waggenseller, however, reads it loud and clear. That tune is poison to him; it always reminds him of his ex-wife, to whom he just paid painful alimony. Just to show her, he refuses Joe the raise.

Betty concludes that Joe lacks gumption and is a bad matrimonial risk. This is entirely wrong, but shapes both their lives—proving that if life is strange it is bound to be stranger with music. Perhaps music was only ending what music began. A little more fiddles and a little less brass that first morning at the water cooler, and Joe never would have dated Betty in the first place.

This is pure speculation, of course, but who knows what fractional boosts by music are just enough at just the right time to prove decisive?

The work music gets the results desired, using the tools of rhythm and melody, which win an involuntary response. Listeners are being manipulated. Ancient and strong strings are tugged.

They are being manipulated most agreeably, however, and music seems more like an ally against the monotony of work than like a goad. This form of persuasion is not entirely hidden either. It is highly unobtrusive, but goes on with the consent and approval of the subjects, and doesn't get called "underhanded." Those differences may be important.

If future efforts work out as this does, they won't exactly enslave us. Background music doesn't command puppet-like compliance, but it can do a lot of things to us. There is research showing that music accelerates or slows respiration, produces marked effects on the pulse and blood pressure, increases or decreases muscular energy or the rate at which we expend it, sharpens us by lowering the threshold of sensory stimuli, tends to reduce or delay fatigue, changes the body's electrical conductivity.

It affects muscle tonus, according to research at Ohio University; makes the pupils of the eye enlarge or constrict, according to experiments at the Menninger Foundation, Topeka, Kansas; produces an upward deflection of the galvanic skin response, according to tests in Cleveland State Hospital. A University of Kansas experimenter played music to men and women who had swallowed devices registering gastric activity and found music would increase or diminish this activity.

That's getting pretty intimate, but we're patsies for music; we like it. This may be because it helps us. Dr. Heinz Kohut, of the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis, says music is "play, catharsis and aesthetic experience." Indeed it gives us a second world, providing "substitutive experience of mastery, discharge and expiation" where these feelings can't cause us the trouble they cause in the real world. In Doctor Altschuler's view, music "helps sublimate the sensual, the aggressive and the destructive," and he salutes it as "the only institution in civilization which can take care of man's various intrinsic needs without compromise to either." The old strife between the id, saying, "Let's go," and the puritanical superego, saying, "Be good," is quieted, he thinks, when we hear music.

Pretty clearly, music cleverly designed could arouse us or mollify us as could nothing else so easily and cheaply administered. But there may be built-in limitations. Good control might call for music of pronounced characteristics, and we might not like it. We respond to that too. In those University of Kansas experiments, digestive activity stopped cold when the selections annoyed. Background music has to please or it fails. Muzak doesn't dare program much Hawaiian or hillbilly music; too many people dislike it. Nor can it alter tastes. Its surveys show, for example, that an extra portion of classical or semi-classical music wins no converts. On the contrary, those who dislike music of this nature dislike it more the more they hear of it.

There are people, furthermore, who don't respond worth a dime. Every survey uncovers some whose efficiency doesn't increase in the slightest and a few contrary souls who slump. There are also those who don't get music's message.

Music on planes is intended to quiet fears of flying and often relaxes passengers when something unsettling occurs. When a plane flying from Miami to New York hit rough weather, the hostess switched on the music. Far from being relaxed, one woman began screaming in panic. "We're going to crash!" she cried.

"We're all right," the hostess tried to tell her, but the passenger knew better. "No, we're not," she sobbed. "I've heard about this. The band always begins to play when the ship is sinking."

As spell-casting goes, background music is good, but not perfect. In 1955 one New York subway train was transformed. The cars were air-conditioned and wired for music, music to lift bedraggled spirits, "to bridge the psychological gap between home and job, job and home." A reporter looking for transfigured faces found subway riders looking just as always: wretched. While the Muzak played a winsome tune from The Three-Penny Opera, the reporter singled out a passenger and asked him, "What's your reaction?" The passenger scowled. "Reaction to what?" he demanded. He hadn't noticed a thing.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

The Inside Story of Quemoy:
How We Drifted Close to War
By Stewart Alsop

Adventures of the Mind 16
The Power Holders in the American Economy
By Sumner H. Slichter

He Works in God's Back Pastures

Battle Against the Lake
Engineering Feat on the Great Salt Lake

Social Security Cheats:
They Retire in Advance

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The Third Man in the Boat

(Continued from Page 39)

Christmas soon to come. There was much money to be had for the seeking. The price of halibut had gone up so high at Boston that it was mentioned only in respectful whispers in the lanes of Folly Cove and on the snowbound wharves of Gloucester.

She had come to find the halibut, and at a time when they had never been found. Six days earlier, she had fled out of Folly Cove under a whole mainsail before the women of Folly Cove were awake to stop her with their uplifted hands. The final word had passed from one doryman to another to Stephen O'Malley, her skipper, and back again.

Now she had long since dropped the east light of Sable Island and had plugged slowly away from that terrible lee shore. The wind blew fair for her, and the glass stayed at "Fair"; and the dorymen, asleep in her forecastle, awaited the opening of the true conflict when the skipper, hand on the spokes, lifted the other hand and shouted, "Dory away!"

In the December fashion not known to them, a cross sea rose abruptly, a white swath creasing the black. It jangled over the Stella Maris' weather rail. It poured down in a gleaming welter against the helmsman's boots.

"Hey? Hey?" Peter Lane, the helmsman, shouted at his watchmate. The other waved his white-gloved hand and turned again to gaze off at the source of that cross sea. There had been a puzzling quality in its sudden jump.

This Peter Lane had long been sailing master of the Stella Maris. She'd do anything for him, more than she would do now for her skipper, who had taught Peter her moods. In time of trouble only his big hands could smooth her down and keep her content. In turn, he never used a bad word to her. He never said more than "Now, now, naughty girl!" He was a wonderfully big man, so big, indeed, that he had to have his clothes made by a Boston tailor.

The one standing between him and the weather rail was his dorymate, Will Adams, a mere shack of a man, not more than an inch over six feet and no broader than a dory. They had been dorymates twenty years ago. They now faced their first December together.

"Don't like the looks of it do you, Will?"

Will waved his hand again, this time for a "No!"

The shock of that first boarding sea had made the schooner shudder, and this passed roughly through her wood and into the dim-lighted cabin, where the captain sat on the edge of his bunk, a rolled chart in his hands.

"Hey?" he whispered, in the same questioning way Peter had used. "Hey?" He threw the chart behind him and stared at the lamp swaying sharply in its gimbals. This was December signaling to him. When the lamp once again suited its swing to the powerful glide of the keel beneath him, he sought the intention of the Atlantic in another way: a snuff of the icy air. He waited over it, piercing in his throat, just as he might linger over the taste of his wine. He bent his head a little sideways and listened, giving to the wind, to the pour of water, his sharpest care. Only then did he turn to the barometer.

"She fair. Still at fair."

He went up the companionway a step and thrust back the slide of the hatchway. He shouted to Peter and Will, "How she go, boys, eh?"

Both their great voices joined in the same old laughing answer, "She go well, cap'n!"

He closed the slide.

The barometer fell off from "Fair" and began to tell the other story.

He unrolled the chart on his bunk and held it spread before him. This was one of the charts that the other Captain O'Malley had left in the Stella Maris, a legacy to her and to him, her skipper-to-be. In beautiful script and symbols, it told the old, old stories of halibut taken on such and such a day of Junes long gone, and full trips of the Octobers and, more rarely, in the Novembers. Seeking in a hope almost childish the word he knew he couldn't find, Skipper Stephen pushed his forefinger along the fishermen's paths. On the edges of the Gully, where now he sailed, his finger reached "Halibut, 90,000, September 18, 1872" and the same again for October, 1898. And he read the printed symbols "V.F.G.S." and "F.S." and other catches, year in, year out till his own entries began.

"Aye!" he whispered. "Very fine gray sand. I know. But that one word—she not here." At this, he smiled gravely. He was seeking what couldn't be found: a December; and the near laughter washed a radiance over his seaworn, sea-scarred cheeks. This waned abruptly into the somberness of his age and his trade; then, at the turning of his head toward the tiny blue-and-silver shrine above his bunk, the same radiance returned.

Blue-robed and crowned with silver, Our Lady of Good Voyage, the Child in her arms, gazed serenely down into the cup of oil, fragrant at her silver feet, where the wick blazed small. True to the ancient custom of Portugal, Skipper Stephen kept her light ever burning, even when the Stella Maris lay locked up or in the ways for calking. By his smile, he greeted her anew, just as if she had suddenly appeared to him for the first time ever, yet they had sailed together in the Stella Maris for many seasons.

His hand still raised in a gesture of respectful familiarity, a sudden savagery of expression drove the light off his seamed face. He seemed like a man in the dark who has discovered somebody following him. Actually, the only outward sign of danger had been in the chart itself. It had rustled in a slight billowing action. He didn't have to leaf through fifty years of chart reading to see if this had happened before. The alarm jumped in his heart like the beat of a gong. If he matched things up at all, he might have figured that the forces mustering to "Change" in his barometer had puffed at his chart in their passage to the glass. He yielded instantly to the sea-born instinct that had flourished in his blood for ages. He sought the one thing there that was sister to the Atlantic: the tiny sea of oil in the rose-hued cup of the shrine. It heaved. Its hue became scarlet. The wick flared.

He turned in careful short steps, took down his storm hat and his oilskin jacket and climbed the companionway, pushing the slide away in one action. The wide man at the helm greeted him cheerfully.

At the answering rise of the skipper's arm in a high, rough gesture to the east, Will Adams came up a stride nearer the wheel, his head and shoulders hunched against the unchanged glitter of the stars.

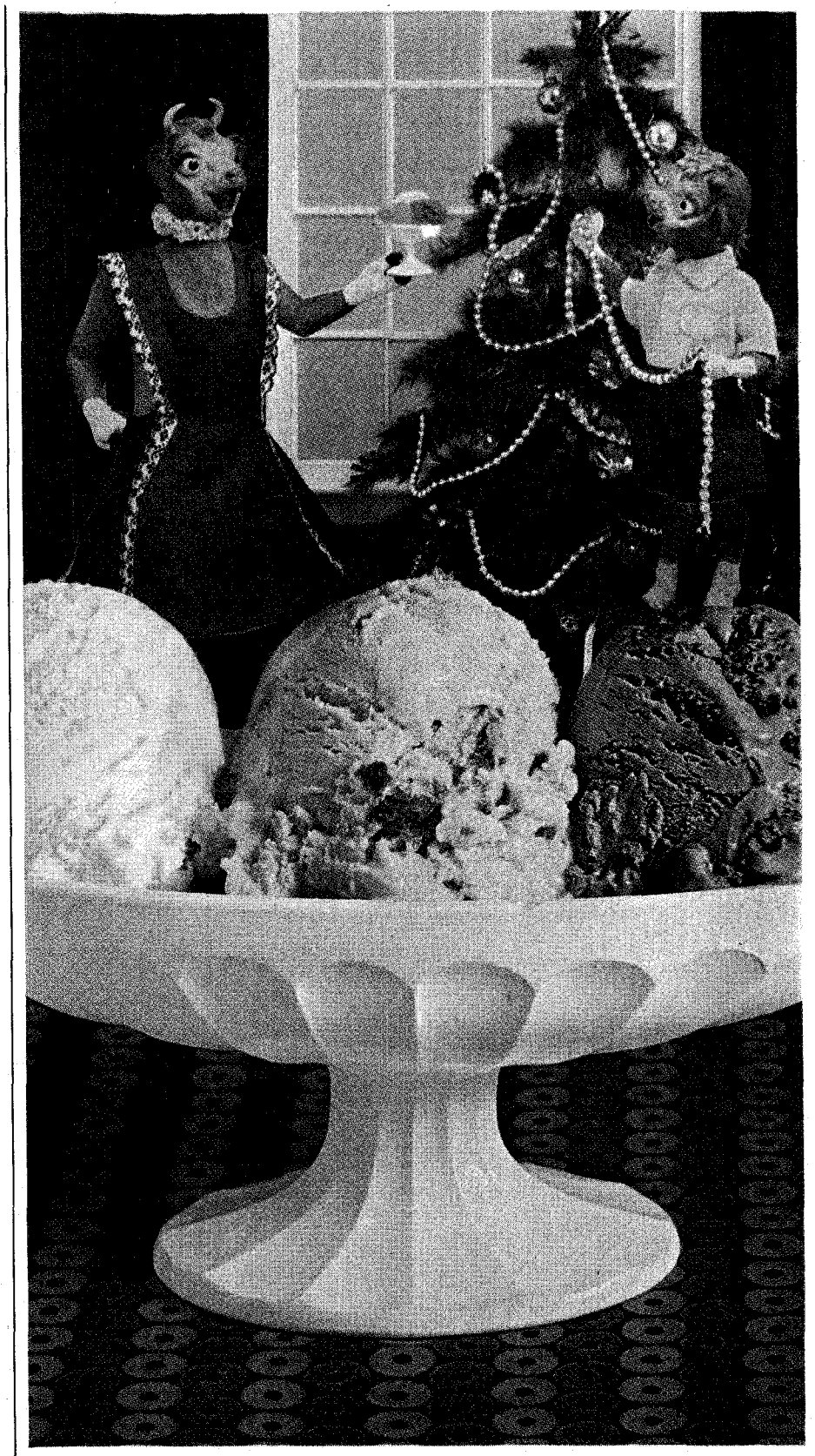
"Will!"

The skipper's voice drew the doryman forward in quick steps. "Aye, sir?"

"Get bow watch out of there. All hands up. Life ropes."

Will hurried forward.

Peter shifted away from the wheel, keeping his hands on the spokes until the skipper laid hold.



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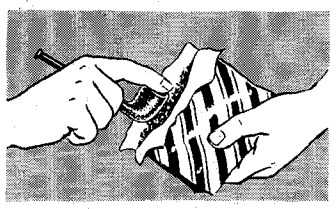

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"Snug her down, Peter. She heave to now."

In ten minutes, they had taken off the foresail, and lay under a reefed mainsail and the staysail, the trim she liked best for the blow to come. Peter came back to the helm. By that time, the wind had hauled around to the northeast.

The sea needed no wind. Born in the shoal water of the Gully's eastern edges, an immense comber rolled up and hid the lower stars. All the high stars went out. The comber, gaining size and speed, heaved upward in a bellowing rush and fell upon the Stella Maris in an assault that drove her down and under. Sheltered between the dory nests, their arms hooked over the life ropes, the watch stood chin deep in that sea before the vessel cleared herself.

She toppled down the trough in a slanting, awkward plunge and there the wind rammed her with three successive walls of water. The last of these buried her entirely and half hove her down until her two hundred tons of ballast and the tons of ice in her pens drove her howling up into the pitch-black night.

Up came the wheel. Her bow rose so high that the burden of water thundered down over the skylight, over the wheel, over them, and off. The water that stayed on her gear and rigging froze instantly. She became a vessel of glass.

"Ice is making!"

In answer, Skipper Stephen raised his hand and crashed it down on the wheel to shatter the crust of ice over his fingers. "She does not make long! Hundred fathom soon, my boy. Sea warm up!" He let loose a peal of laughter. "In fact, Peter, it very nice yonder!"

The strong clockwise-flowing tide, called "The Clock" by fishermen, drew the Stella Maris around, her burden of ice increasing until, once again, an enormous sea hit her spars and bore her down, buried her. This time when she swam into the air, her crisp coat of crystals had vanished, all washed off in the warmer water.

The coming day warmed her a little too. It broke mildly, hardly changing the color of the sky. Now Will Adams came down the life ropes with another man to relieve the watch. The skipper went below. Peter refused to leave. All day long the gale hammered her. They never saw the sun. The blackness came on and the same struggle continued until midnight when, just as suddenly as it had risen, the gale blew itself out. The stars appeared one by one, company by company.

Before they slept, they ate. There hadn't been much for them during the blow: water, apples, sandwiches and cookies. An hour after the quiet westerly began, the first table, which includes the skipper, sat down to dinner: bean soup, thick steaks broiled in butter, hot corn bread and biscuits, kettles of tea and coffee, and bowls of stewed fruits, there not being time for apple pies and cakes, which they rather expected. Cook Pennywate promised pie for breakfast.

Skipper Stephen ate with his usual earnestness. They all ate, not only like men who had gone hungry, but like men who might soon go dinnerless again. They were learning something about the December, and the December had taught them something more about their skipper. No December could beat him.

When he had left the forecastle, a question about him came up quickly. Somebody in a peak bunk leaned out and said, "Even so, will he dare drop a dory off in such a sea? That gale—she'll come back and take another spit at us. I could tell by the look on his face that he thinks so."

Peter Lane said, "Why didn't you ask him, Jack?" No good answer coming, Peter said he'd do it and he followed the skipper aft to the cabin.

"Will they go home, Peter?" Skipper Stephen replied. "Hail for nothing, at nothing a pound?"

"All they want to know is what you have in your mind, captain. They will do what you say."

Skipper Stephen looked up fondly at his tall doryman, whose grave eyes stayed half shut because his head swayed so close to the lamp. He wished strongly to tell him the secret: That the command of the Stella Maris would soon go to him. He sighed. Such a happy word should be passed only at home, in peace and in comfort, by the Christmas tree, where—ah! this was it—surely there would be a vessel to hand over.

Aloud, his voice steady, he said, "Peter, I will think and pray."

After the slide had gently closed, Skipper Stephen thought all things over for a space. Should he risk men, vessel and dories for the Christmas money they wished to earn? Should he take them home and give them the money out of his savings? They wouldn't take it. In the end, he ran his hands up and down his thick gray thatch, then folded them in the manner of altar boys, and knelt before the shrine. Leaving his gnarled English, he spoke to her in the poetry of his Portugal, saying:

"So the old priest looked strong at me from your high altar, Lady of Good Voyage; and Will's parson at the chapel—he prayed to the Little One in your arms. And in my choir and in Will's, the sweet voices sang your hymn, Star of My Sea, and thus you bade me go, Holy Mother, for the sake of your poor and your little ones in the lanes of Folly Cove. Oh, sweet Mother of God, grant me a sign, shall I still dare this death of my dear men and your schooner?"

The westerly wind blew moaning down. Snow rattled on the skylight. Skipper Stephen bowed his head lower and gazed calmly into the tiny sea of oil until, quite clearly to his dimming eyes, the flame flowered like the flower of a compass, and rising, ever so little, changed to a rosy finger beckoning forward. Gaiety, gaiety and joy surprised him. He flung out his hands in a gesture almost boisterous and nearly laughed in his pleasure, because the signal matched his inward calculations.

"Due east?" he whispered. "To fifty fathoms, eh?"

He now looked directly at her and, in a sudden outpouring of the innocent piety that had bound his ancestors to her through the ages, he whispered confidingly: "You know this is your Stephen, Holy Mother. I speak for him now, please. Does not St. Stephen's Day come the day after Christmas? Aye, Holy One! So I must return"—here his boldness made him flush—"for on my feast day I will bring roses to you. Roses, Beloved Mother, in the middle of winter!" He made the sign of the cross, and closed the stove draft.

A day later, twenty miles to the eastward, Peter Lane, hands on her spokes, nodded toward the half-open cabin hatch and said to Will Adams, "See what he wants now, chum."

After his shout below, Will came back to the helm. "He says we're on fish. He says we've found them."

"Let them take off a bit of that foresail then."

At the change in her smooth flight, the skipper came on deck and began his examination of the sky—cloudless; and the sea—a flat. It was a wonder always to them, even more so now, that he knew the halibut were waiting down below for the chunks of fat herring. Yet he knew,

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just as if a billboard were floating there, "This Way to the Halibut."

The skipper took over the helm and Peter hurried forward to No. 1 dory, topping the lee nest, where, aloft against the blue, Will Adams already swayed while he set the trawl baskets in place, laid out the oars and furled sail, and stowed the food tin and water bottle.

"Dory away!" Skipper Stephen raised his hand and shouted.

The men at the rail swung the dory out and down into the tide. At that moment, seeming only then to understand the grave nature of a task once so ordinary, they stared in huddled silence at the first of their chums to hit the December sea. Blue and empty, it rolled to the tossing rim of the world, calm as in September, yet their gazes showed well enough what their hearts, schooled to all known dangers, must say: Here is a danger new to all men, dories in a December sea.

"Dory away!"

Dory No. 2 went over. In an hour or so, all ten were at work. The Stella Maris vanished to the westward, came daintily around and picked them all up, for it was far too cold to await the fishing signal while laying on the ends—tied up to the second buoy at the trawl's end. This they often did in summer so that they might sleep on the bottom boards until her horn blew the fishing signal. This time they came aboard, went below to the shack locker for a mug-up—coffee and cookies or a mug of tea—and slept until the signal blared. Out they tumbled and dropped them off again, each dory near its buoy.

Are we really on fish? they wondered. *Or are they gone here too?*

Alone at the wheel, the skipper waited for the answer he had come so far to seek. Under headsails only, the Stella Maris glided along between her strung-out dories. On No. 10, the nearest, he fixed his gaze, watched the first hooks come up.

"Empty." He spoke the dreaded word gently. At that instant, a fierce shout burst from No. 9 to leeward. Skipper Stephen ran to the rail in time to see the first halibut come tugging and thrashing up from fifty fathom.

"Hey! Hey!"

All along the double line their shouts of triumph whirled. His eyes couldn't satisfy his heart, which was full, and yet required more and still more images of huge, flat-sided fish gleaming in the sunlight. By nightfall, her decks gleaming with torches and her forecastle loud with talk of their victory, he had his first ten thousand pounds safe in the pens below.

Ten thousand, twenty thousand, thirty—up and up the tally mounted, and in their hearts it mounted so high that even on the fifth day, the cold so intense that ice began to make on their dory gear, they came alongside laughing, reached for the forks and pitched their fish aboard like boys at summer hay.

To their boast that he had defeated the December and that they'd take 100,000 pounds, Skipper Stephen gave neither smile nor nod. He had borne the brunt of it in his grave style, had stood night watches to give Peter unbroken sleep for the sailing to come. The skipper now knew more about the winter sea, and his

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Babe started happily homeward to the driest county in the state in a truck loaded with 450 cases of beer. Police halted her and seized the beer, claiming she planned to sell it in violation of state law. Babe asserted she intended to drink every drop herself, which was quite legal. When the cops refused to return the beer, she sued to get it back.

"The law says I can buy all the beer I want for my personal use," Babe pointed out. "I'm a thirsty girl; there's a long, hot summer ahead, and I want all 10,800 bottles for myself."

"Babe obviously planned to sell that beer," police counsel replied. "There isn't a human beer-barrel on earth who can absorb 10,800 bottles within a reasonable period. She's just sneering at the law."

If you were the judge, would you return Babe's beer?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Babe lost her beer. The court said her story that she wanted it all for herself was obviously incredible "unless it be thought that she is an extremely provident person who was anticipating a tremendous drought in the beer market and was protecting her inordinate thirst for the invigorating beverage for about six years to come."

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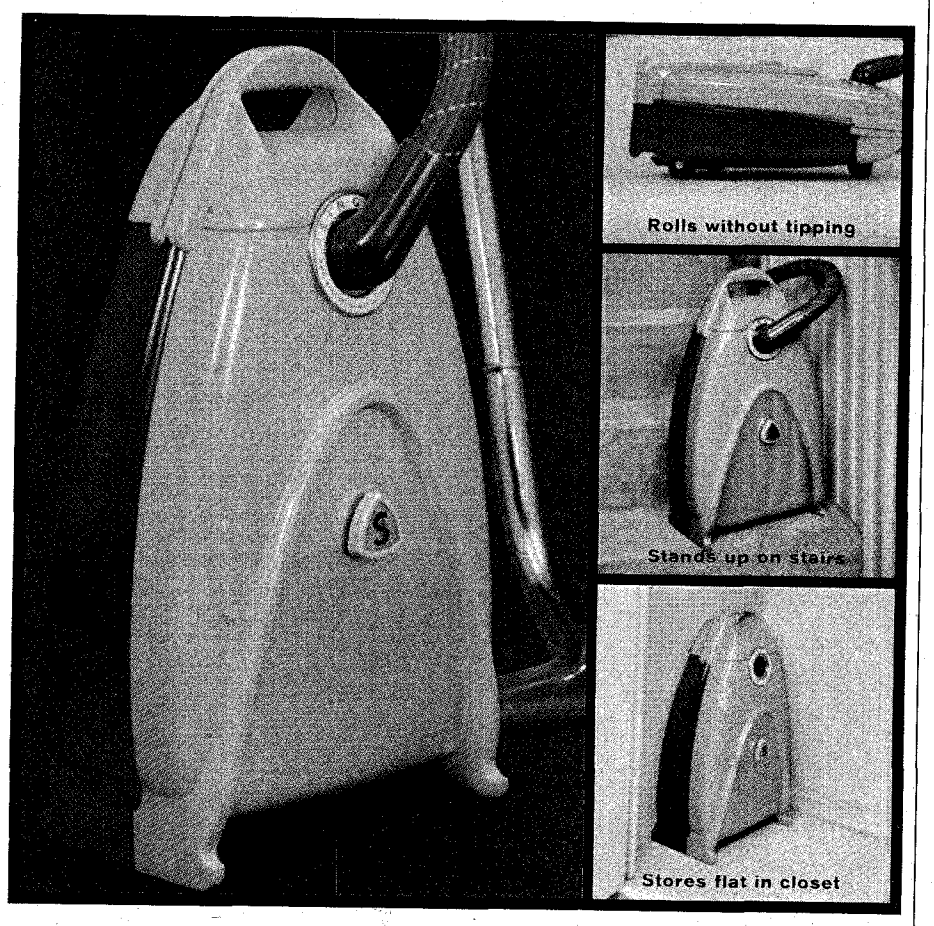

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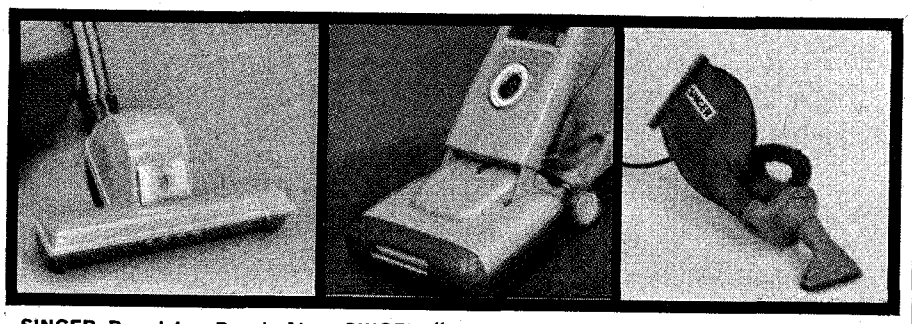

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heart, on which he much depended, warned him asleep and awake. He was used to the workings of his heart. It fell off two points before the barometer dropped one.

It was in strict obedience to his heart, its wisdom, that he suddenly broke the pattern of their last hours in that peril. Again at the helm, his mouth open for the order to No. 1 dory, he astonished the men by shouting, "Peter Lane! Out of it and down."

Peter came down from the dory. On the deck, he looked at the others in dismay. He seemed unable to believe the words shouted from the helm. He said, "Did you hear him? Does he tell me to come down?"

They nodded and followed him aft until he stood before the skipper. "Captain, you call me from my dory?"

"I call. Yes, Peter. And for the last time."

"We give up?"

"Give up? No, never give up! You want your hundred thousand pounds? We take them, Peter." His grasp on the frosty spokes changed to a fondling embrace. He faltered in his speech so badly that Peter, puzzled more than ever, asked his question again. "Why do you call me from my dory, captain?"

"Because you are the Stella Maris' skipper now, Peter. That's why I call you."

Peter stepped back, his hands rising in protest. "Captain, that cannot be! Do you call me from my dory to tell me this?"

The skipper stepped away from the wheel and laid hold of Peter's right arm. He lifted the right hand and pressed it down upon the uneasy spokes. "Take her helm, captain. She is yours, the Stella Maris. It is my last order to you. Do you obey?"

"Aye, sir!"

Skipper Stephen laughed. "No, no! You do not say any more, 'Aye, sir!' You say, 'O.K. Steve.'"

"O.K., Steve."

"Aye, captain." Stephen turned to the others to make the explanation they deserved. "Hear what I say: I have promised you the hundred thousand. That is the way we do things in this vessel. Never give up. But it is a hard winter everywhere. This vessel, she will be needed bad in springtime. New captain, he is the only one that can take her home. If I lose him in the dory, we all lose our lives. The gale is coming back. After what has happened already, I know I cannot take her home. I am too old. You understand?"

"Aye, if you say so." One or two made the answer, the others stared, knowing there was more to come because he had now put on the white cotton gloves of their trade, the gloves he had given up when he became skipper.

He said, "I know we cannot spare one dory. There is no time. I go. I take his place this time. If I fail, the Stella Maris, she will still be safe. All that matters."

The dorymen kept their eyes down when the skipper walked forward, climbed into the dory, and took the place he had left so many years before. "You will go dorymates with me, Will Adams?"

"Aye, indeed, chum."

Peter shouted, "Dory away!" Down she went, and after her the others. And in time up she came again, to the gunwales loaded, and away once more—last set now—with Stephen smoothly wielding the heaving stick.

The Stella Maris vanished to the westward, and, just as if the icy blaze of her masthead were the signal, the gale rose. Before the main roller showed, the Stella Maris sent out her warning—a hoarse wailing, three times repeated. All along the double line of dories, the conch horns sang, "This way! This way!"

Stephen threw down his heaving stick, cut the trawl and took up the silver-tipped conch. He never did blow. All sounds, great and small, were overwhelmed in the bellowing of the gale. The sea surged not in a broad advance but in a wedge, a plow of icy black that furrowed between the dory and the schooner's position. At a whale's speed it shifted course and headed directly toward the dory, one huge spout of crystals towering over the water wall. Something made of wood—perhaps an ancient wreck torn out of the shoaler water—whirled aloft. The skipper saw a frame of timbers tumbling high over him. "We're in for it, Will."

He had just time enough to hurl one trawl basket away. The sea burst upon the dory. Two or three objects struck her side. Another—seemingly an ice-clad timber—gleamed and shattered against the gunwale forward and smashed it. Another struck Will in a thrust so fierce that it crumpled him on the thwart. His hands opened and his face turned skyward in anguish. Stephen fell headlong over him and seized the oars.

Now the sea lifted the dory into the snowfall, into the darkness. It whirled three times in a crazy motion and went catapulting down the slope in such force

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Sheldon White

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that it passed under the foam. The sea filled it halfway and heaved it upward. There he began his struggle.

He headed her into the following sea. This wouldn't do. He made no headway. He swung her fast and drove her off with the sea, striving to keep up with it. For a little time, he did it. He bent forward and shouted, "Bail her, Will!"

Will reached toward the thwart with his left hand. The other wouldn't answer. It was broken. A curious smile of disdain twisted his lips. He thrust his left hand under the thwart, found the bailer and began.

The dory shot down a sea slanted like a September swell. The skipper shipped the oars, heaved over the other trawl baskets and the buoy. He sat to the oars again, swung her, and held her against the oncoming sea. Always the bailer dipped, rose, and dipped again until the bottom board showed.

The sun vanished before its time. Until then, Stephen had not minded the cold. It now began working on him. His old heart yammered and strained. It demanded water, food and its accustomed nightly rest. He kept glancing over his shoulder, looking for the lights of the schooner, for he believed he was still not too far from his first buoy. In fact, he had slid miles away.

Twice in the last hours, she handled poorly and filled. For these assaults, his dorymate was waiting. His long arm began again. Up and out. Up and out. No glance, no words.

The day came, a gray darkness, scarcely a day at all. Such as it was, it finished off the gale. The wind hauled to the northward and blew

(*Continued on Page 92*)

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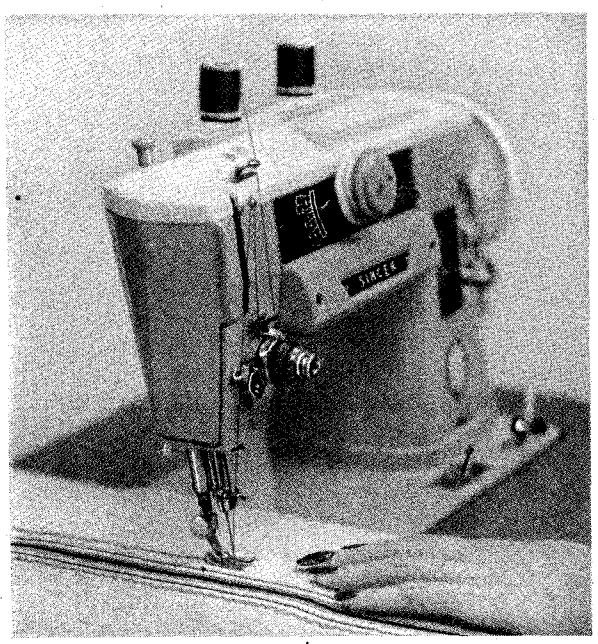

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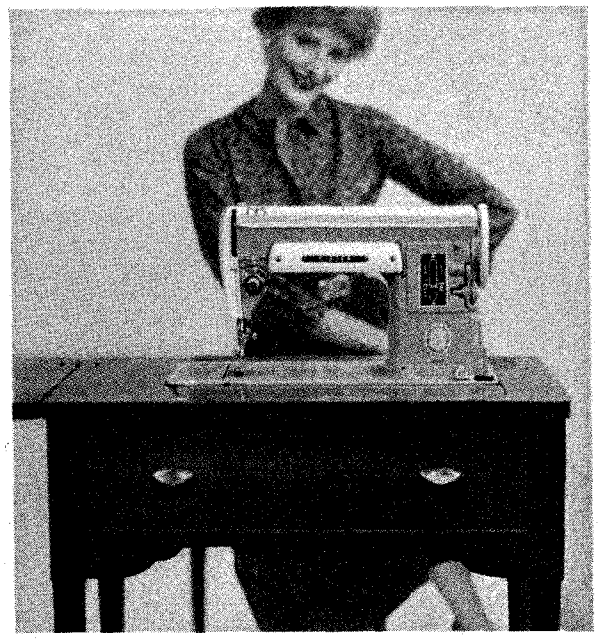

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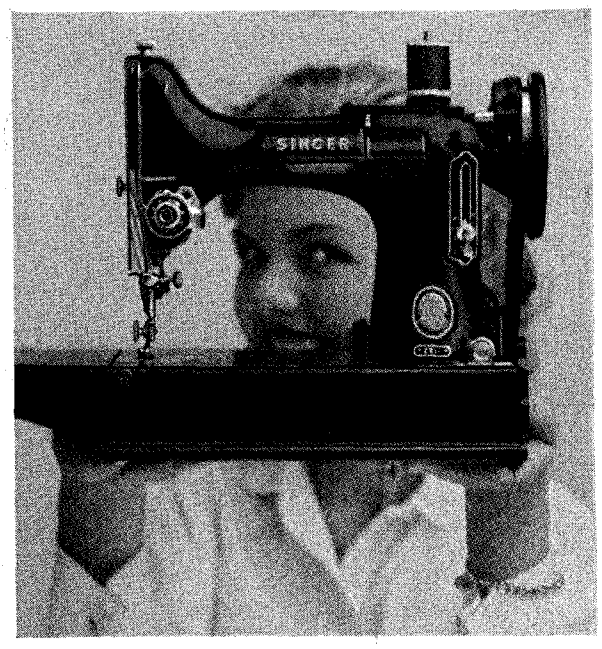

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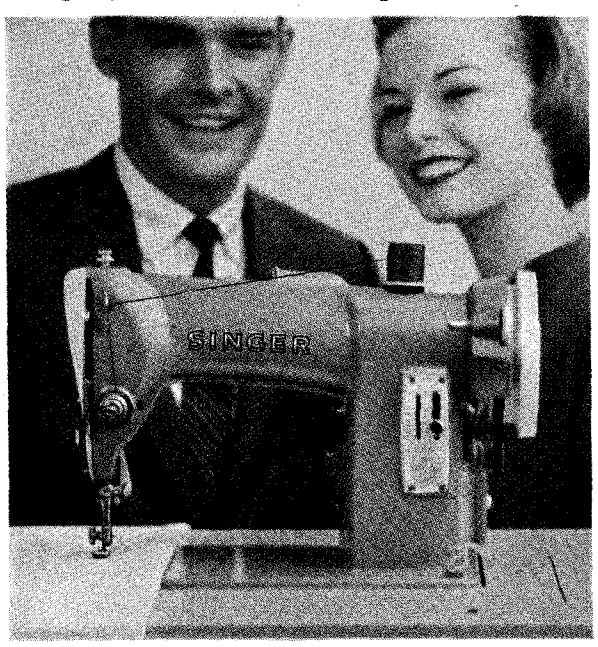

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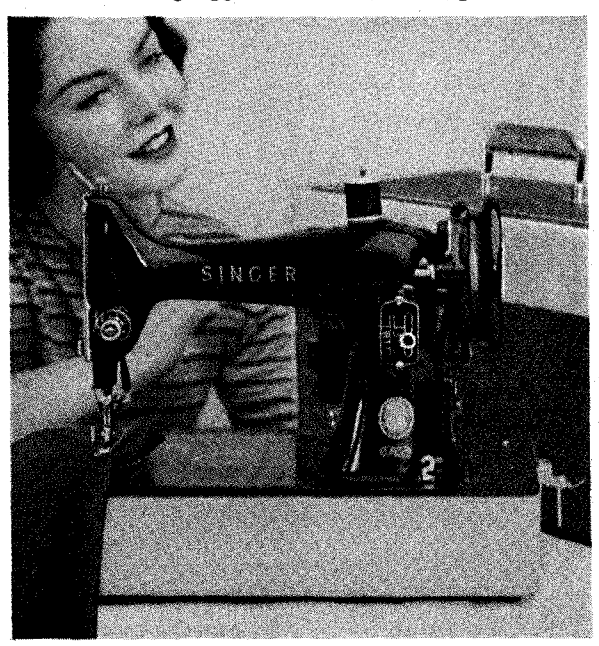

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(*Continued from Page 90*) so cold that Stephen's gloves froze to the oars. He drew in and beat his hands together. The sea flattened. For the first time, he was able to stand up. He saw nothing.

The December had something else in store for him. When it came, in a rattle like an anchor sent down, he couldn't believe it. The hailstones cut across his hands, pierced his wrists with the keenness of hooks, and cut through the gloves.

In the hammering deluge, the stones flailed down and churned the water into spray. This froze hard, first on the gunwales, then on his arms, and, in a sudden spread, covered Will in a jacket of ice. Will crouched, fought aimlessly with the bailer, and gave up in a final sprawl. He cried out hoarsely. Stephen came down to him and heard the word, "Water!"

The water bottle had become a crystal lump. The skipper thrust it between his shirts. It cut like iron against his ribs. He pulled off his oilskin jacket and laid it over Will's head. Will called him nearer. "Trust to the dory, captain. Down out of the wind."

Stephen began to clear away the thickening hail. It kept up with him. Hour after hour, it came sweeping over. He broke the grainy ice with his hands, scooped it up with the bailer. By noontime he had cleared her, and he lay down. Even that difference in the cold, small as it was, bolstered him. He dragged the bottle out, gauged the free water—a mouthful—and poured it, drop by drop, between Will's teeth. He burst the food tin open, took out the single pilot biscuit, and pressed crumbs into Will's mouth.

Will smiled in his pain. Stephen closed his own eyes and tried to sleep, even a little. Just before dark, the sunlight dappled the gray and warmed him a little. Green in the south-of-east, the evening star ascended, a shimmering ornament. The moon followed. Stephen's heart cried out to him a warning against this fatal peace. For once, he could not answer. He yielded to the heat of fever, a delirium in which strange images floated and whirled.

He was beginning to die. The fever turned his trance into a dream of life, a hallucination. In it, the sky changed to the sky of his childhood.

Between the westering evening star and the moon ascending, a thousand stars came out, yellow and green and gold, all shooting streams of light that adorned the dory, turned it into a thing of pearl and silver. Brisk under the stroke of its oars, the dory glided, burst into a sea, climbed it, and pushed on, faster and faster. A voice—the voice of an island man—called out from the thwart. No, it sang as once his father had sung out the homeward hymn when the green hills shimmered after many days. Who swayed there, strong between the oars?

"O my father, is it not you?"

The song ceased, and the same voice sang out clearly, "Take it easy, chum. Take it easy, Stephen. I know you are Stephen."

In the short, deep stroke, the fiery oars drove her up out of the trough, swung her high to the rising crest, down into the howling trough, and up again. A cross sea caught her, half filled her. The oars came deftly in, the voice sang out in laughter, and the bailer swung, up and down, up and down, until she was cleared again, and flew lightly on toward the evening star.

The voice pealed, "Take a kink, chum. Stay out of the wind and take a kink."

Sleep in that cold and darkness? "A kink?" Stephen groaned. "My thirst. My hunger. . . . We are dying, chum. Come down out of the cold."

Swaying against the stars, the third dorymate answered: "Drink then! Mug up, skipper. We haven't far to go."

The skipper drew the bottle out. It blazed. He turned to his dorymate, silent at his side. He pressed the bottle to the silent lips, which opened hungrily to take the gush. Will drank, sighed, and drank again, and Stephen drank in wonder, tasting a drink that rushed to his heart like wine, making it beat free again. He held the bottle up. "Drink, chum!"

"I have drunk. I have had wine. Now you sleep. Close to him, child Stephen!"

He tried to obey again, yet his gaze held on to that figure, all alight with starshine, until he saw it bend, take up the conch horn, and rise to scan the sea. And even while the eyes searched the lower darkness, the dory glided smoothly on and upward, up the slope of a sea so great that it touched the stars. There it rested, idle in the glittering spray.

"I see a masthead light and her torches burning, child Stephen!" Saying this, the dorymate stepped out into the white flowers of the spray, strode nearer the stars, and there lifted the horn to his lips. Sweet and strong, he blew the call of No. 1 dory, Peter's call, "Loo-la-loo!" And again, "Loo-oo-la-lo!"

Loud in the east, the Stella Maris answered, "Here am I! Here am I!"

The stranger leaned over the gunwale and cried out to Stephen, "Now, you blow, child Stephen. Do you hear her?"

Stephen's right hand closed on the conch horn. He heaved himself up and pressed the horn to his lips. He blew and he failed because he had not blown a horn for so many seasons. He struck the frost from his mouth and tried again. "Loo-la-loo! Loo-oo-la-lo!" He listened in joy to the signal blown to him many a time by Peter when fog or snow had shut off No. 1 dory from the Stella Maris.

Her horn exulting, her bell pealing and the cook pounding his biggest pan, the schooner came up, her deck and nested dories ablaze with torches. The dorymen went down into the dory, where Stephen had fallen on the horn. They handed him up to the rail, sent Will after him, and hoisted the dory. The new captain carried Stephen to the cabin, where he slept again, never stirring until at daybreak he heard Peter at the helm. Through the half-open slide, he heard the order, "Let me have that mainsail, boys. Home we go!" They gave it to him and he kept it on her until, in spray and snow again, she burst through the breakers at the harbor mouth, and the people watching on the cliffs of Folly Cove ran back into the lanes crying, "The Stella Maris! All well aboard!"

So the old captain's story ended; and his eyes, made drowsy by the effort of long remembrance, looked wanly at me when, after many questions all afternoon, I took out the slip of paper and read from it the question nobody else had ever cared to ask. "Sir, who was the third dorymate? My editor says I must be sure to ask you, 'specially because my uncle didn't ask it when you told him the story."

Already returned to his serenity, from which the excitement of an old conflict had roused him, he gave me his smile again and his nod. "My dear boy, it is true my eyes they were closed, nearly forever, when the third dorymate came. I have answered so many things. Now this last one. Who knows? Just my fever? But"—he touched himself lightly with his right hand—"he was there, just the same. Here. In my heart." He put his hand back on the knob of his stick. "Forgive an old, old man, if he doesn't do better for you. You must remember—it is long time now since I carry my roses to her altar. Roses in the middle of winter." THE END

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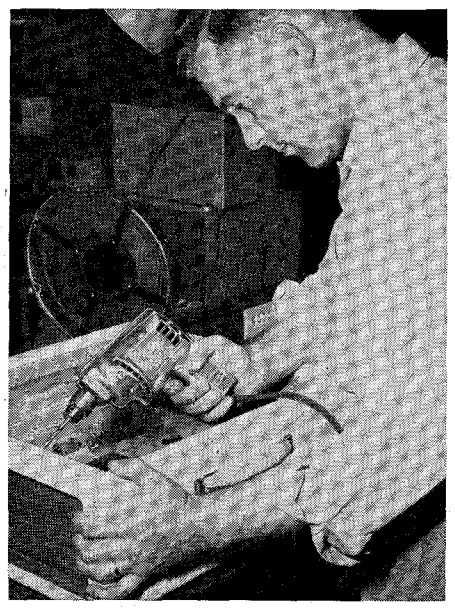

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Biggest City in the World

(Continued from Page 25)

This unzoned ugliness is, of course, a by-product of Tokyo's postwar doldrums. The city was a phoenix slow to rise from its ashes. For seven years after the war it submitted with a sort of stunned docility to the occupation, observing to the letter the Emperor's admonition to "endure the unendurable." Crushed in spirit by military defeat, bewildered by the drastic social changes demanded by the new constitution, its first attempts at rebuilding were, in the main, a patchwork effort to restore what had been there before—a huge, unlovely and graceless city of a few elephantine buildings surrounded by miles of flimsy, firetrap houses.

The peace treaty of 1952 restored to Japan her sovereignty. It also restored to Tokyo's citizens their ancient drive and confidence, setting off the great explosion of restless energy that today marks the city, giving to the visitor the feeling that he is walking about in a gigantic anthill. This tremendous outburst of creative effort, no matter how haphazard it may seem to the casual eye, has a specific end in view—the creation not only of the world's biggest city but also the world's most serene and gracious capital.

Implicit in the provisions of the new constitution was the promise that Tokyo could become the capital of a great new democracy, a full partner with the countries of the free world. The idea fired the imagination of the men who ran the city's affairs. They would plan a city worthy to rank in beauty along with Paris, Washington and Rome.

Their problem was made more complex by the fact that Tokyo, after the war, had become not only Japan's political capital. It was the cultural, intellectual, financial and industrial focal point as well. A way had to be found whereby these varied functions could be blended into a harmonious whole.

"It is as if Washington, New York, Pittsburgh and Detroit had to be merged happily into one great city," one Tokyo official explained.

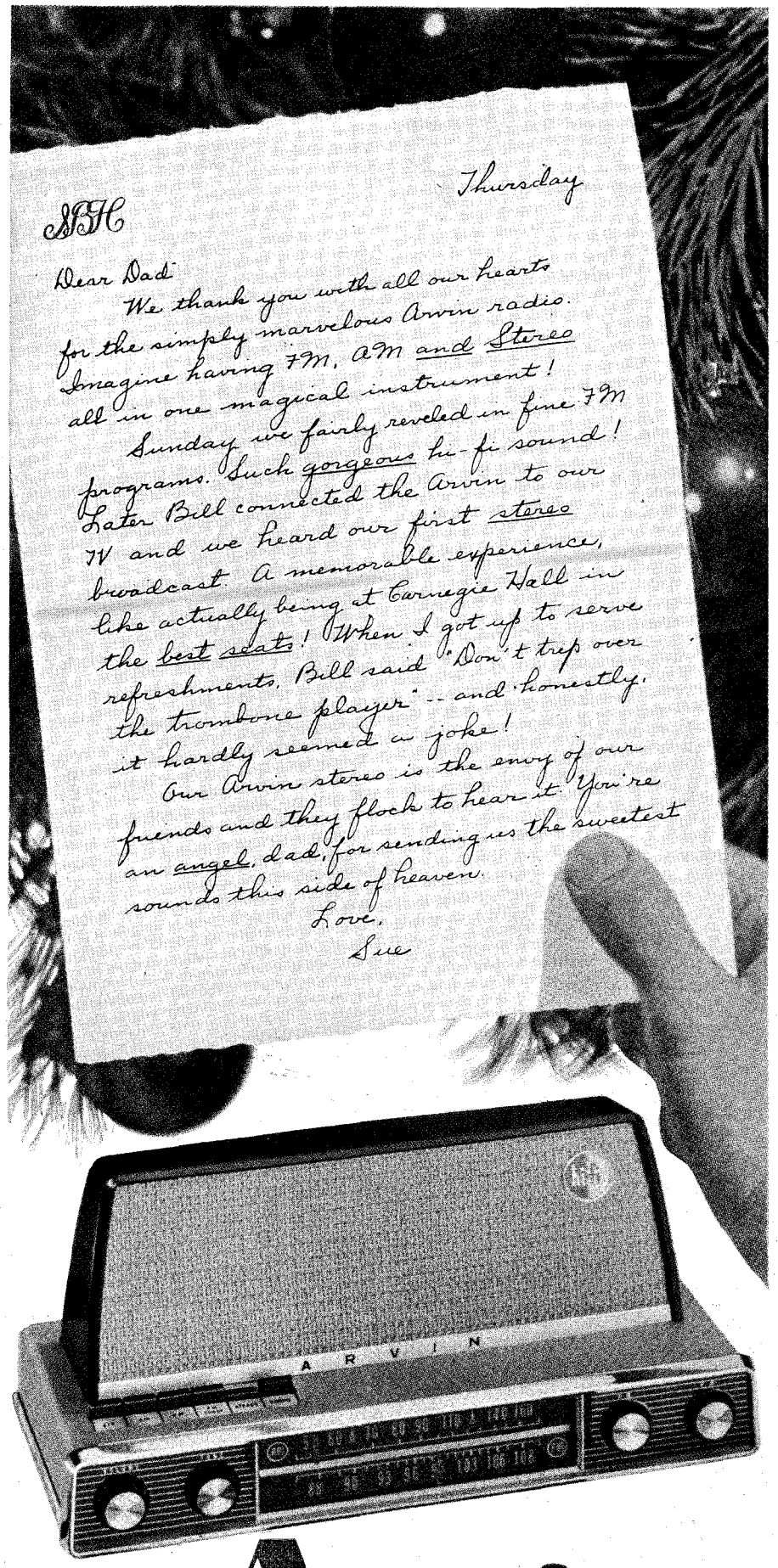
By 1975, if all goes well, the city now taking shape beneath the noise, the smoke and the dust, may stand above the Kwanto plain as serene and stately a metropolis as even Mr. Robert Moses ever dreamed of. Within an hour's train ride of the main Tokyo station will be the central district, of banks and business houses and hotels, theaters, restaurants and department stores, and residential areas of tall apartment houses. Industry will remain, but sequestered in areas where its smoke and smells will not offend. Opened up to light and air by parks and playgrounds, the rebuilt Tokyo will be a city of trees and flowers where vistas please the eye, and traffic flows smoothly, swiftly and safely on three levels. In a skyscraper city—and in Tokyo a nine-story building is considered a skyscraper—the planners figure that 12,000,000 people can live with plenty of elbowroom where some 8,000,000 now are jammed together at ground level.

Forming a great arc about this central district will be a green belt six miles wide. Here, in a setting of forests and farmlands, will be concentrated the city's hospitals, clinics, colleges, universities and research institutions; homes for the aged, orphans and mentally ill; parks, lakes and botanical gardens; airports, heliports and museums. New cemeteries will also be located here, for Tokyo is now so crowded it is difficult to find a place to bury the dead.

Beyond the wide green belt will lie a necklace of satellite towns, where all new industry seeking to enter the Tokyo area will find a home, and to which will be transferred as much of Tokyo's present industry as can be persuaded to move. Each industrial satellite, of course, will be separated from the others by its own encircling green belt.

Within this metropolitan area, extending some forty to fifty miles from the central city, the planners estimate that a population of 26,000,000 will be living and working by 1975.

So huge a project is, of course, tremendously costly. Last year, to get it under way, the city spent 80,000,000,000 yen on roads, multistoried apartments, sewer and water lines, subways and schools. This was merely a beginning. The plan in the next ten years calls for the additional expenditure of 1,500,000,000,000 yen, which still adds up to a pretty penny even though the yen is worth a little less than one third of a U. S. cent. Much basic work must still be done on the central city before the more grandiose aspects of the plan can be carried out. There are more than 2,000,000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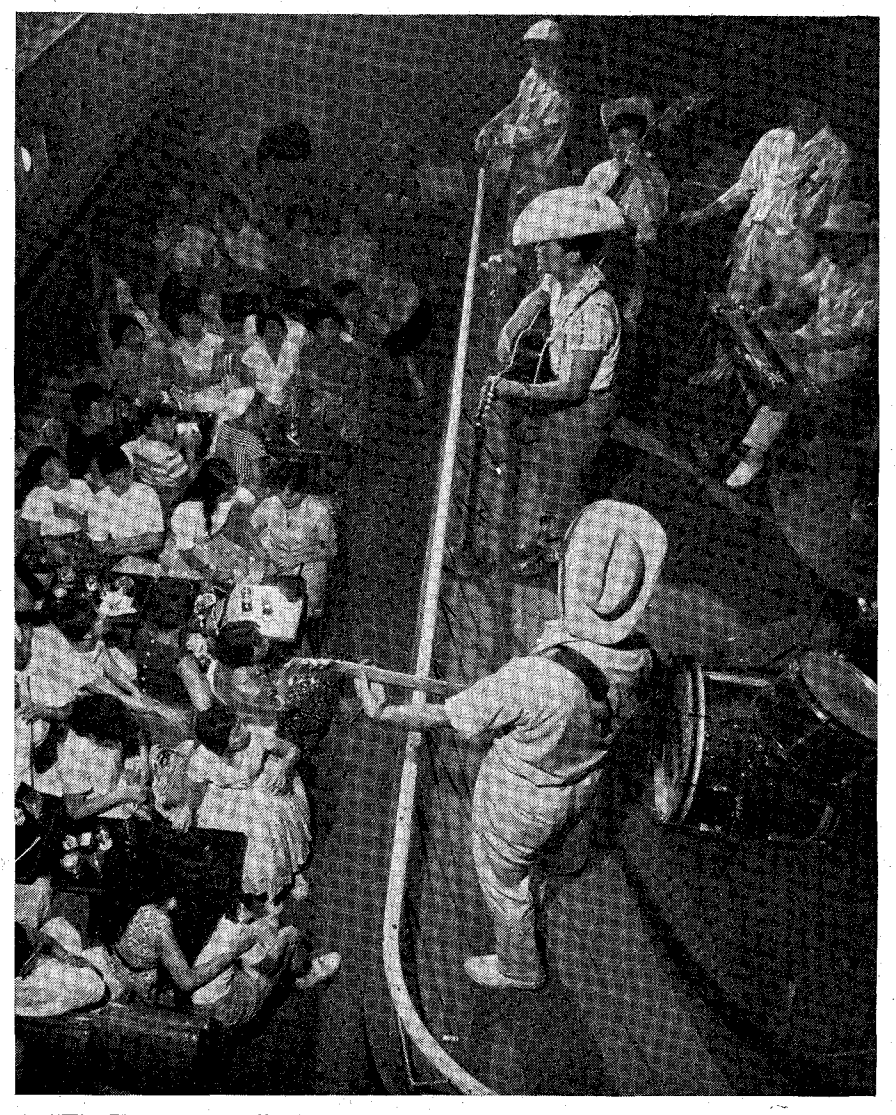
households in Tokyo, but only 1,040,000 water faucets, and less than a third of the population enjoy the amenities of indoor plumbing.

Many things could happen, of course, to set the program back, or destroy it entirely. An earthquake and fire like the great catastrophe of 1923 in one sense would be a blessing. It would make the task of land readjustment simple, but it would be disastrous in the destruction of wealth from which tax moneys flow. The threat of earthquake is ever present, but the threat of fire causes the city fathers ever greater concern, for, despite its modern look, 90 per cent of Tokyo's houses still are made of wood. From 146 tall towers scattered about the city, lookouts peer over the rooftops, watching for smoke or flame, and the 7500 firemen defend their city with the utmost zeal. A drunk who set his breeches afire was startled to find that his cries of alarm had brought to his aid fifteen pumpers, a ladder truck, a searchlight truck, an ambulance and two fireboats. On another occasion, firemen, seeing a glow in the northern sky, drove furiously toward it with siren screaming. They finally discovered they were pursuing the Aurora Borealis.

If Tokyo, building for the future, is by day the hardest-working city in all Asia, it is by night the hardest playing. There are, by official estimate, 50,000 bars, night clubs and restaurants in downtown Tokyo, ranging in size from the gigantic Queen Bee, with its hundreds of "hostesses," down to little one-girl *sake* bars where only three customers can sit at a time. The entertainment ranges from the sophisticated elegance of the Shirobasha Tearoom, where the décor features fragile and beautiful antique French porcelains, to the bold and brassy Albion, where the waitresses, dressed only in bra and panties, bounce to calypso rhythms as they serve the drinks, and the bawdy hi-jinks of the Papagayo, which advertises: "Positively Tokyo's most daring nude floor shows daily, including Sundays." The Japanese, who in the old days were accustomed to bathing together in public, see nothing reprehensible in removing all drapery from the human form, and nudity is not considered particularly shocking. As a concession to Western morals, however, the police do classify dancers in three grades—"A," "B" and "C." "A" dancers wear three sequins while on stage, "B" dancers wear one, and "C" wear none at all. On rare occasions the "C" girls are called on by the police and ordered to put on more clothes.

One phenomenon of the times, in a country supposedly addicted to tea, is the rise of the coffee shops. There are 4000 of these establishments in Tokyo, where, for the price of two cups of coffee, a pair of teen-agers can sit for hours, listening to jazz, classical hi-fi, French *chansons* or German *lieder*. Rock 'n' roll, called rock 'n' roru in Japanese, is highly popular with the pony-tail set and duck-tail haircut set, and an army of Elvis Presley imitators could be recruited from the coffee bars. One establishment called The Tennessee features a Japanese band dressed in cowboy boots and ten-gallon hats, who sing hillbilly ballads with an authentic Grand Ole Opry twang.

Anything American finds quick acceptance in Tokyo. A visit by Gene Krupa set thousands of youngsters to drumming, and a tour by Satchmo Armstrong spawned a school of frenzied trumpeters. Audrey Hepburn hairdos sprouted all over Tokyo after her appearance there in Roman Holiday, and Marlon Brando put thousands of young blades into black leather motorcycle jackets. American painters, visiting Tokyo to study *sami-e*, the delicate and beautiful Japanese form of painting in black ink with brushes made of deer hair and mouse whiskers, found Japan's painters more interested in splashing bold colors on canvas in the wallpaper designs of Western moderns. American women going into a department store to buy some prosaic item such as an eggbeater find themselves followed to the counter by a parade of Japanese housewives, each of whom buys an eggbeater. Every young Japanese seems fiercely eager to learn English, and one great error of the American occupation, they say, was our failure to send out a few thousand teachers of English to work at the grade-school level. The English learned in Japanese schools today—in which match becomes matchi; knife, knifu; and apple, opporu—is almost incomprehensible to the American ear.



At "The Tennessee" coffee bar, Tokyo teen-agers listen to a Japanese c

For all their eagerness to imitate anything American, the Japanese are growing increasingly cool in their attitude toward Americans. Throughout the entertainment areas, in Ginza, Shinjuku, and Asakusa, hundreds of bars and night clubs bear a small OFF LIMITS sign above the door. This, in occupation days, meant that the authorities forbade G.I.'s to patronize these places. It now means that the establishments themselves will not serve an American. If he enters, seeking food, drink or the companionship of a pretty hostess, he is politely, but firmly, asked to leave. Occasionally, if the proprietor, not wishing to create a scene, serves the intruding foreigner, the other customers will make a great show of gathering up their raincoats and umbrellas and stalking out.

Americans, naturally, are wounded by such rebuffs, and their Japanese friends hasten to soothe their ruffled feelings. Many of these places, they explain, are more like small clubs than places of public entertainment. They cater to the same clients, who come in every night to argue art, music, literature or politics, and even a strange Japanese would be frozen out.

Sociologists have puzzled over this facet of the Japanese nature, which lets him adopt everything American, while resenting Americans. They come up with a somewhat complicated explanation. The Japanese, they say, is seeking a new culture to replace the old traditions shattered when the new democratic constitution turned his world upside down. In seeking something new, he is rejecting all that he has been trained since childhood to revere. This makes him feel guilty, and he comes to hate the thing he imitates.

The ceremonial surrounding the contest, however, is a ritual of ancient, semibarbaric splendor, and the meaning behind the mumbo-jumbo is of some interest. *Sumo* is deep rooted in the culture of Japan, beginning, so its historians say, in the courtyards of temples 2000 years ago. The contests are in the form of fifteen-day tournaments, with the contestants ranging in prowess from eager, but awkward, novices fresh from the farm to the ponderous *Yokozuna*, or Grand Champions, who enjoy a prestige among the Japanese similar to that of Babe Ruth or Jack Dempsey in their prime. The wrestlers are divided into two teams—East and West. By ancient belief, if East wins, the rice harvest will be good and the sea will provide great quantities of fish. If West wins, the vegetable crops will prosper and there will be fine hunting in the hills. The younger wrestlers go on in the mornings before only a few thousand spectators, but later in the day, when the champions come on, the big hall fills with 15,000 people. Half of Tokyo's industrial tycoons will be there, and all the most famous *geisha*, seated cross-legged on cushions in the ringside boxes, drinking beer and eating prodigious box lunches of chicken, seaweed and raw fish.

The closing bout, if a Grand Champion is involved, is always preceded by the *do-hyo-iri*, the ancient "entering the ring" ceremony. First comes the referee, a gnomelike little man with chin whiskers, dressed in a gold kimono and carrying a mirror. Behind him come the champion's squires, bearing his apron, embroidered in gold and crimson, and his *samurai* sword. These attendants are young wrestlers, who, in return for learning the master's secrets, are permitted to cook his food, soap his back, comb and wax his hair and twist it into a *Sumo* topknot. Finally, the great man himself comes waddling with ponderous solemnity down the aisle.

Impassive as Buddha, he enters the ring as if in a trance. Around his waist is a rope the size of a ship's hawser, decorated with religious symbols denoting purity

rength. He waves his arms and claps

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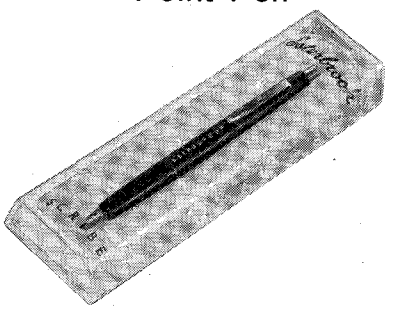

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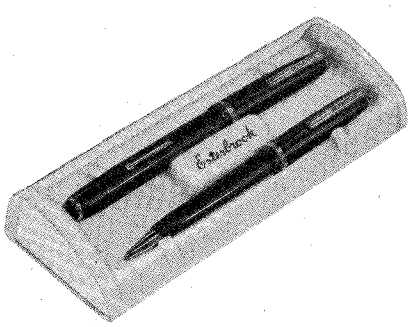

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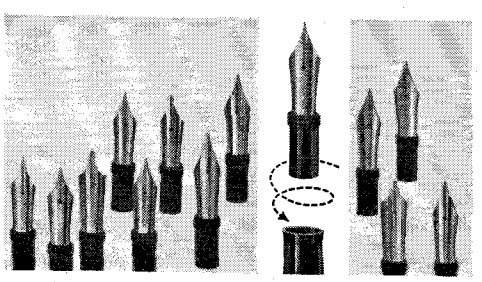

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(*Continued from Page 94*) impassive as ever, waddles up the aisle. The audience files out, chattering happily, feeling Japanese again. Outside, from a small bar comes the wail of a jukebox. The tune is Jailhouse Rock.

However hard the Japanese may strive to cling to the old ways, they know their land will never be the same again, though some of the reforms imbedded in their constitution are being quietly modified. The *Zaibatsu,* great family-owned business cartels, broken up by our order, are beginning to reform, through unostentatious mergers; the land reforms made Japan a nation of small farmers, but bad crop years and low fixed prices have thrown the farmers into debt, and the old landowners are recapturing their holdings through mortgage foreclosures.

Some great changes, however, are permanent. The new constitution, for example, gave Japanese women equal status with men, empowering them to inherit on an equal basis with their brothers, to own property in their own name, to marry whom they choose and to seek a divorce when they have sufficient grounds. The women of Japan, particularly the women of Tokyo, have no intention of ever reverting to the old status which required them to be slaves to their fathers, brothers and husbands, and servants to their mothers-in-law. Much of this resolution never again to be the typical woman of old Japan stems from their memories of occupation days. Thousands of American families came to Japan and the Japanese women had ample opportunity to see how different was their own status from that of the American wives. Thirty-four thousand Japanese girls married G.I.'s. Thousands of others knew Americans well and still remember how the crudest of them were kind, and gentle, and considerate, compared to the Japanese men they knew.

"I was in love with an American," said one Japanese, a well-educated woman of good family, now in her thirties. "It was the happiest time I ever knew. I would gladly have married him. But he went home, and he didn't come back, and finally I realized he was never coming back. So I allowed my family to arrange a marriage for me, with a boy I'd known since I was a little girl. Our families have been friends for years, and it should have been, by traditional Japanese standards, the perfect marriage. We had a son, and for a while I told myself I was happy. But when he began going out for the evening with his friends, leaving me at home alone, I knew it could not last. He was doing nothing wrong really. He was behaving like the typical Japanese husband has always behaved. But I had been spoiled. I wanted love, and thoughtfulness and consideration, and fidelity. So I divorced him. I live alone now, with my son. I work for my living. I am not happy. But I am happier than if married to a Japanese."

The family courts of Tokyo now hear 4000 divorce cases a year, two-thirds of them brought by wives. There were no family courts before the war. All marital disputes were settled by the family head, whose authority in many cases extended even to nieces, nephews and cousins. Divorce was easy for the husband under the old Japanese law. It was almost impossible for the wife.

The freedom granted to women—the right to refuse an arranged marriage, to sue for divorce—is reflected in a greater freedom for young girls of marriageable age. In the old days, boys and girls were separated as they left elementary school and remained apart until a marriage was arranged. There was no dating as it is known in America, no "going steady," and for a boy and girl to be seen strolling together in the street, holding hands, would have created a scandal.

"Japanese boys," one Japanese girl, now married to an American, explained, "insisted on marrying 'an unopened flower.' Even a girl who had been kissed was considered unworthy to become a wife."

Today, in Tokyo at least, the ranks of the unkissed must be fairly thin. *Avecing*, meaning going out together, a word derived from the French word for "with," is accepted by all, and the tea and coffee shops are full of young folk, looking tenderly into each other's eyes and holding hands across the table while the hi-fi plays soft music. The movie houses, the ice-skating rinks, concert halls and theaters are full of dating couples, and the schools, which are coed now from primary grades through college, sponsor mixed picnics, a thing unheard of in the past.

Older Japanese, particularly the men, take a dour view of all this freedom. It's fine, they say, until the moonstruck couple get married. The boys like going out with the girls, sitting with them in the coffee shops, dancing with them to a rock 'n' roru band. But after marriage the picture will change. Papa-san will put on his hat and start out for an evening at a restaurant, with his men friends around him and a pretty *geisha* at his side, and Mama-san will stamp her ballet-slippered foot and wag her pony-tail and tell him he won't move an inch unless she goes along.

"My son," sighed Judge Rinji Kondo, Chief Justice of the Family Court, "will have less freedom than my father had."

His daughter, on the other hand, will have far more freedom than his mother ever had.

In the Juvenile Division of the Family Court, Judge Kondo, a tiny soft-spoken man who looks something like Mike Romanoff, the Hollywood restaurateur, strives with patience and wisdom to interpret to parents and children alike the meaning of the freedom they have received, and the obligation this freedom imposes.

The war left Tokyo with swarms of what it called "infant vagrants" of both sexes—orphans whose homes had been destroyed and whose parents had been killed in the bombings. These coalesced into street gangs, which survived by begging, black-marketing or minor thievery, usually under the direction of some older Fagin, who was frequently a Korean. As they grew older and bolder, they progressed to robbery and extortion, steeling their nerves to commit major crimes by dosing themselves with philopen, a drug used during the war to stimulate the *kamikaze* pilots.

Tough police work, plus a thorough follow-up program by probation officers, brought this problem under control a few years after the war. Soon, however, a new type of delinquent appeared. The breakup of the old family system, under the new concepts of freedom promulgated in the constitution, let loose upon the city a host of teen-agers who were confused, rebellious and filled with a strange restlessness.

"Family ties loosened," said a report prepared by the Ministry of Justice. "The cultural distance between the new generation and the old widened. Family life became unstable. Suffering from misguidance in their tenderest years, social life itself became hopeless for the juveniles, inducing them into many sorts of delinquency."

By American standards of juvenile crime, the delinquency into which most of them fell was not particularly appalling. Crimes ran largely to truancy from school or work, smoking, loitering, driving recklessly (in commercial vehicles, for Tokyo teen-agers own few cars), disobedience to parents and minor larceny. Violent crimes occurred, but they were relatively few.

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To the conservative Japanese, however, truancy and disobedience were "preoffenses," and preoffenders properly came under the cognizance of the courts. In these hearings, the parents take about as rough a going-over as do the delinquents.

Consider, for example, the case of Yoko, age fifteen, a pretty girl in a blue flowered skirt, her hair in a pony tail held by a rubber band. The scene is a bare office in the Family Court Building in Mita Avenue. Judge Kondo, a little, sad-eyed man, sits loosely in an armchair covered with blue velvet plush, behind a plain pine table. Across from him, in straight-backed chairs, sit Yoko and her father, a wine seller, a shaven-headed, toothless old man with an expression of humility on his face, but with, somehow, a hint of slyness, of evil cunning, in his manner.

On the desk before the judge lies a dossier two inches thick, the report by the probation officer on Yoko's case. It traces her life back to the year before her birth, the surroundings in which she lived as a baby, a little girl and as a youth. It contains an analysis of the character of her father (vulgar, excitable, passionate, fond of drink) and her mother (kind, honest, gentle, ignorant).

As the judge reads the charge against Yoko, the probation officer, a solemn bespectacled, earnest young man, translates for an American visitor: "Always absent from job in department store. Surrounding and going with bad boy and girl. Always surrounding bad place, especially tearoom, and not come home, even when midnight. Not like to study in school life. The result of school life is not so high, very low. . . . Attitude of father is very tyrant. Father very fond of horse gambling and bicycle gambling."

The judge closes the dossier and addresses Yoko: "It is not good conduct that you leave out from your home and make bad friend. You must not do this more further. I am a judge. You must obey my opinion in this."

He turns to the father, whose jaw drops as the judge lectures him. He keeps saying, "Hah," "Hah" (Yes, Yes) as the judge speaks. "This is not bad girl yet," he tells the father sternly. "Is not yet spoiled. Your attitude is not so good for girl. You must think of guide this girl. You must not scold always. You must think of inside of daughter; you must think of dear mind of daughter. You are very mistake in your life thinking."

The judge then asked the girl which she preferred—to go back home with her father or go to training school. It was obvious she was afraid to answer in front of her father. At a signal from the judge a probation officer led her from the room. Soon they were back. She had chosen to go to the training school. It was, in reality, the judge explained, a foster home, where, with a half dozen other girls, she would be taught some skill, such as making artificial flowers, but where also she would be treated with the love and gentleness she had never received at home.

The father left, alone, shaking his head in puzzlement. Fifteen years ago there would have been none of this foolishness. He would have sold his daughter to a life of semislavery in a mill or to a brothel keeper in the now-abolished *Yoshiwara.*

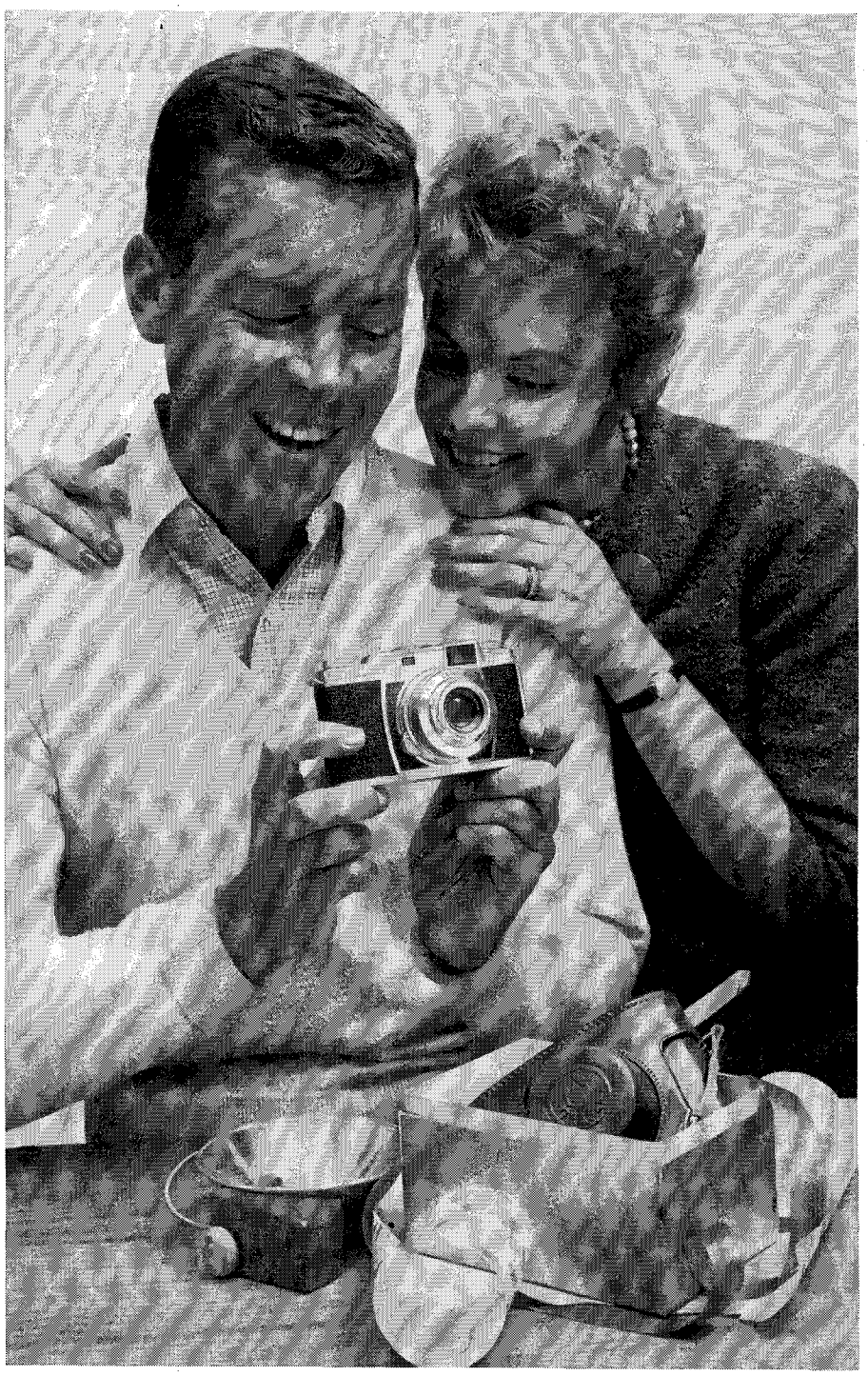
The bewilderment of the father, the restless rebellion of the girl typify the social upheaval that goes on in Tokyo and the other big cities of Japan today. In the old days every Japanese knew exactly where he stood and what pattern of behavior was expected of him. His life was guided by a complicated system of obligations to those above him, of responsibility to those below. He lived by the Imperial Rescript of 1890 which ordered: "Be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters; as husbands and wives be harmonious; as friends true; bear yourselves in modesty and moderation, extend your benevolence to all; observe the laws. . . . Should emergency arise, offer yourselves courageously to the state and thus guard and maintain the prosperity of our Imperial throne, coeval with heaven and earth. . . ."

This was clear cut and easily understood. We substituted for it a concept of democracy, in which the people themselves are sovereign, and all are equal, regardless of race, creed, sex, social status or family origin. This the Japanese have found difficult to grasp.

Eventually, though, students of Japan believe, the Japanese will begin to understand the thing they now can only imitate. They will absorb democracy as, in their long history, they absorbed Chinese culture and Western industrial techniques. They will modify and Japanize it, to make it uniquely their own. Then, their tremendous powers unleashed by their new freedom, they will go on to become what they, with a certain arrogance, have always believed it was their destiny to become—the strongest, most stable nation in all Asia. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The boys at the office (watch the socks) still talk about the way you told off the boss, Harry."



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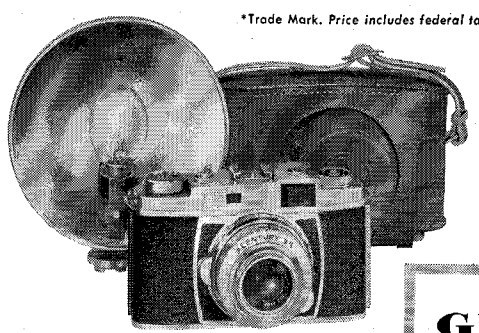

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The Case of the Greedy Grandpa

(Continued from Page 43)

There was a moment of impressive silence.

"Under the circumstances," Horace Selkirk went on, "Robert is my sole heir. Robert's mother, who has been divorced and is now married to Barton Jennings, is, in my opinion, a shrewd, unscrupulous, scheming character. She knows that in all probability I will die before Robert attains his majority. She is not at all unaware of the fact that as Robert's legal guardian she would be entitled to certain perquisites, and, moreover, would be in a position to play upon Robert's sympathies and his natural affection for a mother so that she would eventually derive certain material advantages no matter how I tried to safeguard my estate."

Judge Kent frowned. "Does that have any bearing on the present case, Mr. Selkirk?" he asked. "I sympathize, of course, with your position. I know that you have lost a son under very tragic circumstances. I know that you must have undergone great emotional strain. But it would seem to me that the facts you have mentioned are somewhat extraneous."

"They are not extraneous," Horace Selkirk said coldly. "My grandson, Robert, killed his father, Mervin Selkirk."

"What?" Hamilton Burger all but shouted, half getting up from his chair.

Judge Kent leaned forward attentively, frowning at Horace Selkirk.

"I know what I am talking about," Horace Selkirk said, "and Perry Mason also understands the situation. And Mr. Perry Mason intends to make a last-minute grandstand act to save his client by showing what actually happened. I feel that in the interests of justice Mr. Mason should not be permitted to drag my grandson into the case and thereby place an irreparable stigma upon the boy's name."

"You say that Robert killed his father?" Judge Kent asked.

"Robert Selkirk was the instrumentality chosen by Lorraine Jennings to get rid of my son," Horace Selkirk said coldly. "Under a property settlement which had been made with my son at the time of the divorce, she received certain properties, and in the event of Mervin's death she not only received additional properties in her own name but Robert would inherit certain very valuable properties and she would naturally be the guardian of his person and estate, and, as such, entitled to compensation."

"I think," Hamilton Burger said, glancing suspiciously at Perry Mason, "we had better hear a little more about what you have in mind, Mr. Selkirk. And may I caution you that we have evidence in this case that points the finger directly at Norda Allison."

"Doubtless you do," Horace Selkirk said, "but that evidence has been carefully fabricated and you are the one who has been deceived, not I."

"You have some proof of your statements?" Judge Kent asked Selkirk.

"I have ample proof," Selkirk said.

"Perhaps you had better tell us what it is."

"I dislike to keep harping on this," Selkirk said, "but my son's ex-wife, Lorraine Jennings, is a very scheming, clever woman. She is, in my opinion, a fiend incarnate. She deliberately framed the seven-year-old Robert to be the innocent instrumentality of her hatred. The child has been allowed to take an undue interest in firearms. Lorraine permitted him to take the Colt Woodsman which has been introduced in evidence in this case and play with it, assuring him always that it was unloaded, but letting him point it and shoot it at people."

"You're certain of that?" Judge Kent interrupted incredulously.

"Evidence is available to that effect," Horace Selkirk said. "Neighbors have seen the child pointing the pistol at people and pulling the trigger."

Judge Kent frowned.

"Then," Horace Selkirk went on, "after the boy had been properly conditioned to shoot this gun, believing it was always empty and unloaded, Lorraine Jennings let him have the weapon when it actually was loaded. Then she decoyed the child's father into going to the tent where the boy was sleeping, telling the father that he should surprise the boy. The thing happened which she hoped would happen. The boy heard the noise of the father entering the tent. He was wakened from a sound sleep. It was night. He had the gun with him; he raised it and pulled the trigger. The bullet entered my son's chest.

"My son staggered to his automobile in front of the house, leaving a bloody trail along the grass. He got into the car and drove away, trying to find help. He knew that a doctor, who he felt could be trusted to treat his wound and say nothing, quite frequently played poker on Friday nights at the San Sebastian Country Club. He drove up there, not realizing the seriousness of his wound. He parked the car, but before he was able to leave the car he became unconscious. Death ensued some time after he became unconscious. I can produce proof of what I am talking about and I have reason to believe that Mr. Mason also has that proof. I am here to prevent the exploitation of my grandson."

"In what way?" Judge Kent asked.

"Perry Mason has been interrogating the neighbors," Selkirk said. "He has talked with some of them personally. He has talked with others by means of the private-detective agency which handles his work in cases of this sort. He knows that a shot was fired from inside the tent where Robert was sleeping. He knows that shot inflicted a serious injury upon someone, that the person left a blood trail along the grass and that Barton Jennings arose early in the morning to eliminate this blood trail with a hose.

"At the proper time—probably after court convenes this afternoon—Mr. Mason plans to ask Barton Jennings on cross-examination if it isn't a fact that the boy was permitted to play with this gun. He then intends to show that the boy had the gun on this fateful Friday night; that there was a trail of blood leading along the grass to the curb. Then Mr. Mason intends to ask the court for an order bringing my grandson into court so that he can be interrogated.

"I wish to spare my grandson this frightful ordeal. It is true he is a bright little chap. It is true that he senses that something awful may have happened. He is not certain that he actually shot anyone, but he knows that he pulled the trigger of the gun and that the gun was loaded. He knows that it was pointed at some person who was about to enter his tent. Barton Jennings tried to convince my grandson that all this was a horrible dream, a nightmare. I don't think he was able to convince the boy, but the boy certainly has no inkling at the present time that he actually killed his father. Nor does he have any idea that the killing of his father was part of a cold-blooded, deliberate plan hatched in the mind of the boy's mother.

"Mr. Mason is representing Norda Allison. As an attorney, it is, I presume, his duty to do everything in his power to see that she is acquitted. However, Mr. Mason is well known for his flair for the dramatic. He is looking for an opportunity to cross-examine Barton Jennings on the stand in such a way that the facts will be brought out in the most dramatic manner possible. When Mason has finished cross-examining Barton Jennings, Barton Jennings will be reduced to a hopeless wreck. The case will be so dramatized that Perry Mason will once more emerge as the invincible champion of the courtroom, and my grandson will have been stigmatized for life."

Judge Kent looked speculatively at Hamilton Burger's face. Then he looked at Mason, then back to Horace Selkirk.

"You are making rather sweeping charges, Mr. Selkirk," he said. "You have proof?"

"Yes," Selkirk said; "I can produce my grandson, Robert, here in chambers within thirty minutes. I ask only that you, Judge Kent, take this young man into a private conference, where you can talk with him in a confidential manner. When you have his story you will realize the truth of what I am saying."

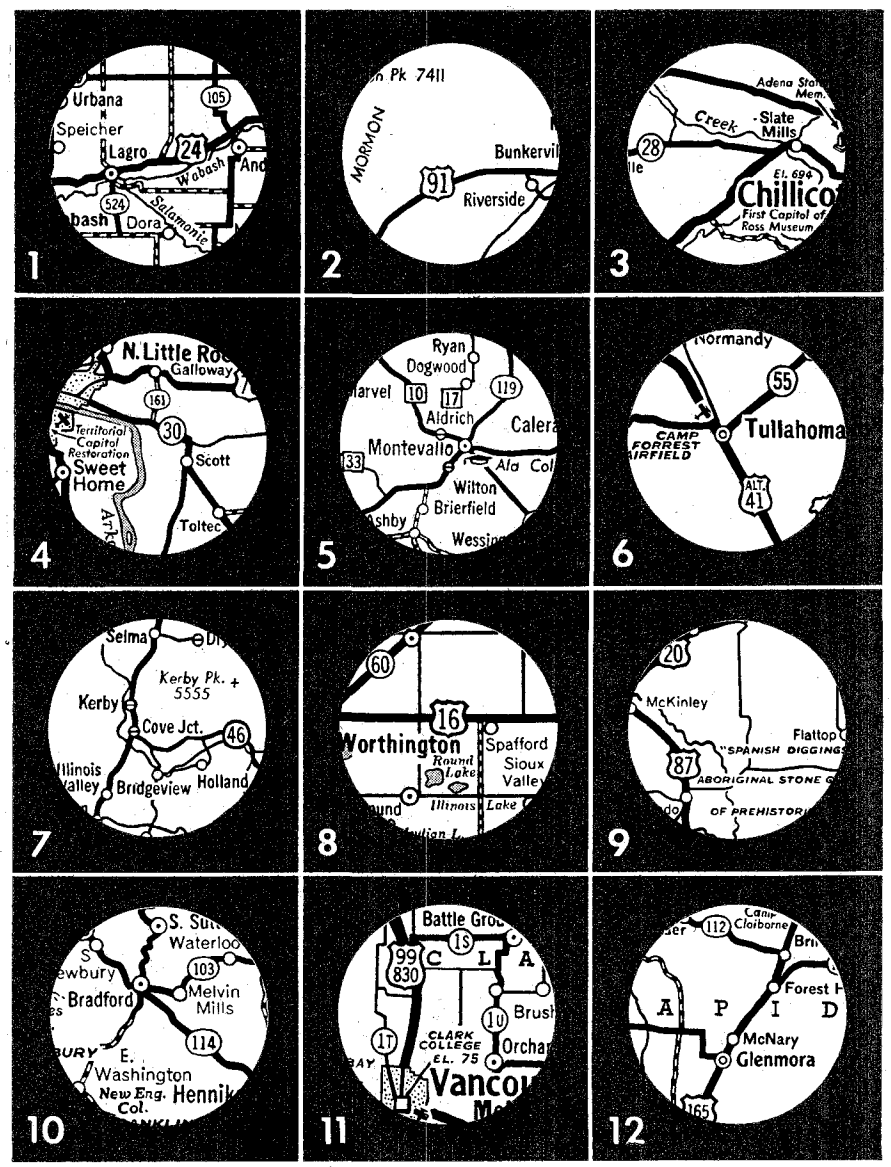
Judge Kent frowned. "This procedure is, of course, highly irregular," he said. "As the judge in this case I am supposed to keep myself completely aloof from any outside influence."

"I grant you that," Selkirk said, "but as a citizen—a citizen who is not without some influence in the community, I may state—I feel that your primary function is to administer justice. I feel that it is going to be inhuman to allow Mr. Perry Mason to appear again in public as a master of legal legerdemain at the cost of wrecking the life of a seven-year-old boy. After all, Judge Kent, you are charged with looking after the rights of juveniles who, because of their tender age, must be, in a measure, wards of the state."

Again Judge Kent looked at Hamilton Burger. Hamilton Burger removed his cigar from his mouth, blew out a wisp of pale-blue smoke. His expression indicated that he was savoring the aroma of the cigar. Manley Marshall sat there perfectly still, trying to look utterly noncommittal.

Judge Kent seemed somewhat irritated at Burger's attitude. "Do you," he asked, "know anything about this, Mr. Burger?"

Burger studied the tip of the cigar for a moment. Then he said thoughtfully, "I'm not prepared to say that I know nothing about it. I am prepared to state that we consider this entire procedure irregular, that we wish to try our case in the courtroom, and, particularly, that I don't intend (*Continued on Page 100*)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

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Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 100*)

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(*Continued from Page 98*) to disclose our evidence in this case in front of counsel for the defense. I simply don't intend to give him that advantage."

Judge Kent turned to Mason. "You have heard what Mr. Selkirk has said, Mr. Mason?"

"I have heard what he has said."

"May I ask if there is some element of truth in it?"

"Since you ask," Mason said, "I can tell you that there is some element of truth in it. I would like to ask Mr. Selkirk a question."

Mason turned to Horace Selkirk. "You are, I believe, attached to your grandson, Mr. Selkirk?"

Selkirk's face softened for a moment, then became hard. "That boy," he said, "is the only Selkirk who can carry on a proud name and the proud traditions of a proud family. I am proud of those traditions. I love him and I don't intend to see his life ruined."

"And," Mason said, "you would like to have his sole custody and guardianship?"

"That is beside the point."

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"I don't think so," Mason said. "I would like to have you answer that question."

"You have no right to sit here and cross-examine me!" Selkirk flared. "You know that I called the turn on you! You know exactly what you plan to do in connection with this case. You know the type of dramatic disclosure you intend to make when court reconvenes this afternoon. You know how you intend to cross-examine Barton Jennings. You know that you have been out getting information about the blood trail and about the gun."

"Do you know anything about a blood trail?" Judge Kent asked Hamilton Burger abruptly.

"Frankly, your honor, we don't," Hamilton Burger said. "And, equally frankly, we don't care. We don't think it is at all material."

"Is it true that Robert Selkirk was permitted to play with a weapon, Mr. Mason?" Judge Kent asked.

"I think it is," Mason said.

"The same weapon that has been introduced in evidence in this case as the murder gun?"

"I believe so, your honor. But that doesn't necessarily indicate it is the murder gun."

"I think it is the murder weapon," Hamilton Burger said. "I think we've established that point by the imprint of the firing pin."

"I am not prepared to admit it," Mason said.

"Have you evidence concerning a blood trail, Mr. Mason?" Judge Kent asked.

"One of the neighbors has told me about it," Mason said.

"A blood trail, Mr. Mason?"

"That is my understanding," Mason said.

Judge Kent glanced across to Hamilton Burger. "I think the court is entitled to find out more about this, Mr. District Attorney."

"Perhaps the court is," Hamilton Burger said, "but counsel for the defense isn't."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that there is no chance on earth that Robert Selkirk killed his father. The death of Mervin Selkirk was at the hands of Norda Allison. We are prepared to prove that."

"I take it you have a surprise witness?"

"A surprise witness, and we intend to keep this witness as a surprise witness."

Judge Kent thought for a moment, then turned to Horace Selkirk. "You have talked with your grandson?"

"Naturally."

"You know that he killed your son?"

"I am absolutely certain of it."

"All right," Judge Kent said. "You get your grandson here without letting him know what it's all about. I'm going to talk with him during the noon recess. The procedure may be irregular, but I certainly am not going to let this case get to a point where it is made to appear in court that a seven-year-old boy inadvertently killed his father until I know more about the facts in the case. It may be that before I finish I will ask counsel to make certain stipulations, but in the meantime I am going to talk with this boy. How long will it take to get him here?"

"Fifteen minutes," Horace Selkirk said. "That is, if I may use your telephone."

"Use the phone," Judge Kent snapped.

Selkirk crossed over to the phone, picked it up and asked for an outside line. Then he dialed a number.

Manley Marshall leaned over to whisper to Hamilton Burger, but Burger, holding up his left hand, gestured his assistant to silence. The big district attorney puffed contentedly on his cigar.

Selkirk spoke into the telephone. "This is Horace Selkirk," he said. "How about the woman and the boy whom you were shadowing? Are they in the next room?... All right," Selkirk said, "bring them up to the courthouse, to the chambers of Judge Homer F. Kent. Bring them up right away.... I said bring them.... All right, if they don't want to come, we'll send an officer, but I don't want to waste that time. I want them here in fifteen minutes. Tell them that the judge has sent for them."

"Now, just a minute," Judge Kent said. "I didn't issue any such peremptory summons. I ——"

"It's all right, judge," Horace Selkirk said. "They'll be here. This woman is in my employ and she is supposed to do what I tell her to. I am the one who issues instructions."

Judge Kent looked at his watch. "Do you think they'll be here in fifteen minutes?"

"They certainly should be."

"That's cutting it rather thin," Judge Kent said. "I'm going to terminate this conference at this time. I will be back here in exactly twenty-five minutes. I will expect you gentlemen to meet me here, and when young Robert Selkirk comes in I am going to suggest that I handle the interrogation of the young man. I don't want any interruptions. I don't want any suggestions from anyone. I am going to find out what actually happened and what he knows."

"You will understand," Selkirk said, "that I have so conditioned his mind that he actually knows only that he fired the gun. He doesn't know the person who ultimately received the bullet from that gun."

"I'll talk with him myself," Judge Kent said. "And since we are working on a very close time schedule, I will suggest that we terminate this conference at once and that we meet here in exactly twenty-five minutes. Is that satisfactory, gentlemen?"

Burger nodded.

"Quite satisfactory," Horace Selkirk said.

"I'll be here," Mason observed.

At exactly twenty-five minutes after Judge Kent had adjourned the meeting, the parties regrouped in the judge's chambers.

Judge Kent, who had evidently given the matter a great deal of serious thought during the intermission, regarded Horace Selkirk thoughtfully. "You are prepared to go ahead, Mr. Selkirk?" he asked.

"I am."

"My bailiff tells me that the woman and the boy whom you summoned are waiting in the witness room. They asked that word be sent to you."

"Very well."

"Do you wish to go and get them?"

"You can have the bailiff bring them in," Selkirk said. "I believe you said you

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Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 98

1. Ind.	2. Nev.	3. Ohio
4. Ark.	5. Ala.	6. Tenn.
7. Ore.	8. Minn.	9. Wyo.
10. N.H.	11. Wash.	12. La.

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wanted to be the one to examine the boy, and I don't want you to feel that I have been talking with him or telling him what to say."

"Very well," Judge Kent said. "The couple will be brought in. I am going to ask that you gentlemen remain quiet and let me ask the questions. I don't want any prompting, any suggestions or any instructions."

Judge Kent plugged in the intercommunicating speaker and said to his bailiff, "You may bring the woman and the boy in now."

There was a moment of tense, strained silence, then the door opened. A tall blond woman and a seven-year-old boy entered the room, the boy looking a little dazed, the woman completely self-possessed.

"Come in," Judge Kent invited, "and sit down. Now, as I understand it, you're ——"

Horace Selkirk's chair crashed over backward as he jumped to his feet. "Those aren't the ones!" he shouted.

Judge Kent looked at him with annoyance. "It was understood that I ——"

"Those aren't the ones! That isn't Robert! That isn't the woman! That —— Who the hell are you?" Selkirk shouted at the woman.

"That will do," Judge Kent rebuked. "We'll have no profanity here and no browbeating of this woman. . . . May I ask who are you, madam?"

"I'm a detective," she said to Judge Kent. "I'm employed by the Drake Detective Agency. I have been instructed to occupy rooms 619 and 621 at the Anandale Hotel. I have done so."

"Who gave you those instructions!" Horace Selkirk shouted.

"Paul Drake."

There was a tense silence, which was broken by Hamilton Burger's chuckle.

"This is no laughing matter, Mr. District Attorney," Judge Kent rebuked.

"I beg your pardon," Burger said, in a voice which showed no regret. "It is amusing to me to see someone else experiencing annoyance at the unconventional tactics of a certain well-known defense attorney."

"What became of Grace Hallum and Robert Selkirk, who were in those rooms?" Horace Selkirk demanded.

"I'm sure I don't know," the woman said calmly. "I am a licensed detective. I act within the law. I followed the instructions of Paul Drake. I was told to go to the Anandale Hotel, to take my seven-year-old son with me and to remain there until I received further instructions. A short time ago I was advised that Judge Homer F. Kent had instructed me to leave the hotel and come here to his chambers. I promptly called Paul Drake for instructions and was advised by him to go to Judge Kent's chambers, take my son with me and give him my true name."

Horace Selkirk, his face livid, turned to Perry Mason. "This is once you can't get away with it!" he shouted. "I don't know what you've done with my grandson and the woman who has his custody, but this time you've really violated the law! You're guilty of kidnaping, at least technically!"

Hamilton Burger surveyed Selkirk with speculative eyes. "Do you wish to charge Mason with kidnaping?" he asked. "If you do, and are willing to sign a complaint, we'll see that one is issued."

Horace Selkirk said with cold fury, "You're damn right I'll sign a complaint!"

Judge Kent said dryly, "I once more want to caution you against profanity in these chambers, Mr. Selkirk, particularly in the presence of a child. Now it is rapidly becoming apparent that this is a situation which should never have developed in this case. I feel that an attempt has been made to prejudice me by appealing to my sympathies and my desires to save a seven-year-old boy from an emotional shock. This inquiry has now gone far afield and if we are not careful I am going to be disqualified from continuing with this case."

Hamilton Burger got to his feet. "I think that is a point which could well have been made earlier in the case. I'm going to ask this woman and the boy to come with me. My office wants to ask some questions about what happened here, and if Mr. Selkirk wishes to take the responsibility of signing a complaint charging Mr. Perry Mason with kidnaping, I can assure him that the personal element in the situation will make no difference to my office. We will proceed without fear or favor."

Burger nodded to Selkirk and started for the door. "You come with me," he said to the woman detective.

Mason got to his feet and bowed to Judge Kent. "I'm sorry these matters had to interfere with your lunch hour," he said. And then, after a brief pause, "Good afternoon, judge."

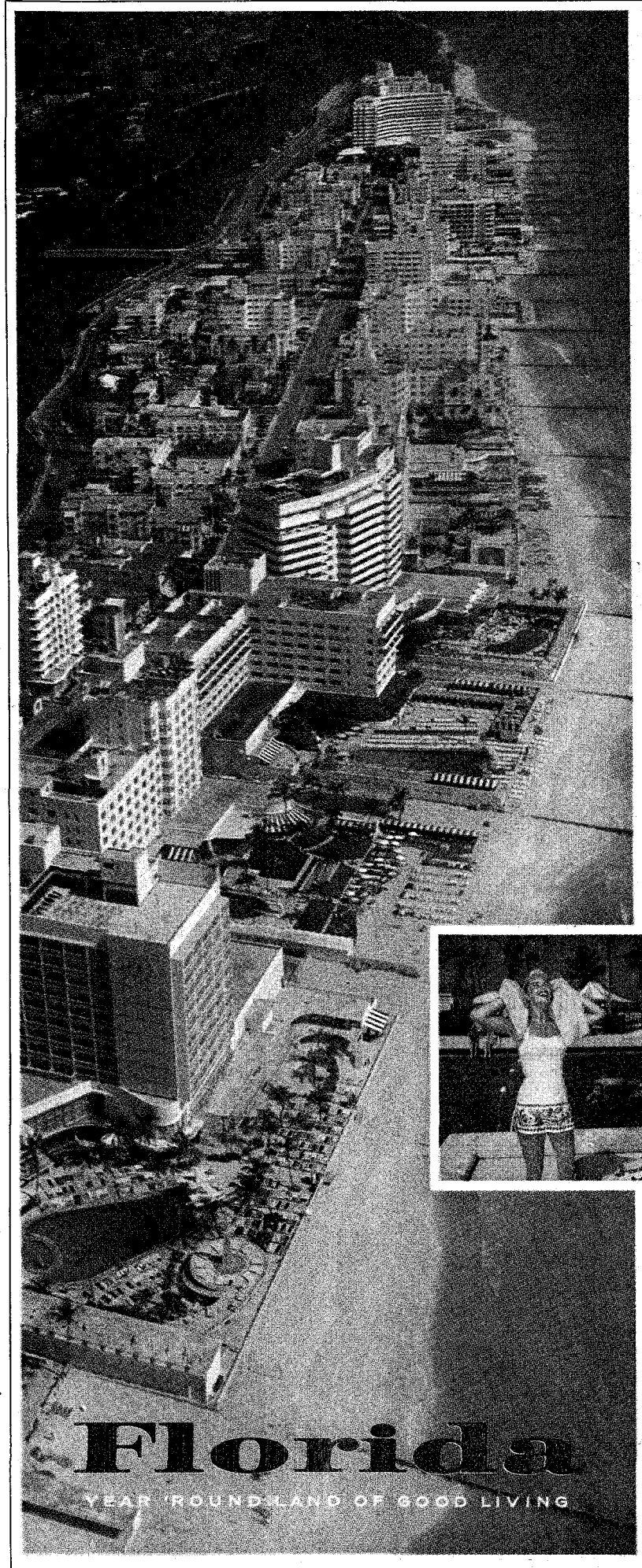
Judge Kent regarded Perry Mason with puzzled eyes. There was a faint hint of admiration back of his bewilderment.

"Good afternoon," he said.

Court reconvened promptly at two o'clock.

Hamilton Burger now sat in the prosecutor's chair alongside Manley Marshall.

"If the court please," Hamilton Burger said, "I am going to call a witness who



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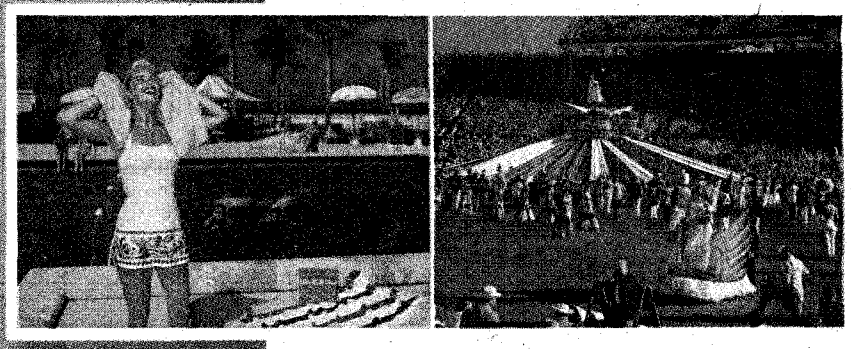

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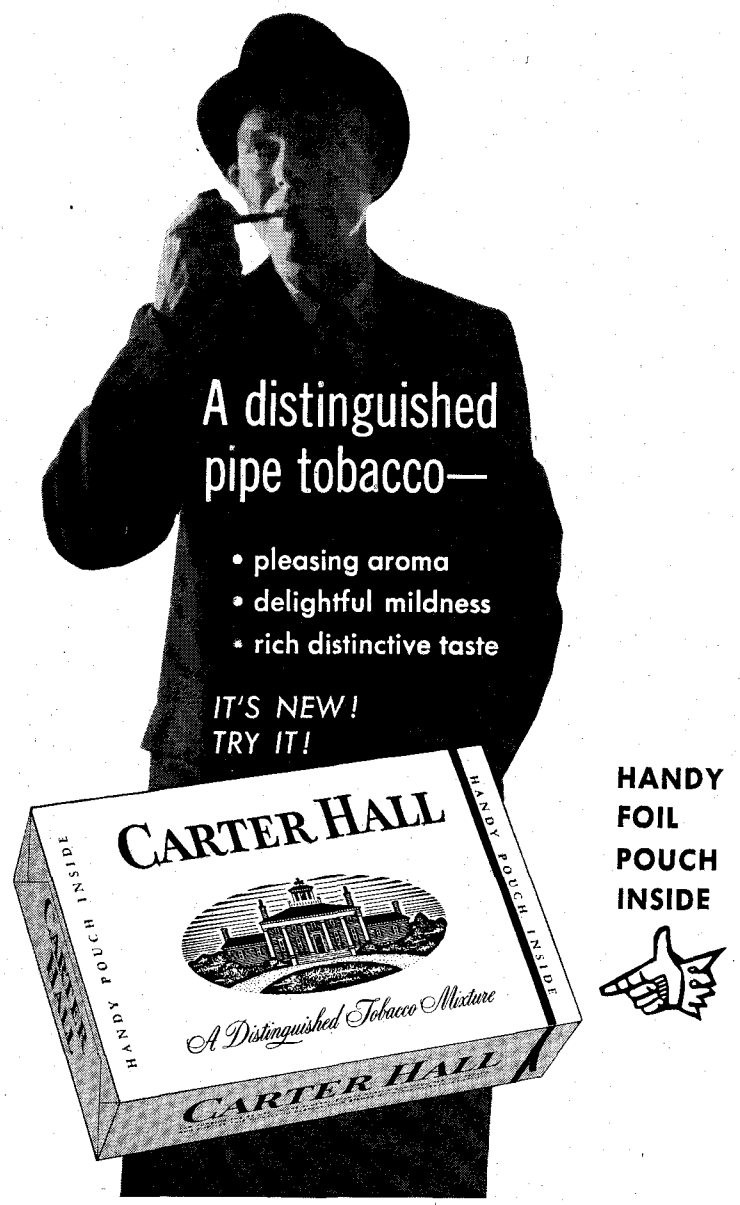

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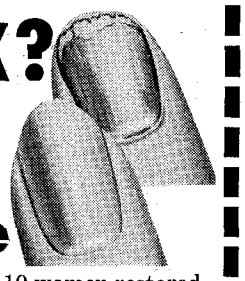

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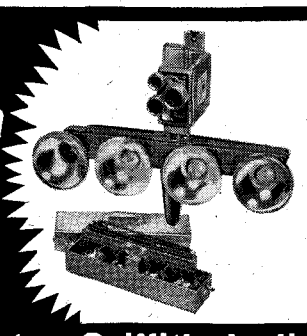

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will eliminate any doubt in this matter. Call Millicent Bailey."

A woman in her late twenties came walking down the aisle. She was slender-waisted, but well curved, and the rhythm of her walk showed that she was fully conscious of those curves. There was an almost defiant air about her as she entered the railed enclosure, held up her hand and took the oath. She seated herself on the witness stand.

Hamilton Burger himself conducted the examination. "Your name is Millicent Bailey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Miss or Mrs.?"

"Mrs."

"Are you living with your husband?"

"I am not. I'm divorced."

"I am going to call your attention to the night of the seventeenth and early morning of the eighteenth of this month. Do you remember the occasion?"

"Yes."

"May I ask what you were doing?"

"I was out with a boy friend."

"Do you wish to give us the name of that boy friend?"

"I do not. He is a respectable married man, but his home life is not happy. He is contemplating leaving his wife and filing an action for divorce, but I don't want anything that I may say to jeopardize his interests, and so I am not going to give his name."

"I feel certain," Hamilton Burger said, "that under the circumstances counsel will not press you for his name, and I know that I will not. I think as men of the world we'll appreciate the situation."

And Hamilton Burger bowed with elaborate courtesy to Perry Mason.

"I will not agree to restrict my cross-examination in the least," Mason said. "I will ask any questions that I feel are necessary to protect the interests of my client."

"Quite naturally," Hamilton Burger said, "but I feel that it will soon develop the identity of this man has absolutely nothing to do with the testimony of this witness."

Hamilton Burger turned back to the witness. "Now, Mrs. Bailey, I am going to ask you to describe generally what happened on the night of the seventeenth."

"I got off work at eight o'clock. I went to my apartment and bathed and changed my clothes. My boy friend had said that he would call for me at ten o'clock. At ten o'clock he was there. We had a drink in my apartment and then we went to a night club, where we danced until—well, it was somewhere around one o'clock."

"Then what happened?"

"Then we left the night club and took a drive."

"And where did you go on this drive?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"To the San Sebastian Country Club."

"Just where at the country club?" Burger asked.

"To the wide parking place where cars are parked—that is, a place which is reserved for the cars of members."

"What time was this?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"I can't tell you the time. It was perhaps one-thirty."

"That would be one-thirty in the morning of the eighteenth?"

"Yes."

"Just why did you go there?"

"We wanted to—to talk."

"When you drove up, were there any other cars there?"

"Yes."

"I wish you would tell us exactly what happened after you arrived at the parking place," Hamilton Burger said.

"Well, there was a car there."

"Can you describe the car?"

"I didn't pay too much attention to it. It was a big car, one of the expensive cars."

"Were the lights on or off?"

"You mean on that car?"

"Yes."

"The lights were off."

"Did you see anybody in it?"

"No. I assumed the car had been left ——"

"Never mind what you assumed," Hamilton Burger interrupted. "I am asking you only what you saw and what you heard."

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do?"

"My friend and I wanted to talk where we would be private. We—I mean, he, drove on past this car that was parked and went down to the far end of the parking lot. There are some trees there—some big live oaks—and there are perhaps half a dozen parking places that are right under these trees."

"And what did you do?"

"My friend parked his car there."

"Was the area lighted?"

"No, sir. There is a light—sort of a floodlight—over the lawn in front of the entrance to the clubhouse that's on all night. There's a certain light from that which illuminates the parking place, but the parking place itself isn't really lighted up. It's fairly dark there."

"And quite dark under the trees?"

"Yes."

"Now, did your companion park the car so that it was facing into the trees?"

"No, sir, he did not. He turned the car around so that when we wanted to start out he only needed to step on the starter and pull right out."

"So you could see through the windshield and see the parking space?"

"Yes."

"And the road leading into the parking space?"

"Yes."

"And the car which was already parked there in the space?"

"Yes."

"Then what happened?"

"Well, we sat and—talked."

"For how long?"

"For some time. We were trying to get things settled. I wasn't going to break up any home. I told him ——"

"Now never mind what you talked about," Hamilton Burger said. "I am not going to interrogate you as to that point. I am simply trying to get the time element. Do you know how long you were there?"

"Some little time."

"An hour?"

"I guess all of an hour."

"What time did you leave there?"

"It was about—I guess about—well, perhaps half past three in the morning; perhaps three o'clock, I don't know. I didn't look at my watch."

"Now, did anything happen just prior to the time you left?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Another car came up the roadway to the parking place."

"That's what I'm trying to get at," Burger said. "Now, can you describe that car?"

"Yes, sir. It was a green car and it had white sidewall tires."

"Do you know the license number?"

"I do."

"What was the license number?"

"JYJ one-one-three."

"What did the car driver do?"

"The driver parked the car just behind this car that had been there all the time."

"Do you mean it went into a parking place alongside this parked car?"

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"No, sir. It came to a stop right behind it. It wasn't in any parking place. It was right behind the other car."

"And what happened?"

"Well, a woman got out of the car."

"You saw this woman?"

"Yes."

"Were the lights on?"

"In what car?"

"In the car that had just driven up."

"Yes, the lights were left on."

"You say that a woman got out?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know whether she was alone in the car?"

"There was no other person in the car."

"How could you tell?"

"When she got out she left the door open and a light came on in the inside of the car—you know, the way a light automatically comes on when the door is left standing open."

"And what did this woman do?"

"She walked to the parked car."

"Now then," Hamilton Burger said, "I'm going to show you a photograph of a car parked in the parking place at the San Sebastian Country Club and ask you

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Country Town at Night

By Elsie McKinnon Strachan

No rhythmic neon plays
Along this tranquil street;
Only the moonlight marks
The shops, night-still and
neat.

Only the soft wind stirs,
And the silver birches sigh,
As our car, trespasser here,
Goes whispering by.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

if you recognize that car from the photograph."

"I do."

"What is it?"

"That is the car that was parked there that night."

"The car which was there all the time you were parked under the trees there?"

"Yes."

"The car which was in front of the car that was driven by the woman?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Now, referring to the car which was driven up there, what did you do? What did you see?"

"I saw this woman get out of the car."

"And what, if anything, did she do?"

"She walked across to the parked car."

"And then what?"

"She opened the door of that car."

"And then what?"

"I don't know what she did. We got out of there."

"Her car was still there when you drove out?"

"Yes."

"Do you know whether she had seen your car, or, that is, the car in which you were riding before you got out of there?"

"I don't think she had. If she had, she hadn't paid any attention to it. When we drove out, she jerked back to look at us and I think she screamed—at least her mouth was wide open and I think she was screaming."

"Did you see her face?"

"I saw her face."

"Plainly?"

"Plainly."

"Would you recognize that woman if you saw her again?"

"I would."

"Do you see that woman here in court at this time?"

"I do."

"Can you point her out?"

The witness arose from the stand, leveled a pointing finger at Norda Allison and said, "That's the woman—the one sitting right there."

"The one sitting over here next to Mr. Perry Mason?"

"That's the one."

"Would you please step down from the witness stand and put your hand on her shoulder?"

The witness marched down, placed her hand on Norda Allison's shoulder, turned and walked back to the witness stand.

Hamilton Burger smiled. "You may cross-examine," he said to Perry Mason.

Mason arose to face the witness. "When you entered the parking lot," he said, "were you sitting on the side nearest the parked car?"

"Yes."

"Then the car was parked on the right-hand side of the parking lot as you drove in?"

"Yes."

"Then, as you drove out, the car would have been to your left?"

"Yes."

"Then you must have looked across the driver of the car—that is, the driver of the car in which you were riding—to see the two cars as you left?"

"What do you mean, the driver of the car?"

"Exactly what I said," Mason replied. "The driver of the car in which you were riding."

"I was driving the car."

"When you went out?"

"Yes."

"Where was your companion?" Mason asked.

"Crouched down on the floor in the back of the car," she announced defiantly.

There was a slight ripple of mirth in the courtroom, which Judge Kent frowned into silence.

"Perhaps you can explain exactly what happened a little more clearly," Mason said.

"I've told you my boy friend was married. When we saw this car drive in there, the first thing we thought of was that it was one of those things—you know, a private-detective raiding party with a camera and flash bulbs. We thought his wife had framed him so as to get the kind of a settlement she wanted."

"Do you mean that she had framed him or caught him?"

"Well, caught him."

"That's what you both thought?"

"Sure," she said. "What else would you expect? This car comes driving up there around three o'clock in the morning, coming like sixty."

"Were you sitting at the steering wheel when this other car came up the driveway?" Mason asked.

"No, I was not."

"Did you get behind the steering wheel at your own suggestion?"

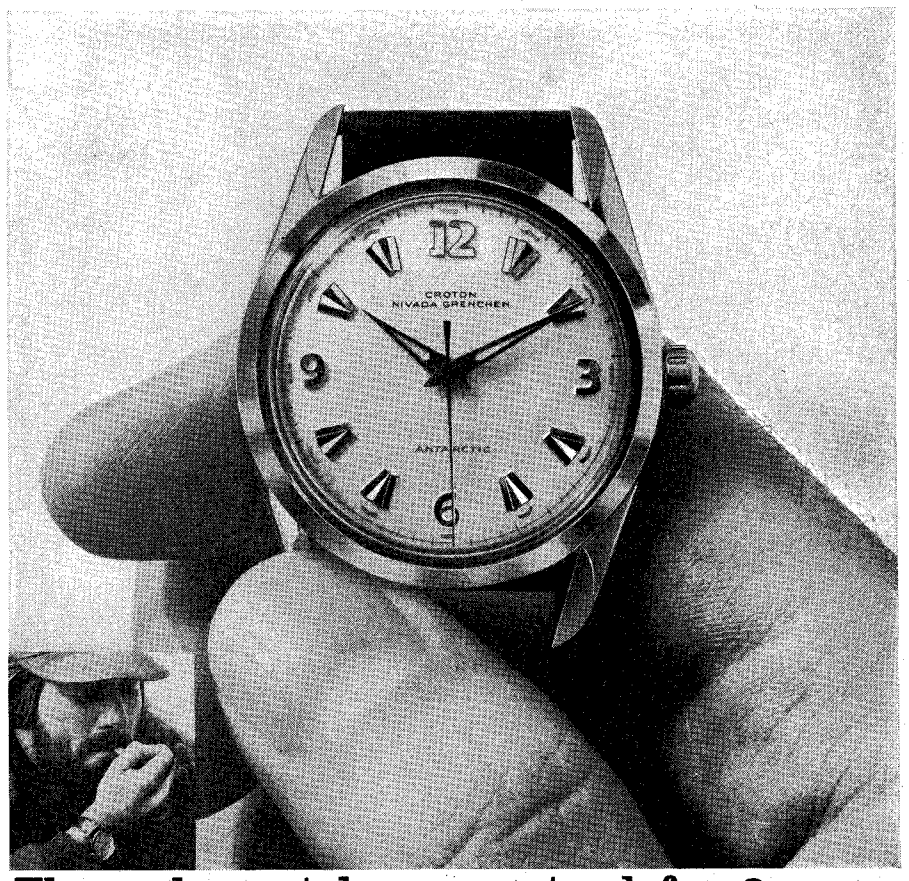
"My boy friend suggested I had better drive it out."

"I take it then that he didn't see the woman who got out of the car?"

"He didn't see anything. He was down on the floor just as flat as he could get, and I took that car out of there just as fast as I could snake it out."

Perry Mason waited until the laughter was stopped by Judge Kent's gavel. Then he continued his cross-examination.

TO BE CONCLUDED



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The Susceptible Scientists

(Continued from Page 27)

old, but with personality, and well-loved. She recognized him from newspaper pictures. He was younger than she had thought, taller than she had expected, with hair darker than hers, very brown eyes, and a generous nose.

She said immediately, "My only distinction is that I don't have flu. I am the very last assistant in the zoology department. You'll have to excuse it. It's an emergency. The fact is that I just don't catch things that are going around. When I have things, they are my very own. I once had a strep throat in the middle of July."

He said, "I have a trunk check. Hadn't I better take care of it while we're here?"

She thought to herself, *This is going to be terrible. I must try not to chatter.*

They went to the baggage room and took care of the trunk business. Then they walked to the car. But inside, as she was putting the ignition key into the lock, he said suddenly, "Yes, I can see that about you. It is quite plain. When you have things, they are your very own. Uniquely yours, I mean."

She paused with her hand on the key. Then she turned to him in surprise. He was smiling.

"Independent," he said, nodding. His brown eyes were intensely interested, looking at her, taking in her firm expression, steady eyes, her hair style.

She took a deep, slow breath and thought to herself that thought—that this was an excitement which had been going on forever, so familiar it was, and they had simply plugged in on it.

He said, as if reading her mind, "We have been friends for a long time, haven't we?"

Her heart pounded suddenly in her throat. The color rushed to her face. She turned away and started the car.

And the wonder of it grew—that he should pick her for a friend, the very distinguished physicist and the last assistant in the zoology department, that he wanted to be with her, that he wanted to discuss with her his theories, share with her his ambitions, that he should come finally to love her who had loved him from before the beginning. The wonder of it!

But the real miracle, Kathy in all her humility did not see. The real wonder was her flexible mind and its capacity to grow under the subtle sun of his regard, its ability to take the hard, scientific food he began to feed her—even more than that, as she and he were to find out almost disastrously—its ability to assimilate that food and make it into something that was hers, uniquely hers.

He taught her by thinking aloud. He made her study as she had never studied before, simply by taking for granted that she understood what he was talking about. He widened her world. "What we can imagine, we can do," he said. He filled her imagination with the adventure of telescopes and microscopes that can't be used by the eye, only by the camera, detecting that which can't be seen itself, but only by the tracks it leaves. Farther and farther, smaller and smaller, and no limit, and no final answer. As yet.

He more than widened her world. By loving her, he made it infinite. He not only opened her eyes, he opened her heart. Love gave her farsightedness—long views, and long, long questions. It was down one of these vistas, which he might have foreseen, but which he hardly suspected, that he nearly lost her.

Theirs was an odd courtship. Where one girl's memory was filled with the scent of gardenias, Kathy's romance had the flavor of formaldehyde and chloroform. Where the calendar of love for one girl was punctuated by such events as the dance at the country club, or hot chocolate before the fire at the ski lodge, Kathy's moments were quite different. Her landmarks were those moments when, from the wealth of his knowledge, he sprang some unfamiliar scientific fact upon her and she understood it suddenly, joyously, in a flash of perception. Vivid, fire-touched moments.

Oh, there was romance, true romance. That it had a scientific tinge didn't make it less rosy. In the springtime woods they strode vigorously, and discussed the unsolved riddle of photosynthesis, of how plant cells convert sunlight into energy.

Very seriously he said, "We are no closer really. Still the immediate steps before the first recognizable carbohydrate are just a matter of conjecture."

Kathy felt an irreverent laugh crowd her throat. "Sunlight on chlorophyll," she said quietly, smiling a little. "Like your love in my heart, a mystery."

"What did you say?" he asked sharply, stopping, swinging her around to face him. "What was that?"

She backed off a bit in sudden, delightful fright. He stepped forward swiftly and grabbed her into his arms.

"Oh, Kathy! Oh, my gosh!"

The exquisite moment left them trembling. Then she said, "I hope you didn't squash my Camberwell larva." And both of them peered anxiously as she took a cleansing tissue from her pocket and opened it carefully to reveal the caterpillar unharmed. "It's O.K."

By candlelight, over a little table in the College Inn, his eyes looking into hers, his firm hands holding both of hers on the table top, he said, "It begins to look as though there were no such thing as being and nonbeing. Everything that is has life. And we and the rock and the worm and the corpse are one, made of one stuff."

"I know. It presses in on us." She was acutely conscious of his hands, warm and strong, on hers.

"What?"

"I said it presses in on us—the essence of life. If we let it, it breaks through. Sometimes even when we don't expect it."

"What are you talking about? Pour a quart of water in the ocean, does the ocean press in upon it, break through? It is all one. Where did you read such nonsense?"

"I didn't read it. I feel it."

He laughed. "Stop being a woman. You're a scientist, remember?"

She was afraid of his laughter. That was the only thing that frightened her; that, and the idea of losing him; and the two ideas were wrapped together. So she began taking her doubts and questions, her more feminine reactions, to Doctor Robyne; and that wise, inspired and childlike woman, without batting an eye, began to direct the assimilation of that knowledge. Kathy was being made into a force unique and terrible.

She would go flying to her teacher. "He says ——" she would begin passionately. And Doctor Robyne could listen calmly, unmoved, because she was not in love with him. "He says what man can imagine, he can do."

Doctor Robyne laughed. "Don't forget that there are two kinds of imagination. One is, you might say, deductive, which man can claim as his own if he wants to. The other is that indomitable uprush of genius which no man can announce or explain or claim to control."

"That's what I said," agreed Kathy excitedly. "It presses in upon you and sometimes breaks through, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Doctor Robyne gravely. "It does."

"I felt it, but he laughed at me."

Her teacher looked down discreetly.

"He says there is a final explanation to everything, that we just haven't found it yet—a scientific answer."

"Maybe—if the final question is how? What if the final question turns out to be why?" She shook her head.

But he was thoughtful too.

"We can't jump to a final answer," he said. "We have to take it in stages. And right now the important question before biologists is not why, but where? Where are we going as physiological beings—onward to a better species or into a blind tunnel, like the dinosaurs, and oblivion?"

Then she began to get a glimpse of the tremendous task that science had set itself—the project of directing life's unfoldment, man taking a hand in his own evolution. John Scott Waldren controlling destiny. No wonder he was dedicated! She herself was deeply stirred and excited. She began to pump him for everything he knew, to demand explanations of everything he was doing. She was insatiable. He was delighted with her. Never had they been so close, never so much in love.

This DNA that he was experimenting with, the acid in the nucleus, the very heart of the life cell—was this the prime factor in heredity, she wanted to know.

"It is the blueprint, you might say, for generations to come."

"Then if you alter this blueprint ——"

"We bring about a change, a man-directed mutation in the evolution of the bread mold, or whatever substance you happen to be working with."

"And you think eventually you can influence future generations of human beings with DNA?"

He smiled. "It will be a while."

"The Brave New World of Huxley?"

"Don't be absurd."

"Isn't there a chance you might unwittingly produce a line of monsters, of robots, or degenerates?"

He laughed. "Worse than we are today?"

"I'm not joking, Scott."

"Why should you have such a dark thought?"

"Because," she replied with a sudden shaking passion that surprised even herself, "you physicists, fooling around with the atom, produced a monster that never should have been and that's nearly out of control now!"

Then he saw how far afield her thinking was taking her. He felt his anger rising and he held himself. "Science will progress," he said levelly. "No one can stop it, and there are bound to be casualties."

"It depends on what you call progress," she returned hotly. "A man walking in the dark on unfamiliar ground feels his way, and if he falls into a pit, he doesn't call that progress, but a blunder." Then she added in a low voice, "Perhaps a criminal blunder."

"Kathy, we scientists didn't plan these things. They were forced upon us, are being forced upon us, every day, every minute!"

She looked at him with hard eyes. "Is that an explanation or an excuse?"

His face went white. He made a gesture of exasperation. "What do you want me to say? Why must you blame me for the whole pattern of events? You've lost your scientific attitude altogether."

She closed her eyes against the sudden tears. "Yes, I guess I have," she admitted.

Later they made up their quarrel, but there was a new tenseness between them. He no longer trusted her as a scientist. And the new questions crowding into her mind she was afraid to ask him. Even Doctor Robyne for the first time was no help. When Kathy went to her, she smiled and shook her head.

"I am simply a teacher of zoology."

"But you must have asked yourself what is right."

"Oh, yes."

"You have found some answer."

The older woman shook her head reluctantly. "When you move over from the field of science to the field of morality, Kathy, it's every man for himself. My answer is not necessarily yours. Nor Doctor Waldren's. My answer had to come from inside of me. Yours from inside of you."

Kathy's dark eyes were pleading. "Please, Doctor Robyne. I want to know how you feel about it."

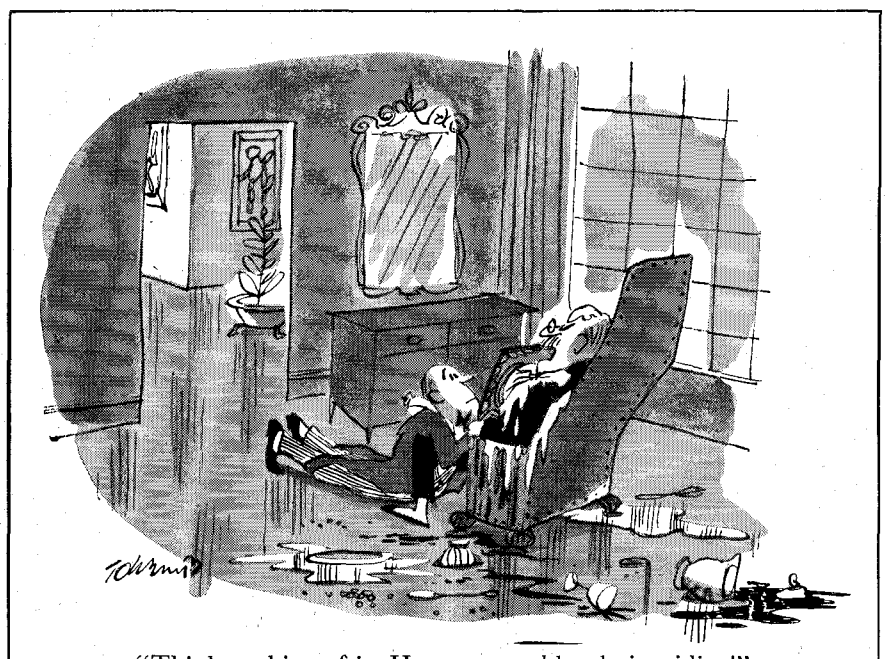
"It's quite unscientific, Kathy."

"Please."

"All right. I believe that the man who wants to play God must make himself godlike. I believe it is imperative."

"But—but that's impossible."

"Is it, my dear?" she asked gently. And went on. "The scientist is the hero today. Granted he didn't ask to be or expect to be. But he is. He is our elected leader. There is probably more popular confidence in a man in the white coat than in a man in the White House. As I see it, he must justify that confidence by facing the question of (*Continued on Page 106*)



"Think nothing of it, Harson, you blundering idiot!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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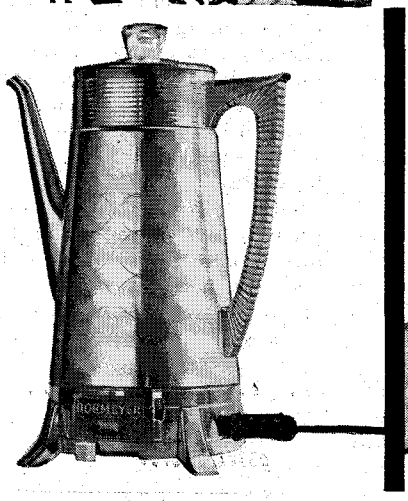
The lady

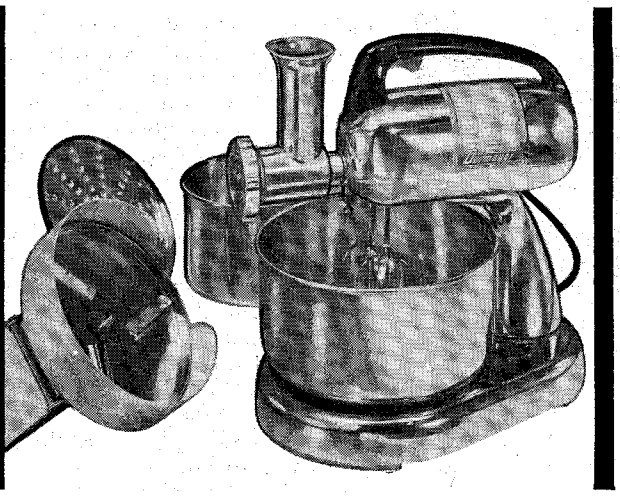
loves beauty...loves Christmas...

loves Dormeyer

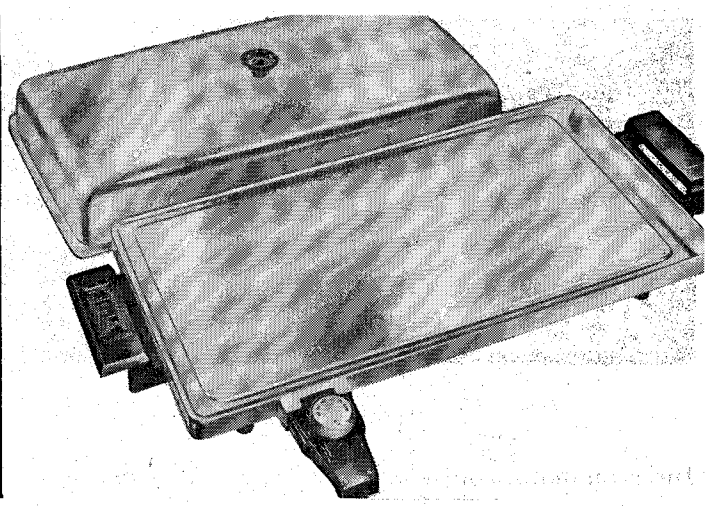
Electric Appliances



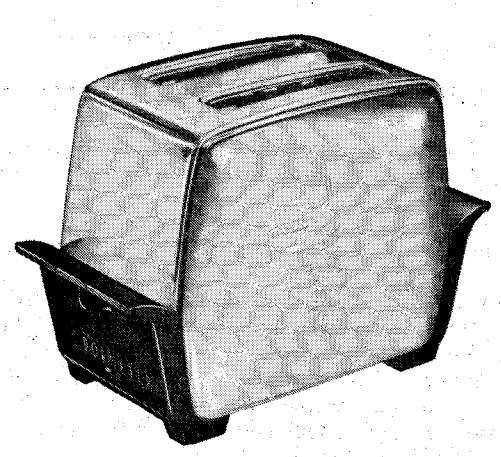
Golden Goddess Coffee Maker. America's most beautiful coffee-maker! 24-kt. gold trim. 4-10 cups. Model 22, **$40.00**



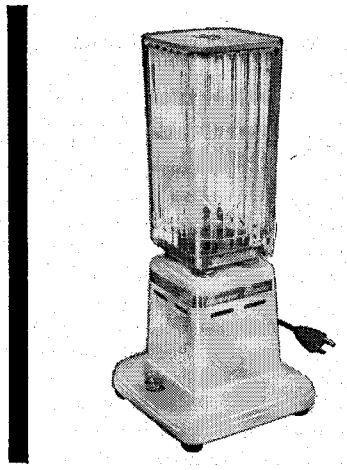
Silver Star Mixer. Most complete mixer made. Grinds, chops, shreds, slices. Beautiful chrome finish. Model 4400, **$59.95**



Grill-Well. Grill better bacon, eggs, hamburgers on this big-value, family-size Grill-Well. Model 9900, **$24.95** *(Cover extra)*



Deluxe Toaster. Tops for toast! Extra wide wells for rolls, muffins. Lustrous chrome finish. Model 6303, **$19.95**



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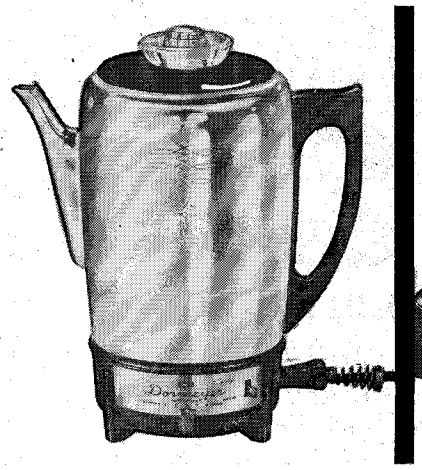
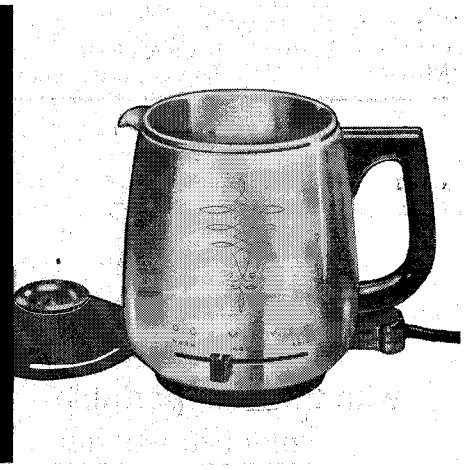
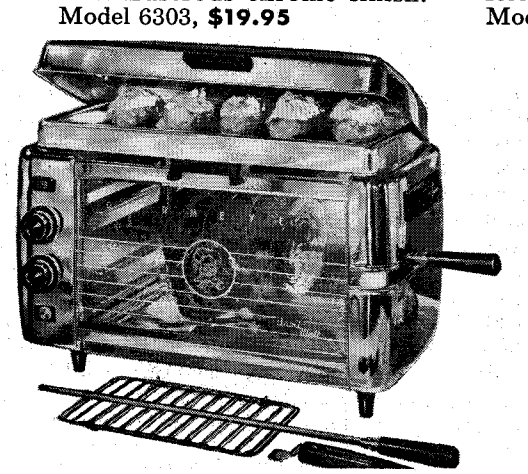


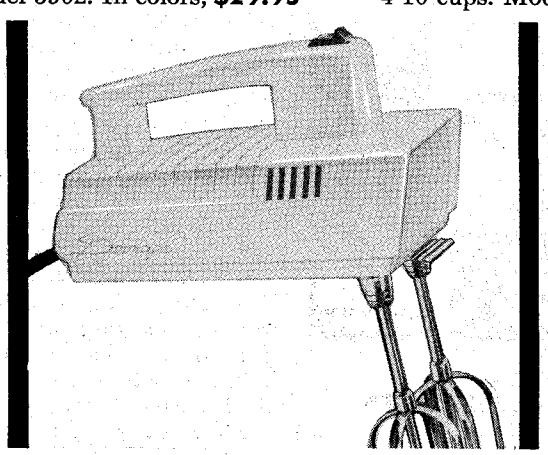
New Deluxe Coffee-Well. Fashion-crafted in lovely, lasting chrome-finished aluminum. 4-10 cups. Model 24, **$24.95**



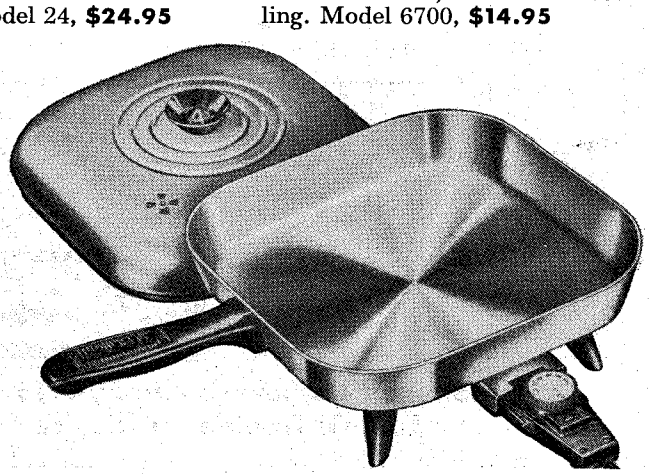
Hurri-Hot Electric Cup. Warms, heats, cooks, boils, stews—and fast! For home, office or travelling. Model 6700, **$14.95**



Deluxe Broil-Well. Brings the flavor of outdoor cooking indoors! Giant capacity. Lustrous chrome finish. Dormeyer's finest. Model 8802, **$89.95**



New Portable Mixer. Lightweight. 3 speeds. Automatic beater release. 4 kitchen-matched colors. Model 18, **$19.95**



Fri-Way 10½″ Electric Skillet. Ideal for stews, casseroles, braising, baking. Forged aluminum. Model 21, **$19.95**

Delight her with a **Dormeyer** *...the new fashion in electric appliances*

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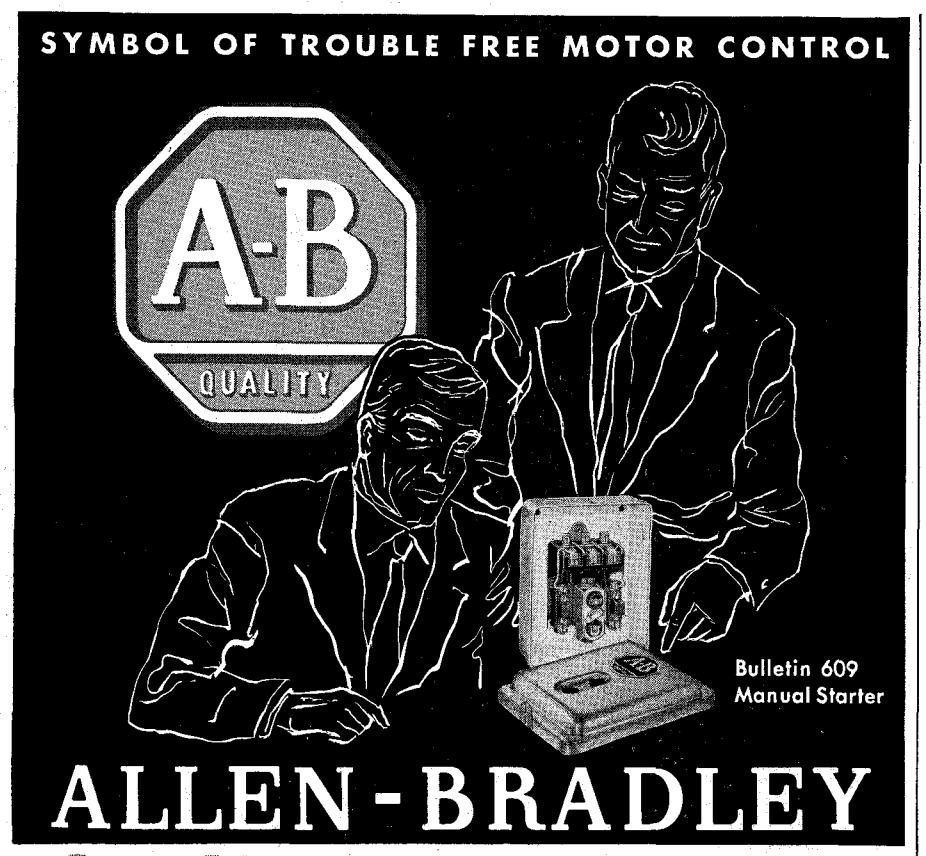

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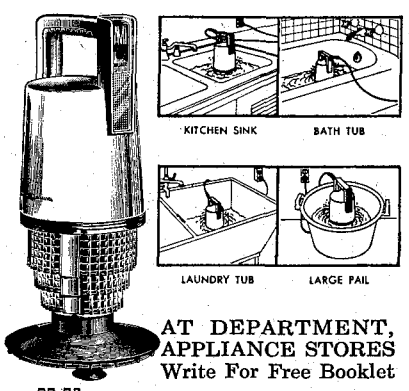

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Used with the separate *Medications* included in each box, Zino-pads remove corns and callouses one of the fastest ways known to medical science! Get a box today. At Drug, Shoe, Department and 5-10¢ Stores.

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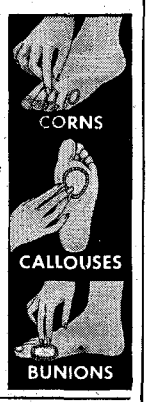

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(*Continued from Page 104*) moral responsibility. Or, if he is unwilling to do that, then he must take the people into his confidence and let them share the responsibility of decisions with him. Difficult alternative, I grant you." Then she added thoughtfully, "Would we have voted to use the atom bomb? I wonder."

Kathy sat silent, her head bowed. Finally she said in a low voice, "There is nothing I can say to him." And she thought to herself painfully, *Things will never be the same again.*

But Doctor Robyne said, "Don't make the mistake of believing that Scott Waldren hasn't done any thinking for himself along these lines. He is a deep man."

They had a brief respite from their tenseness before the storm set in upon them again. Scott Waldren was asked to be one of the principal speakers at a conference known as the Midwest Science Exchange. For a young man from a small college this was an honor, and a recognition of the significance of the work he was doing. He was enormously pleased, and Kathy, of course, rejoiced with him. They walked vigorously and talked enthusiastically, and it was somewhat like old times when everything had been ideal between them. Then he brought her his speech to read.

They sat late one evening in the zoology lab with a table and one spot of light between them, the rest of the long room austere and shadowy. As Kathy turned the pages over one by one, it was borne in upon her what she had to do, what she had to do even though it meant the end of private hope and joy. Because now she was a person of strong conviction, and either she was unique and terrible or she was nothing.

When she finished reading, she looked up and asked, "Is that all?"

"What do you mean, is that all?" He gazed hard at her for a minute and she met his eyes steadily, unrelentingly. Then he began to gather up the pages of his speech, and said coldly, "It is a factual report, what more? It is a careful and scholarly piece of work from beginning to end, and you know it."

She was frozen into silence by the bitterly antagonistic tone of his voice. With eyes closed, she sat, drawn in, rigid, breathless, while he put the manuscript in order, slid it into his briefcase, and went out. Then she put her head down on the table and wept over the ashes of their love. She wept forlornly, but she did not regret.

The conference was to last ten days. Scott Waldren had been scheduled to speak on the opening day, but the next morning Kathy searched the papers in vain for some mention of his speech. Nothing. And nothing the next day or the next. She could not imagine what had happened, and she worried considerably.

Then it came. At the end of the week. The Saturday-afternoon papers carried a brief account. "Science arriving at philosophic ultimates," that was the headline of the story in the afternoon. She frowned over it, wondering. But the Sunday Times printed the whole speech and there was much more to it than that, much more. And even more Kathy could read between the lines. She sat alone in the laboratory, trembling inside as she read it, devoured it, alternately frightened by what she had done and joyful at her triumph. For—once his mind was made up—he had gone all the way. And he had made a sensation at the conference.

"For too long the scientist has felt secure in his physical world," he burst forth. "The truth is that the walls between the physical and the moral and the spiritual have melted down. There are times, as we all secretly know, when we stand in a quiet laboratory with our faces stubbornly toward the everyday world and our hands fumbling behind us in the metaphysical. Let us not be foolishly stubborn. Let us turn around, face it, not be caught unawares and unprepared.

"We who are working with DNA, experimenting with directed mutations and thinking forward to a planned evolution, we have a tremendous moral responsibility. We cannot allow ourselves to be hurried and pushed into decisions by an economic system based on a philosophy of war. Are we going to produce a race of men like the Spartans who will think it is right to lie and steal as long as they don't get caught, who will think war permissible as long as it pays off? Or are we going to resist pressure long enough to think things through to their moral conclusions? We are the men responsible for the future. We must stand apart and, if necessary, against the current. And for the strength to do this, we must—I dare to say it in this gathering—as we work, we must pray, and pray unceasingly."

Once more she met him at the station, the ugly little station where she had first met him. But what years and centuries and eons had passed! She searched his face for his forgiveness, and his eyes asked for hers. Their love was no longer a walk in the springtime woods. It had grown up into something serious and purposeful.

They started back to campus in her little old car.

"I was watching the papers. I was so worried," she said.

"I know. I kept asking for a postponement. The thinking of my whole life I did in one week, Kathy. Friday night I sat up all night rewriting the thing. They gave me a tremendous ovation. You can't imagine. Tremendous. I felt frightened and humble."

"So did I when I read it."

"Kathy—let's park."

"It's so sort of undergraduatish," she objected. But she already had a secluded spot picked out, and she parked. With a sigh, he put his arms around her.

"How soon can we marry, Kathy? How soon, how soon?"

She did not answer, because her thoughts were so swift running to the future. That they would have a child, she was thinking. That out of final bliss would come a rearrangement of chromosomes, a reapportionment of genes, life-stuff organizing, that new cells would make new supplies of DNA, that her own physical machinery would begin to supply the necessary secretions for the urgent tenderness to protect that new being until it could sustain itself. So everything could be explained.

He bent toward her. "Kathy dear ——"

But she held him off as a sudden question occurred to her. "How do the cells make new DNA?"

"I don't know." He moved closer.

"You don't know, Scott?"

"I don't know," he murmured. "Kathy—please ——"

Her throat was full of sudden laughter. Ah, sweet mystery! She closed her eyes and, smiling, yielded her lips to his.

THE END

Ski Run for Beginners

A snowy hillside scrolled
with oodles
Of unintentional skidoodles!

S. Omar Barker

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What's New in Toyland?

(Continued from Page 35)

with its own satellite. Newspapers quipped: "The first United States moon is launched by a toy manufacturer!"

Whether they're trying to get a satellite or a hula hoop in orbit, something's always popping in the toy makers' corner. It's no wonder Americans about this time of year exuberantly push more than a billion dollars over the nation's toy counters.

machine (for surgery), which now reposes in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, was made entirely out of Erector parts. In fact, the world of toys and the world of grownups are so closely interrelated that it's often hard to tell where one starts and the other leaves off.

Not long ago, a doll manufacturer in New York City conducted a campaign for a clothes designer, inviting sketches

The $29.95 pedal tractor above is fine for make-believe farmers in city apartments. But for suburban small fry, there are machines with plowing and digging attachments.

This C. K. Berryman cartoon (1902) of President Theodore Roosevelt refusing to shoot a bear cub was probably the model for the first "teddy bear." It became the world's most popular single toy.

Furthermore, there's always the chance that a toy will become more than just a toy. More than once, in fact, a plaything has inspired a spectacular adult achievement. Dr. Robert Oppenheimer declares his interest in science began with the gift of a chemistry set when he was five years old. And the A. C. Gilbert Company, which makes Erector sets, is proud of the fact that the original scale model of the Bailey portable bridge, one of the engineering marvels of World War II, was constructed by Sir Donald Bailey, of the British Ministry of Supply, with a set used as a boy. Even the first heart-lung

and samples. The winner, much to his surprise, but to no youngster's, turned out to be a Long Island schoolgirl, Jaci Barrett, aged twelve. She was promptly put on the payroll on a part-time basis.

When another manufacturer decided several years ago, on the basis of a film revival, to reactivate a doll that had been popular twenty years ago—the Shirley Temple doll—he also inadvertently reactivated Miss Temple. Youngsters and their parents became so Shirley Temple conscious that the former child star was able to make a comeback in a highly successful television show. It was a case of the toy wagging the adult, according to the industry.

This year, if there's any truth at all to the theory that toys reflect national moods, Mr. Khrushchev had better watch out. The biggest trend of all at the moment is science, particularly military science. The small fry's arsenal is bursting with weapons rarin' to go: ballistic missiles, atomic cannon, moon rocket launchers, disintegrator guns, space stations, nuclear interplanetary vehicles and multiple-stage rockets, including an Alpha Missile which uses a fuel of citric acid and bicarbonate of soda to zoom a rocket 150 feet into the air. There are no insurmountable engineering problems in toyland.

One young manufacturing genius from Tennessee, William McLain, has set more than one rival toymaker to chewing his fingernails this year by producing a "satellite train" that represents an "impossible" engineering feat. Buyers have been eagerly snapping up his six-car train carrying a "satellite" which actually rises from one of the cars and orbits in the air a foot above the train as it travels round the track. A plastic moon, with toothpicks for antennae, it is held in orbit by a stream of air that flows from a double-intake turbine. The wonder train also boasts a diesel locomotive with three speeds, a searchlight car with revolving light, a gondola with spare "satellites," a radar car with spinning antennae, and a caboose labeled U. S. RESEARCH, all for $39.95.

So unpredictable is the course of events in toyland that one manufacturer, Melvin Helitzer, has coined a word to cover the situation: "toymoil." During some years, almost no one will pick up a science toy from the counter. This year, they're picking up everything in sight. Fortunately, the industry is ready for them.

Apart from the military, there are enough new technical toys on the market to launch, singlehandedly, a whole new generation of science eggheads. "If the schools don't do the work of attracting youngsters to scientific careers, this year's toys will," asserts optimistic Melvin Freud, president of the education-minded Toy Guidance Council.

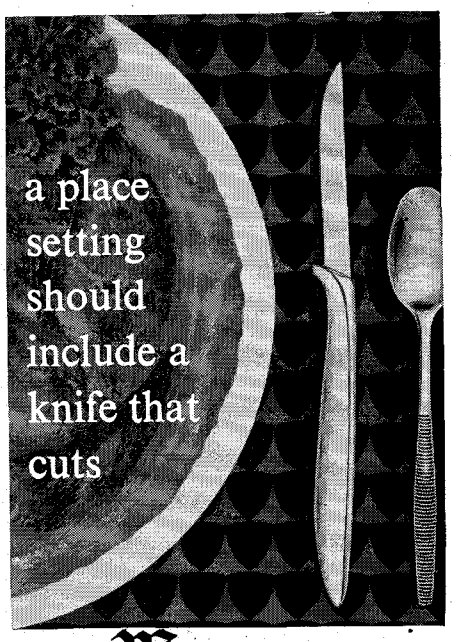
There's a robot, for example, that moves backward, forward and sideways, and is controlled by remote radio; there's a child's astronomical telescope capable of bringing the craters of the moon into focus better than the one used by Galileo; there are chemistry sets with radioactive materials, and there's a do-it-yourself hobby kit with a three-stage rocket designed by no less an authority than Dr. Wernher von Braun.

Abroad, the foreign toy designers are less military-minded, but no less technical. The Germans have produced a remote-control automobile with four gear shifts; the Italians have come up with an airplane that takes off, flies in a circle and lands by itself; and the Japanese have created a convertible car boasting a top that goes up and down electrically.

Considering the whole range of scientific toys, however, the most curious at the moment is the rage for prehistoric animals, especially the dinosaur. This hitherto-extinct animal will come stomping into more than 10,000,000 living rooms this year, and has become one of the hottest items in any toy shop.

The whole fad was kicked off when a youngster, being taken through the Chicago Natural History Museum, stopped before a dinosaur skeleton 75,000,000 years old and exclaimed: "Gee, it'd take a long time to put that fellow together." The remark reached the ever-alert ears of a toy manufacturer, who turned out a few

(Continued on Page 111)



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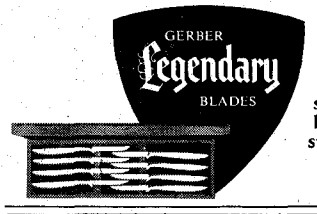

Many fine clubs, restaurants and hotel dining rooms supply a Gerber blade with your steak. Ask them!

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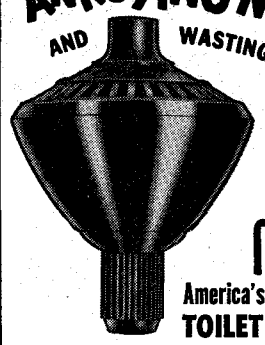

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LIFE POST

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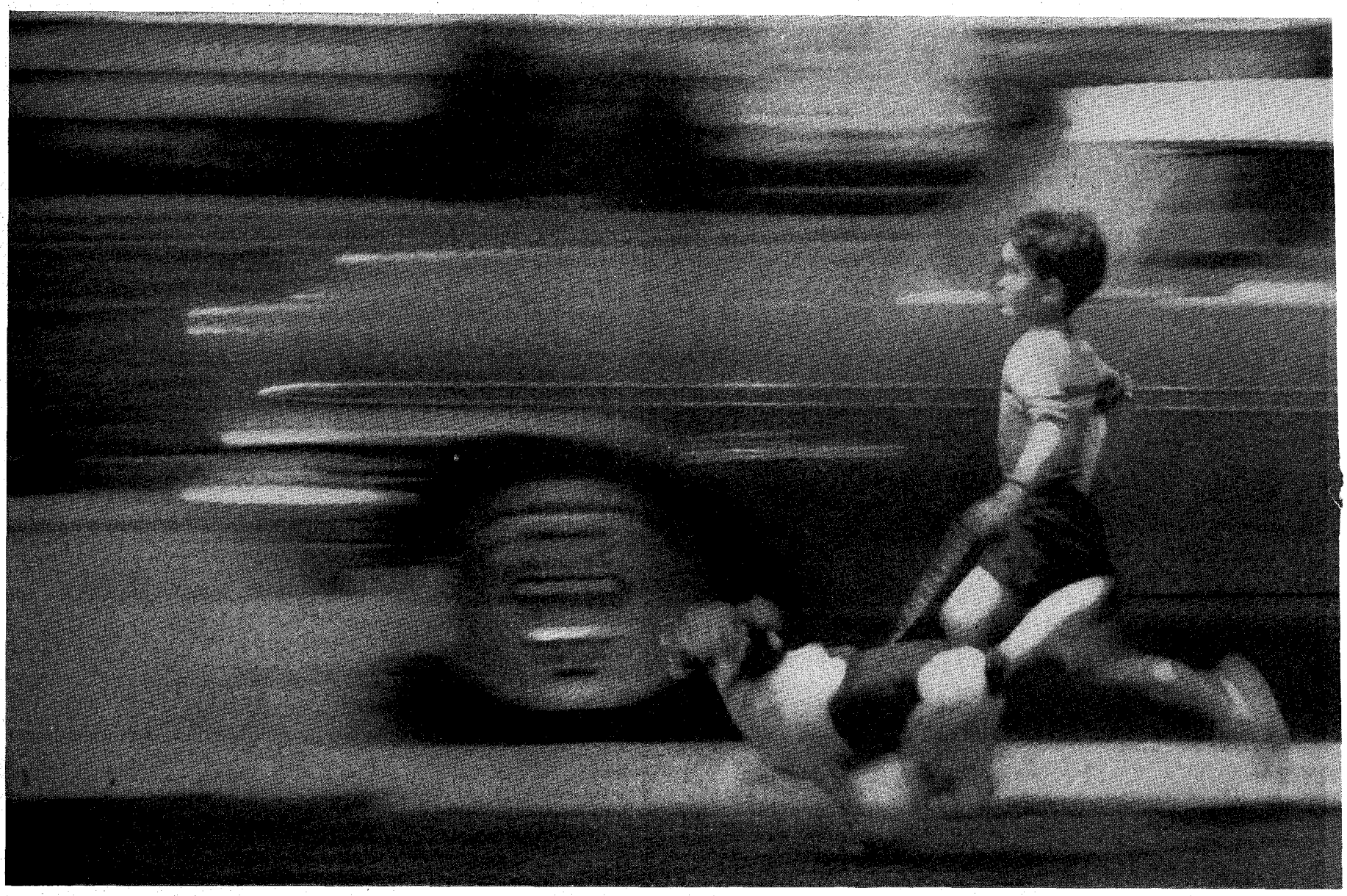
New tire cord disco



makes tires safer, stro

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Three major sciences—cellulose, fiber and rubber—combined to produce Tyrex cord tires. And cellulose is Rayonier's business. We know what these tires can do because as a major world supplier of versatile cellulose to many industries, Rayonier played a substantial role in the birth of Tyrex cord.

*Tyrex is a certification mark of TYREX INC. for viscose tire yarn and cord.

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REX-FLEX

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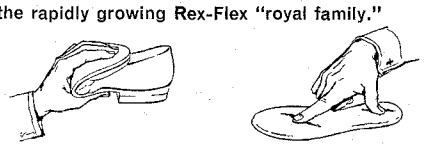

Left: No. J5202. Center: No. J5211. Right: No. J5205 (each style also in other colors) —Jarman shoes available at Jarman dealers and Jarman stores,

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(*Continued from Page 107*) "prehistorics" which were fairly snatched out of salesclerks' hands. Other makers climbed into the ring, and now at least five large toy companies are producing at top speed for a market that is still unsatisfied. One of the biggest sellers is a do-it-yourself Tyrannosaurus Rex skeleton assembly kit of forty-eight pieces, based on the American Museum of Natural History's prize dinosaur. It sells for $1.98. For those who like their "prehistorics" already assembled, Steiff, the famed German stuffed-animal factory, has a dinosaur seven feet high that sells for $395. There are others—smaller—in the five-and-dime for ten cents.

Where will it all end? No one knows, but it's a safe prediction that next year's skeletons will be human.

Religion, a growing factor in American life since World War II, has not escaped the toymakers' attention either. In fact, it has permeated the doll world, a stable section of the business which accounts for between 20 and 30 per cent of all toys sold. Recently, the Ideal Toy Corporation, which is proud to be the largest doll manufacturer in the world, took note of the religious trend, drew a long, deep breath and launched on the market the most controversial item in years—a Christ Child.

Refraining from calling the figure a "doll," they have termed it a "replica," which is packaged in a Biblelike box labeled THE MOST WONDERFUL STORY. When the lid is lifted, Mary, Joseph and two lambs pop up, while the Christ Child lies quietly in the manger. Around the figures, the Christmas Story, according to St. Luke, is printed, and the manufacturer has gone to the trouble of making two versions of this—a Douay one for Catholics, and a King James text for Protestants. Church authorities have approved both the text and the appearance of the Saviour.

Though 212,000 replicas have been sold, the question of taste has been raised. Is it proper, some customers have asked, to make a plaything out of The Saviour's likeness, even if it is reverentially presented as a "replica" rather than a doll?

Of less controversial nature is the ever-constant hunger for cowboys, Indians and bang-bang in general. There are hundreds of rifles and six-shooters firing everything from table-tennis balls to metal-encased bullets. One of the most ingenious items along these lines is a dueling game to show whose gun is faster. It provides two holsters and two guns (one red, one blue) attached by wires to a steer's head. A timer is set, and, when the bell rings, the two duelists draw and fire. Whoever shoots first causes the eye of the steer to light up: a blue eye for the blue gun, a red eye for the red one.

And in an attempt to tap the national interest in both Westerns and do-it-yourself, one fence-straddling toyman has brought out a Wells Fargo coach kit, complete with carriage, horses, driver, shotgun rider, gambler, schoolmarm and Civil War officer. The whole thing consists of 250 parts. In the words of the manufacturer: "It takes a child fifty hours to put together, or an adult 100 hours!"

Although the do-it-yourself phase is no longer new, it's still strong. It started several years ago when a toymaker found himself with a lot of plastic parts for miniature cars on hand, but no money to pay people to assemble them. He decided to put the parts in boxes and call them "do-it-yourself" kits. The thing was an immediate success. Now the company makes guided-missile kits based on official Army and Air Force blueprints, and has sold millions of them. This year they have a particularly popular item in the Nike-Hercules which any man or boy can get into immediate production for just $1.49.

Girls are traditionally harder to please (dolls excepted), but this year they got a special break. Manufacturers have scratched their heads and come up with some fresh ideas—a tiny mixer that can prepare real ice cream, a laboratory technician's set especially for girls and an airlines-hostess outfit complete with authentic cap. Lionel has even created some pastel-tinted electric trains in the hope of luring a few young females to a hobby that hitherto has been considered exclusively male.

In short, there are lots of brand-new ideas in toyland, as well as the old standbys that go on being best sellers year after year. Balls, tops, trains, baby dolls and stuffed animals roll on serenely every season with no sign of fatigue. A German automobile that won't fall off the table and sells for $1.50 is still as popular today as it was in 1936 when it first came out.

No one knows how ancient the hoop is, for example, but this year it has been the biggest seller in the whole toy world. Last spring, two young California manufacturers running a business called simply Wham-O, brought out some plastic hoops, tested them on neighborhood children and promptly started a national fad. It was accelerated by adults' getting into the act, using the hoops for calisthenics and causing a concurrent boom in the business of chiropractors. All summer long, demand outpaced supply, but by fall everyone who wanted one could buy it. One firm alone sold 3,000,000 hoops, about one seventh of the national total.

The hoop may be as old as the wheel, but it probably wasn't the first plaything. Most people think that the history of toys is the history of man, and those in the business like to think that the first toy was created in the Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve, they say, undoubtedly gave their first child, Cain, something to play with, and it might well have been a flat piece of wood which would float on water.

There is some evidence that in the cave age children played a game with the knucklebones of wild animals. It was not unlike the "jacks" we play today and was probably the origin of that game. Dolls, toy animals and miniature furniture have been found in Babylonian tombs, and highborn Egyptian youngsters, in the time of Cleopatra, played with toy crocodiles with movable jaws.

It wasn't until the nineteenth century, however, that a German, Friedrich Froebel, who originated the kindergarten in 1837, injected a serious note into toyland. He decided that playthings should be more than just something to play with. He concentrated on inventing toys that would be good for both education and exercise. As a result, there has been a strong movement ever since for "toys that instruct." Fortunately, this trend has never really gotten off the ground. Perhaps it's because grownups, who buy the toys, like to think of them in terms of pure escape. A toy to them will always be the recess, not the classroom.

But if grownups and children alike find toyland all made of lollipops and sugarplums at this time of year, it's quite another story for the men who produce the confection. Behind the façade of fun is some of the fiercest competition to be found in the whole spectrum of free enterprise. It involves frustration, surprise, heartache and sudden success. One man tools up to make a sixty-nine-cent rubber popgun with table-tennis balls as bullets. As soon as it goes on the market, another man figures out a way to make it for forty-nine cents, "knocking it off," as they say in the trade. By this time, the first man wishes he'd made a real gun to use on himself.

There are 2000 toy manufacturers in the United States, and, to hear them talk, the problems of war, peace and disarmament are as nothing compared to the problems of dolls, hoops and plastic dinosaurs.

One firm, wistfully eying the success of the Christ Child, the Sparkle Plenty and the Shirley Temple dolls, has been suffering agonies of indecision over whether to create a Marilyn Monroe doll. The great problem, it seems, is simply that, in an industry that has made dolls that do just about everything but eat, this company hasn't been able to think of anything new for such a toy to do.

As a matter of fact, dolls are an endless source of stories proving the precarious, if fascinating, nature of the business. For example, a few years ago, shortly after the success of dolls with hair that could be washed and given home permanents, one company decided they had a sure winner in a "make-up doll." Collaborating with a famous beautician, they created a doll with a colorless face crying to be made up. With it went an elaborate kit containing powder, rouge, mascara, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, facial creams and other make-up aids. Not only was the manufacturer certain of a hit; so were the retailers. In fact, they bought the new item to the tune of about $3,000,000. Unfortunately, the customers didn't agree. The doll never got off the counter, turning into a monumental fiasco, of which the reverberations are still felt in the industry. Experts trying to analyze the reason for the failure decided it was twofold: (1) Without make-up, the dolls looked too unappetizing to attract buyers, and (2) mothers apparently didn't want to expose their daughters at an early age to such elaborate make-up procedures, although they didn't mind their washing and waving hair.

Another doll managed to put its maker into bankruptcy. Advertised as a "talking doll," it included an internal phonograph record and a mouth that opened and shut. If properly handled it worked all right, but, unfortunately, there were so many returns from broken recording mechanisms that the company went out of business.

Even the stuffed-animal field has not been immune to tragedy. Recently, a plush female dog with a built-in zipper pouch was launched in toyland with great fanfare. When the zipper was opened, the pouch was full of puppies. This realistic and educational toy was intended to dramatize the miracle of birth. Unfortunately, as one toyman put it, "It just laid an egg." No one knows exactly why, but it probably offended public sensibilities.

But if toymakers are cursed by failure, by shifts in public taste and by the fact that a competitor has "knocked off" a best-selling item, they are also heartened by enough success stories to cheer the blackest pessimist.

Take the case of young Joe McVicker, of Cincinnati. While Joe was still in school, his father died and left him a run-down wallpaper-paste plant. Joe let it lie and, to support his family, went out to sell industrial soap. But there was still a lot of paste left around the house, and his three-year-old daughter, Julie, began to play with it. The paste was colorless, smelly and difficult to mold, however, and Joe decided to fix it for her. He eliminated the odor, changed the consistency to make it more pliable and added color. Julie loved it, and so did the children in a nursery school operated by Joe's sister. In fact, the school used so much of it that Joe decided to make some extra batches and try to sell it.

After little success, he managed one day to get an order from Marshall Field and Company in Chicago. In filling it, he reopened his father's old plant. The compound, now christened Play-Doh, caught on and took off. That was three years ago. Today, the moribund wallpaper-paste plant is turning out 200 cans of Play-Doh a minute and is grossing $3,000,000 a year. Joe, incidentally, is now all of twenty-seven years old.

But of all the behind-the-scenes stories in toyland, perhaps the most famous is the Great Teddy Bear Saga which goes on year after year, constantly adding new chapters. It concerns the cuddly little fellow that has sold 200,000,000 copies in the last half century and is still collected avidly by millions of children each year, as well as by such celebrities as Brigitte Bardot and Elvis Presley.

One of the most interesting things about the world's most popular single toy is the mystery of who invented it. Today the Russians are about the only ones who haven't made any claims, although the chief contenders are the Americans and the Germans.

It seems that in 1902, Morris Michtom, a stationery-store owner in Brooklyn, claims he saw a cartoon showing President Theodore Roosevelt refusing to shoot a bear cub. Mr. Michtom's wife, who occasionally made stuffed animals, copied the bear and put it in the window. By 1907, the bear and other items were selling so well that Mr. Michtom founded the Ideal toy company to meet the demand.

On the other hand, the Steiff factory in Germany, which has been making stuffed animals since its founder, Margarete

"Don't just stand there—find them!!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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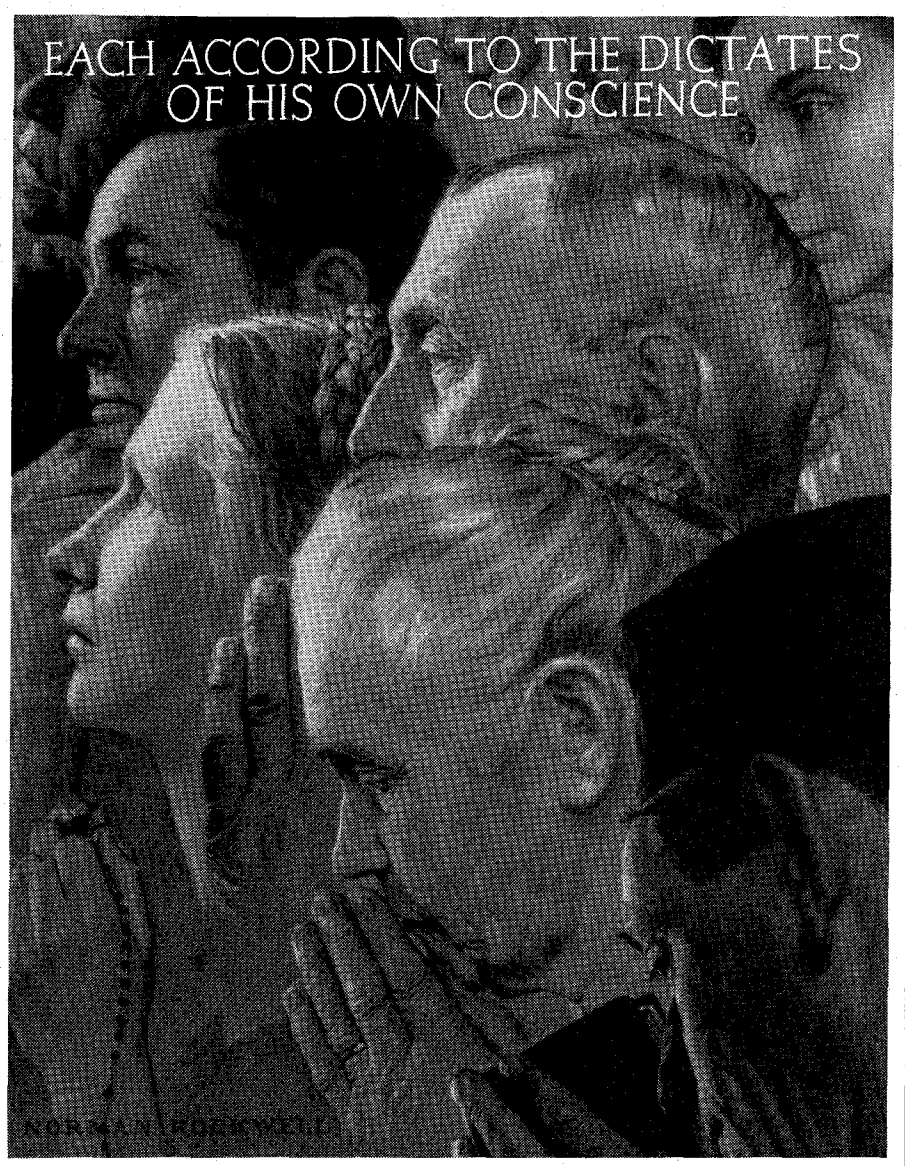

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Steiff, a polio victim, created the world's first such toy (an elephant) in 1880, has a different version. They claim that the first Teddy Bear was created in 1902 when Richard Steiff, Margarete's nephew, was watching a cub at the Stuttgart zoo. In any event, it was exhibited at the Leipzig Fair in 1903 and sold to an American buyer. But the bear didn't really find his place in the sun until he was used as a table decoration in 1906 at a wedding breakfast in the White House. Dubbed "Teddy's Bear" by a guest, he became famous overnight. In 1907, the Steiff factory in the little town of Giengen made 1,000,000 of them.

The latest chapter in the Great Teddy Bear Saga was added only this year when Giengen held a festival in honor of the American who has given employment to so many thousands of its citizens, On October twenty-seventh, the 100th anniversary of Teddy Roosevelt's birth, the mayor not only proclaimed a holiday but also ended up dedicating a bust of the former United States President in the town hall.

The mystery of the Teddy Bear's inventor will probably never be resolved, but it doesn't make much difference. The important thing is that this chubby cub is the most durable animal of all time, and keeps Steiff, Ideal and dozens of other manufacturers busy even while making claims and counterclaims.

In spite of all the backstage controversies, skirmishes and drama, however, the toy world presents a sparkling and serene setting out front. When the curtain goes up each year about this time, the happy spectator is apt to be hypnotized all over again by this idealized mockup of real life, spinning as smoothly and nostalgically as a carrousel.

In toyland, all dreams come true. Mom can buy sis a $4.95 reproduction of that automatic washer-dryer combination that she can't afford in adult life, and dad can buy junior that $9.95 model of a clipper ship that will remind him of the days when he wanted to run away to sea and did, in fact, get as far as the next town.

This year, like most years, there are toys for everybody—from a fifteen-cent top to a $600 playhouse, complete with fireplace and breezeway. And if you don't have enough money to buy either one, there's no need to worry. You never can tell, after all, what children will like. One rich toy manufacturer, whose granddaughter can have just about anything she wants, prefers to play with a bar of soap. It's a habit her grandfather hopes will not get around too much. But children being what they are, they often prefer a homemade slingshot or a cigar box on a string to the most expensive toy.

In short, toyland is a crazy, wonderful, upside-down world, and no one knows it better than the proud father who recently took his little daughter to the hospital to see her newborn sister. The young girl watched the baby without any emotion for a few minutes, and became excited for the first time when the nurse had to change diapers.

"Oh, look," she cried, "it wets and cries just like a *real* doll!"

Happiest Actor on Broadway (Continued from Page 32)

to have a try at Broadway, Preston seemed gaited, with a couple of exceptions, by faltering plays. Walter Kerr, Herald-Tribune drama critic, sounded a common plaint in his depreciation of The Tender Trap when that play opened in late 1954: "Robert Preston is his usual forthright self—why doesn't someone write a good play for his forthright self?"

No one, except Preston himself and director Morton Da Costa, imagined that author Meredith Willson had done just that in The Music Man. As everyone must know by now, this joyous, gentle spoof of Iowa, *circa* 1912, has for its central figure a traveling salesman who charms a small town out of the price of his band instruments and into a realization of more lasting human values.

When Willson conceived the character of Prof. Harold Hill seven years ago, he at first visualized a mild little fellow "sort of like Wally Cox." But after the con-man side of Hill's character started to predominate, Willson began thinking of him as more of a cross between Danny Kaye and Ray Bolger—someone extremely facile with the feet. He never would have considered Preston for the part—"I'd seen him in pictures, absolutely anchored to the ground"—but Morton Da Costa persuaded Willson at least to give the actor a hearing.

Da Costa had seen Preston in The Front Page at the Playhouse in the Park in Philadelphia a few years back and had watched him rehearse, and he felt that Preston might make a very good Harold Hill indeed. Accordingly, he asked the actor to learn some of the Music Man songs; and then Kermit Bloomgarden, the producer, and Preston flew out from New York to see Willson at his home in Brentwood Heights, a Los Angeles suburb. Willson remembers asking, "Shall we get acquainted first and then run through the songs?"

Preston said, "Let's get acquainted later," and launched into a rendition of Trouble, the most difficult number in the show. "It was fantastic," Willson recalls. "He capered all over the house, and his feeling for the rhythm was faultless. When he finished, I jumped up, threw my arms around him and yelled, 'You're Harold Hill. You're perfect.'"

Broadway critics agreed when the show opened last December. Even the late Wolcott Gibbs, that fastidious arbiter of dramatic taste in The New Yorker magazine, was lavish in his praise: "He (Preston) has two top things demanded by the stage—infallible technique and a unique personality—and these, in combination with a wonderfully picturesque role, make his performance one of the season's memorable events."

Gibbs also noted that Preston's musical-comedy equipment was "negligible, but it doesn't matter." Preston would agree. "I can't sing and I can't dance—but neither can Harold Hill, and when I go on that stage, I am Harold Hill. It's not Robert Preston out there singing. And so if there's a bad note, it isn't Preston's. It's Hill's."

This identification with the role is part of Preston's success in his first venture into musical comedy. Last winter at a symposium on How to Make a Musical Comedy, Preston told fellow members of Actors Equity: "The first thing an actor must do in undertaking a musical comedy is to stop calling it a musical comedy. He must make it a role to study and live with and bring to life."

The serious approach of the student is typical of Preston, though hard to reconcile with his appearance. He looks no more like a man to theorize about the drama than he looks like a dancer. The phrase most often used to describe him is "ruggedly handsome." He's big—six feet, one inch, 190 pounds—barrel of chest and

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narrow of hip, and his movements offstage speak of disciplined force. His face, topped by thick, wavy brown hair, is deeply tanned from frequent exposures to the sun on the roof of his duplex apartment. "It's my make-up," he says of the tan. "I sweat so much in this role that any other make-up wouldn't last through two scenes of the show"—a point confirmed by theater-dresser Jimmy Davidson, who stands ready in the wings with a Turkish towel for Preston's exits during a performance.

The similarity of this routine to that of a fighter's corner in the ring is suggestive. Preston is as trim as a fighter training for the next bout.

Preston's serious approach to the theater can best be summed up in the term "professionalism," a quality valued highly by his fellow artists. Meredith Willson speaks of it as "his indefatigability in pursuit of perfection." Reginald Denham, who directed Preston in Janus, a comedy that ran through the 1955–56 season, likens it to the integrity of Maurice Evans, whose performance throughout the two-year run of Dial M for Murder was unvaryingly good.

"Bob never varied his performance in Janus," Denham says. "He never let down. He was as good the last night as on opening night."

Another director, noting that Preston has had his troubles with temperamental leading ladies antecedent to Barbara Cook, the winsome librarian of The Music Man, commented that Preston had been exceedingly long-suffering. "But he would tolerate intrusions on his professionalism only so far," this director said. "When pushed further, he can be a regular demon."

The Music Man company have had plenty of opportunity to observe the Preston drive for perfection, but the demoniac side of his nature—if such there is—has been withheld from them through the longest reign of happiness since Queen Victoria's. Members of the cast attribute it to Preston, and Preston points to the architects of the show itself. The true explanation is a lot of both, for the show represents an ideal combination of sympathetic talents that is unusual in the theater.

"The world of Meredith Willson is a beautiful world," Preston says. "I've never talked politics with him, but my guess is that he's a Republican who thinks Democrats are pretty nice people. There's a Saroyan quality in his recollection of the people he knew in his home town in Iowa that is perfect for musical comedy—even the fat ladies are charming."

Director Da Costa, furthermore, was determined that there should be no flaws in this beautiful world. He is reluctant to talk about his own suggestions for changes in Willson's book, but members of the cast recall that Winthrop Paroo, the librarian's little brother who is inhibited by a lisp, was originally drawn as a paraplegic. Da Costa advised Willson: "A lisp would be more suitable for musical comedy, and it will do what we want in the part."

Similarly, Da Costa had reservations about use of "bohunk" in a reference to Tommy Djilas, the tough kid of River City. Willson could remember instances of racial prejudice in his boyhood and he wanted to condemn it. Da Costa advised: "We don't need that kind of reference. Tommy's last name is Djilas, and we'll cast him as a brunet in a bunch of blond kids. There's no need to spell message with a capital M."

Through such scrupulous attention to even minor details by author, producer and director, Preston and company are provided a vehicle happy enough to lift the spirits of the most misanthropic playgoer. What they do with it is something the cast attributes to Preston.

"Eight times a week this show has to pop," says comedian Iggie Wolfington. "In each performance, there must be an outpouring of warmth and happiness to envelop the whole theater, and Bob is what makes it happen. We all catch the spirit and get the lift from him. I play most of my scenes with him, and it's like jumping on a cloud."

Preston obviously has reason to be happy these days. It is more remarkable, in the opinion of Barbara Cook, that he was such a consistently pleasant person to work with throughout the long and frequently trying rehearsal period.

"No matter how well a company gets along together," she says, "there's bound to be some point at which somebody screams and hollers. Yet with all the demands on him at rehearsal, Bob never blew his top." The supreme test of Preston's temper, she feels, was the library scene. This scene, in which Harold Hill disrupts the sacred silence of River City's reading room, ends with Marian, the librarian, landing a haymaker meant for Hill on the unoffending cheek of Tommy Djilas. At least it does now, but by the time the show finished its pre-Broadway run in Philadelphia, the scene's ending had been rewritten five times. And then, just before opening night in New York, the actors were told to go back to the original ending, after all. At this point, they had almost forgotten what that was, and there was no time to rehearse; but even then Preston remained calm. Mercifully, the scene went off without a hitch.

Comedienne Helen Raymond has still another explanation for the cast's affection for Preston. Playing the wife of River City's mayor after nearly forty years on Broadway, Miss Raymond says it is the first company she has known where there hasn't been some dissension.

"Bob is entirely without the star complex," she says. "He not only doesn't resent your getting laughs but he helps you get them."

These tributes to Preston's ability to get along with his co-workers would come as no surprise to members of the 555th Bombardment Squadron (medium bombers of the Ninth Air Force) with whom he served as an intelligence officer in Europe during World War II. The bomber crews were under tremendous strain, a fellow officer recalls, and any ground officer with prima donna tendencies would have been transferred out fast. Preston could have stayed at a higher command headquarters and played the showpiece at the officers' club if he had wanted that, but instead he asked for squadron duty. "Hell," the officer says, "we weren't even sure at first that he *was* Preston, the movie star. His real name on the orders that transferred him to us was Robert P. Meservey, and he never talked about Hollywood."

The matter of the dual identity has given Preston reason for at least one rueful laugh. In reminiscing recently with another 555th Squadron friend (the author of this article), the talk turned to a French café where squadron members had done some intensive eating and drinking. Preston, who enjoys both, recalled with a gust of laughter the last time he had visited the place.

Back in England after the war, to make a picture, he had decided to show his wife some of the places he'd been with the 555th. One such place was this café in Paris, and when he and Catherine dropped in there for a drink, Preston was gratified to have the proprietor greet him with open arms. "Here," he thought, "is a guy who remembers Meservey of the old 555th." But then the proprietor started jabbering away about how honored he was that Monsieur Preston should visit his café, and it turned out that one of Preston's old pictures had finally reached the movie theater around the corner.

"Then, around 1950, prices started to climb . . . pork chops, eighty-nine a pound . . . a plain house dress, thirteen ninety-five . . . you wouldn't believe it! Well, to make a long story short, the eighty grand is all gone!"

KAZ

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"He'd forgotten he ever knew a guy named Meservey," Preston says.

The professional name Robert Preston was not entirely a movie-studio brainstorm. "A family matriarch demanded the Preston when he was born," his mother, Mrs. Frank Meservey, Sr., says, "and I was too sick to argue. Preston Robert didn't have the right rhythm, so I made it Robert Preston, but no one knew until years later. That's why he was always called Preston Meservey until he signed a film contract."

Mrs. Meservey is a woman who appreciates rhythm. For thirty years she was a phonograph-record department manager and buyer in Los Angeles, where the family moved from Newton Highlands, Massachusetts, when Bob was two. Bob and his younger brother Frank had a liberal exposure to music as a consequence. "Bob played no instrument correctly," his mother recalls, "but he could get music out of anything."

From his father, a garment-trade shipping clerk who played a lot of amateur-league baseball, Bob acquired a strong interest in sports. He says he would probably have tried to make a career in baseball if he had not come under the tutelage of Edward Wenig, the drama coach at Lincoln High School. "He was an absolutely dedicated man," Preston says, "and he fired me with his love of the theater. It was one of those lucky circumstances of my being in the right place at the right time."

When Bob finished high school Wenig took him to the Musart Theater in Los Angeles and introduced him to Mrs. Patia Power, Tyrone Power's mother. She was director of a company that toured Southern California in Shakespearean plays, and although Bob was only seventeen, she hired him to play Julius Caesar.

At the conclusion of the tour, Bob went to work at Santa Anita racetrack, cleaning up the place in the morning and parking cars in the afternoon. High-school friends were working days at the track and acting nights at the Pasadena Playhouse, so Bob went one Sunday night to read for a new play being cast for the laboratory theater. He got the part.

The Playhouse was a wonderful place to work, Preston recalls, although a community theater such as this does not pay its actors. The Playhouse maintained four theaters, and roles came fast for young Preston Meservey.

"I'd be playing in one theater and rehearsing for a production in another. Soon there wasn't time for the job at the track. I couldn't have given up the job if my folks hadn't been willing for me to live at home."

It was at the Playhouse that he met Catherine Feltus, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Indiana University, who had gone west to study at the Playhouse school. She recalls that she first became aware of him when she saw a play on the laboratory stage in which there was a smart-alecky butler.

"I thought, 'What a rude person,' and looked for his name in the cast. Preston Meservey. I didn't give him another thought until the next play, Ulysses Sailed By, in which there was a marvelously kind and gentle padre. I looked for his name in the cast. Preston Meservey. Then I knew he was really an actor. We were in five or six plays together before he finally asked me for a date for a Saturday-night picnic after the show. I don't know how he managed. He was a pretty shy guy."

Preston's next professional step forward came with his move from the Playhouse to Paramount, and he cites this move as an illustration of his happy faculty for being in the right place at the right time.

He was playing in Merrily We Roll Along at the Playhouse when Sidney Justin, a lawyer for Paramount, saw him and told the studio that they ought to take a look at the boy. Paramount asked Preston to drop in, and Harold Hurley, head of production of B pictures, saw to it that Preston got a screen test. Hurley told him to pick any two scenes he wanted to do, gave him a first-class technical crew and assigned one of Paramount's top character actors, J. Carrol Naish, to work with him. "I couldn't have had a better break," Preston says. "For most tests, you don't get an actor with the talent and kindness and steadiness of Naish."

The studio kept him busy in B pictures, and at the end of six months the option on his contract was taken up. By that time he had been tagged by Cecil B. DeMille for Union Pacific, the first of three major productions in which DeMille cast him in the second lead. (Northwest Mounted Police and Reap the Wild Wind were the others.)

Preston admits that he felt a mounting dissatisfaction with the similarity of the roles, but he denies that he ever had a falling-out with DeMille. "I love the guy, and he knows what he's doing. It's just that the time came when I felt I should be doing something else."

That time came after Preston returned from service in World War II and it developed indirectly from his role in The Macomber Affair—another instance of the Preston belief in right time, right place. Catherine, as Catherine Craig, had made a number of pictures under contract to Paramount, and Preston's agent was negotiating a new contract for him at the studio.

At this point Preston and Catherine went to a big Christmas party given by Veronica Lake. It was Preston's first public appearance in civilian clothes, and he was probably unduly sensitive about the kind of life-as-usual socializing that went on—and that he was convinced had been going on all during the three and a half years he'd been away. No one seemed to have missed him a bit, and he began feeling sorry for himself. At any rate, he presently found himself and one other man holding down the bar. There were just the two of them, and the other man was sitting at the far end. Then suddenly the stranger moved down next to Preston and said, "Do you know The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber?"

Preston said he did, and that he thought it was Hemingway's best.

The other man said, "How would you like to play Francis Macomber?"

"Very much," Preston said. "Who are you?"

The other said, "I am Zoltan Korda. I will send you the script tomorrow."

And that was how Preston happened to do what he considers the best picture he ever played in. Paramount wasn't enthusiastic about his making the picture; the studio called him and strongly suggested that he reconsider—it was a thankless part; Macomber's a coward, runs away, gets shot by his own wife. But Preston had his heart set on it.

Then one day he ran into DeMille in the commissary. DeMille was casting his next picture, The Unconquered, starring Gary Cooper, and he told Preston that he wanted him for the part of Garth. Garth was what Preston calls "a typical DeMille villain. In the first couple of reels, he had already whipped all the slaves and thrown Paulette Goddard to the sharks." Preston mustered his courage and told DeMille he didn't want the part—no more heavies.

"Whaddya mean, no more heavies?" DeMille wanted to know. "Whaddya call Francis Macomber?"

"I'd never call him a heavy," Preston rejoined. "Can't you see, boss, that it's possible to make a picture without a hero and a heroine and a heavy?"

"You're an ungrateful kid," DeMille shouted. "I found you parking cars at a racetrack, and if it weren't for me you'd still be parking cars."

Preston grins wryly, remembering now. "You can't blame him for believing it," he says. "He'd said it fifty-two times introducing me to audiences around the country in promoting Union Pacific."

Preston feels that if he had stayed on in Hollywood, he would have been playing parts like Garth ever since, and would probably be terribly rich by now. "And terribly unhappy," he adds. "But I say you can move for something without being against something else—and that's what I did."

Actually, the move to Broadway was not so simple. Preston made a number of other movies for Paramount, then went to London to make a film called Cloudburst. He returned to this country more than ever dissatisfied.

Stopping off in New York, he was asked to replace José Ferrer in the revival of Twentieth Century. He got good notices, but business fell off after Ferrer and Gloria Swanson left the cast, and the show closed after two more weeks. For a time, Preston shuttled between New York and Hollywood, made another movie and several shows for television. Then in May, 1952, the revival of James Thurber and Elliott Nugent's The Male Animal opened in New York with Preston playing Joe Ferguson, the perennial halfback. It earned distinction as the only production of the year to get good notices from all the newspaper critics.

It was to be three more years and four more plays before he had another hit, in Janus. But he knew where he wanted to stay. Catherine turned over their home in Brentwood Heights to his parents and joined him in New York. ("Home," says Preston, "is where you hang your wife.")

Now with The Music Man set to run indefinitely—it is sold out through December, and Bloomgarden thinks it's strong enough to run four or five years—the Prestons live a quiet routine centered on the Majestic Theater on West Forty-Fourth Street and their unpretentious apartment in the East Sixties. Party-going is strictly rationed for the duration because Preston has learned he has to save his voice—"And in our little group of serious talkers," Catherine says amusedly, "you have to raise your hand to get the floor."

Despite her training in the theater, Catherine's closest daily contact with the scene of her husband's success is chauffeuring him to and from the Majestic.

"It must be hard on Cay to forfeit the backstage excitement," a friend of the Prestons said recently, "but she is very wise. This way they manage to have a life of their own, and Bob has the fun of telling her about each night's performance."

Catherine's rejoinder to that would be that she enjoys housekeeping. They have no children, so for a hobby she has turned to painting: a small oil of their Brentwood Heights house hangs in the green-walled living room, and portraits of Preston as Harold Hill and as Jean Monnerie, an earlier and less successful role in The Hidden River, hang in their bedroom. The household includes two canaries, one of which friends sent to Preston on opening night of The Music Man, along with a pair of ballet slippers and the message: "Don't just stand there—sing!"

Preston would like to play Harold Hill in a London company someday. He would also like to play the role in the screen version. Other bidders are Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Burt Lancaster, and, most recently, Kirk Douglas. Meredith Willson says: "My choice is and always has been unswervingly Bob Preston." Willson would like to have the film made in his beloved Iowa. If it is, he is confident that Mason City folks will like Preston just as much as Broadway does.

THE END

"Slippery?"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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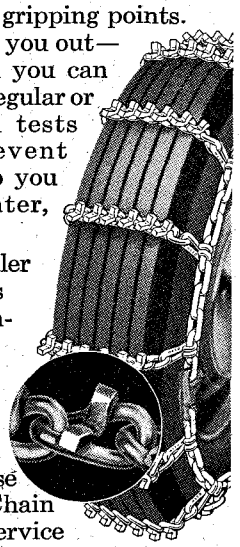

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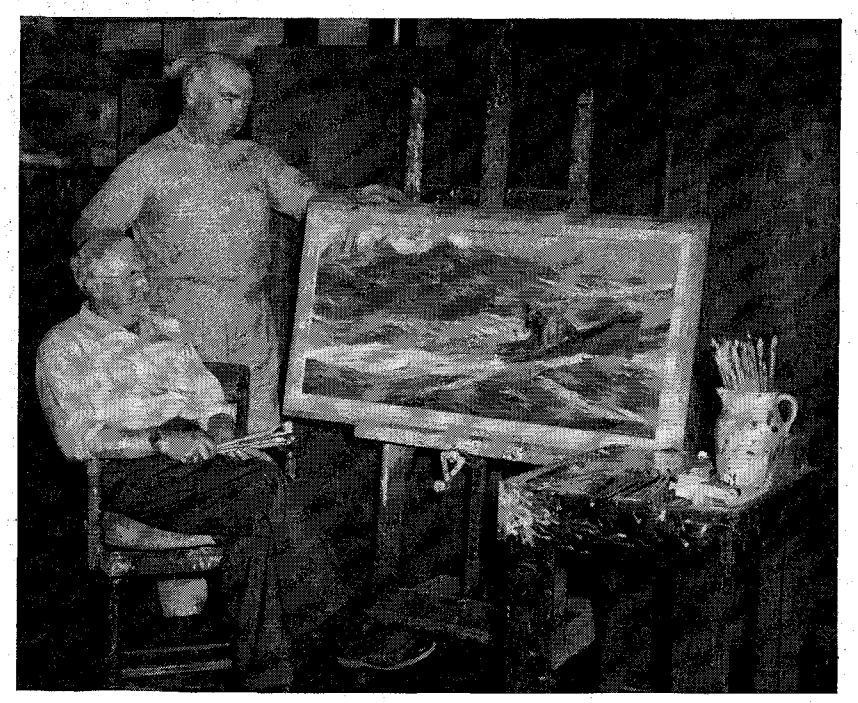

Anton Fischer, seated, studies his latest Post illustration; so does Edmund Gilligan, who wrote the story.

When associate art editor Frank Kilker asked **Anton Otto Fischer,** distinguished marine painter, to illustrate **Edmund Gilligan's** story on page 38, he wasn't aware that Fischer and Gilligan are old friends and neighbors in Woodstock, N.Y. A result of this small-world happenstance, which delighted all concerned, is the photograph you see of them in the painter's studio.

Anton Fischer, who is seventy-six, has done about 440 illustrations and fifteen covers for the Post. He was born in Munich, Germany, and in his earlier years he followed the sea in the old sailing ships, though contrary to common belief he did no painting while he was a sailor. Presently he came ashore, studied art in Paris, free-lanced in New York and received his first Post assignment in 1910. "So I've been privileged to associate with the Post for forty-eight years, and I'm looking forward to reaching the fifty mark." Fischer is proud of having pictorially developed three of the Post's most beloved fiction characters: Peter B. Kyne's Cappy Ricks, beginning in 1915; Guy Gilpatric's Mr. Glencannon, in 1930; and Norman Reilly Raine's Tugboat Annie, 1931 (see page 6). By the time Fischer was commissioned a lieutenant commander in the Coast Guard and called to war service as an artist, what he affectionately calls "that old reprobate Glencannon" had become his favorite character, with Tugboat Annie a close second. Fischer's illustrations were the prototype of actress Marie Dressler's famous movie version of Annie, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent people to the artist's studio to examine Annie's "wardrobe."

Tales of the Authors

Ron and **Patricia Deutsch** were moving into a new house while working on their page 20 article, and part of their manuscript disappeared. However, this tragedy had a happy ending: the precious words turned up a week later packed for the movers in a box of shortbread. Their next worry was where to get what they describe as a typewriter squiggle—officially called a tilde—like the one over the "n" in their new home town in California, La Cañada (pronounced Canya-da).

George Hage, associate professor of journalism at the University of Minnesota, worked last summer on the Post editorial staff under a program being conducted jointly by publishers and journalism schools, and one of the side results of this association was his page 32 portrait of his wartime friend in the U.S.A.A.F., actor Robert Preston, a current toast of New York. Under the program, journalism teachers spend their summers working on various magazines of national circulation.

George Hage gets lots of help.

Bounce-Ball Expert

Leonard Koppett: Is he working for a living?

Leonard Koppett, a Post newcomer, on page 36, has a right to his firm opinions about professional basketball; he has been covering National Basketball Association games since they started in 1946, first for the New York Herald Tribune and since 1954 for the New York Post. A connoisseur of other sports, too, he says, "I consider my job an indescribable good fortune, and I can't imagine what I'd do if I had to work for a living." Koppett reports the N. Y. Knicks' games (home and away) from November to mid-April, then switches to baseball just too late to go to the sunny Southern training camps; and after the World Series, basketball starts again. In the fall, he writes a weekly Pigskin Prophet column—"I try to make it funny, since I know perfectly well it won't be accurate." Koppett, thirty-five and a bachelor, lives in Manhattan—within sight of Madison Square Garden, naturally.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"How We Drifted Close to War"

Stewart Alsop brings you the inside story behind the Quemoy crisis.

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